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FARM LIFE ABROAD

FARM LIFE ABROAD

FIELD LETTERS FROM GERMANY DENMARK AND FRANCE

BY

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INTRODUCTION

During twelve months of 1923-24 Mr. E. C. Branson, Kenan Professor of Rural Social Economics at the University of North Carolina, was abroad in Europe studying The Country-End of Things in Germany, Denmark, and France—not the great cities and industrial areas but (1) the farm people, farm homes and villages, farm systems and farm practices; (2) the country communities, institutions and agencies; and (3) the standards of living in the rural regions of these three countries. In other words he was investigating the aspects of European civilization that tourists usually neglect. His purpose was to get in behind the lines of city life and industrial enterprise and to report upon life and business among the farm populations of Germany, Denmark, and France. He went on a Kenan Traveling Scholarship Fund as a representative of the University of North Carolina, and as a member of the State Commissions on Farm Tenancy and State-Aid to Farm Ownership in North Carolina.

The University of North Carolina *News Letter* and five Sunday dailies of the state carried his field letters week by week. The manifest aim of his studies in Europe was to pass on to the people of North Carolina the things abroad best worth considering at home. His main purpose was to reach the readers, thinkers, and leaders of the state and to center their attention upon the things essential to a satisfying farm civilization in North Carolina. Since these letters were meant for popular reading they are in simple narrative form with a minimum of the statistics that so pester the popular masses.

The demand for the letters, which could be met only in part from the files of the *News Letter,* has been so great that it has seemed wise to bring them together in book form. To this end, they have been carefully revised by Professor Branson, an adequate bibliography has been appended, and the entire series is offered to the public in the following pages.

Louis R. Wilson.

Chapel Hill, N. C.,
October, 1924.

FARM LIFE ABROAD

ROOSEVELT'S WARNING

A few days before Roosevelt died, while he was still in a New York hospital, I went to see him. He discussed with me the great need of awakening the American people to a realization that something should be done to restore health to our basic industry—our agriculture. He pointed out the need to tax unused land in order to discourage the land speculators; he pointed out the need of encouragement to be given farm owners so that we might stop the increase of farm tenants who are fly-by-nights, who exhaust rather than improve the soil, who are responsible periodically for the over-production of certain crops and create conditions in which government aid and price-fixing become a hue and cry. He spoke of the need for coöperative marketing voluntarily organized by the farmers to wipe out the scandalous charges of middlemen and handlers between the agricultural producers and the food consumers of the nation. But the most vivid impression he made was when at the end he said in substance, and with that sudden grave expression, the signal of his intense seriousness:

"If the American farmer does not act for himself, and if the American people as a whole do not act to help him act for himself, we shall see a farm bloc trying to do politically what ought to be done by voluntary economic action. If the agricultural problem is not dealt with wisely by all of us, we shall see a minority organized for self-interest. The greatest danger we face is this danger—the danger of assaults on our Government by organized minorities founded on self-interest."—RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD, in *The Saturday Evening Post.*

CHAPTER I

A BOATSIDE LOOK AT GERMANY

HAMBURG, April 18, 1923.

We dropped anchor at five o'clock yesterday afternoon at the mouth of the Elbe, and for ten tedious hours waited for the flood of the tide. The Saxonia draws twenty-eight feet of water and boats of this draft can get over the bar and into the river channel only at full tide. The largest boats must land their freight and passengers at Cuxhaven, and get them into Hamburg sixty miles by rail.

At three o'clock this morning the engines started again, and we began to creep at a snail's pace over the bar and along the narrow, tortuous channel to Hamburg, fifty miles up stream. Fifty miles is about the distance from Durham to Greensboro. In the open stretches of the river we made good time, but around the bends we went so slowly that we scarcely seemed to move. At the journey's end, it took six snorting little tugs, three fore and three aft, to edge our boat out of the river channel and safely into the slip at Hamburg.

Hamburg's Hard Task. I had forgotten, if I ever knew, what difficulties Hamburg has had to conquer in order to become the greatest export shipping center of continental Europe. Natural advantages alone considered, Wilmington has Hamburg beat a thousand miles, as the boys say. But for a thousand years or more Hamburg has been dredging and protecting her channel into the open sea, and excavating the slips and quays that now spread out like the fingers of a monster hand into thousands of acres of water surface.

Making a Seaport. It takes time and money—sometimes many years and many millions of money—to make a riverside town a seaport harbor, as for instance New Orleans on the Mississippi, Liverpool on the Mersey, or London on the Thames. Also it takes the pressure of business in exportable surpluses and the demand for imported goods in a populous back-country.

When these conditions developed in Southern California, Los Angeles bonded herself $40 per inhabitant, built her own harbor twelve miles away on the sea front, erected her own warehouses and docking facilities, made them free to the shipping of all the world, laid down railways into the city freight yards, and then announced herself ready for ocean trade in competition with San Diego on the south and San Francisco on the north. The investment paid instantaneous dividends, both for private business and for municipal expansion. During the following ten years Los Angeles doubled her population and quadrupled her taxable wealth. Suddenly she is larger than San Francisco and many times larger than San Diego, with nothing more to fear from either.

When the rapidly developing prosperity of North Carolina creates similar business conditions and necessities, then the state must have her own accessible, well equipped port, first for coastwise shipping and then for trade and travel on the high seas—most likely at Wilmington. And the chances are that Wilmington must herself take the initiative, even as New Orleans and Los Angeles did. Manifest dividends invite capital and create courage everywhere.

Riverside Pictures. Since four o'clock this morning I have been on deck looking into business and life on both sides of the Elbe—into the farm life on the level south side, and into the private estates, summer residences, hotel properties and manufacturing plants that lie along the fifty miles of river bluff on the north side. It is daybreak around four o'clock and at this early hour the river is alive with fishermen. A little later the ferryboats are crowded with workingmen crossing to their daily tasks in the shipyards, machine shops, warehouses, and docks of South Hamburg. Evidently the struggle for existence begins early in the day in Germany. From Cuxhaven to Hamburg the landscape is beautiful as a picture—on the south the tile roofs and the church steeples of the farm villages in clumps of shade trees, the fields set in grass and grain crops down to the water's edge all the way along, no weeds and no uncultivated inch of soil anywhere in sight, small herds of Holstein cattle on almost every farm; on the north side the estates of the rich, attractive villas on the eminences, stone walls, driveways, boat houses, yachts and motor launches along the water front, trees and shrubbery in prim array, the grass clean-cut as though freshly shaved with a safety razor, here and there a summer hotel, and so on and on for the fifty miles to Hamburg.

Self-respecting Workmen. Leaning over the taffrail before the gangway is in place to land us on the dock, I notice that the stevedores are none too portly but that they are better dressed than I am accustomed to see on the New York wharves, that their hats and shoes are in uniformly good condition, and what is more that every

man's shoes are freshly polished. Shoes may be expensive in Germany but I did not see a ragged or neglected pair all day long in Hamburg. I asked where the slums were—the poverty-stricken areas like our Lower Eastside in New York City. The answer was, there are none, and only the bare suggestion of such an area across the river in South Hamburg.

I get the distinct impression that German workmen are a decent self-respecting lot. They look it both in dress and manner. I search the faces of the crowds in the streets for signs of truculence and I search in vain. Everybody is busy, no loafers or bums are on the benches of public squares, everybody is good-humored, and everybody is courteous. All day long we have had lessons in politeness. It is a lesson that America sadly needs to learn. Nobody is in a hurry, and nobody is gruff or rough. I am told that we shall find it so all over Germany.

Hamburg is a beautiful city, and clean almost beyond belief. Even the docks and freight yards are swept and garnished like a Dutch kitchen. And a busy city, unmistakably so—busy with the business of all Europe, for all Europe is Hamburg's back-yard for business.

Tomorrow morning we start on an all-day trip to Stuttgart, in Würtemberg, South Germany. Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden are probably the most fertile and the most prosperous farm regions in all Germany. During the next six weeks I shall be busy in these three states studying the country end of German civilization.

A National Calamity. Already I am sensing the unspeakable calamity of a disordered currency, the swift

changes in the value of the mark from day to day and almost from hour to hour, the vast volumes of money everywhere in evidence and its pitiful purchasing power. A mark which used to be about a quarter in our money will not today buy anything more than a single cambric needle. But the quintessence of the trouble lies in the fact that nobody knows what it will buy tomorrow. No matter what other troubles Germany may have, this devil's dance of the mark is the worst.

Our forefathers in the South suffered the agonies of a depreciating currency in the days of the War Between the States. The common name of Confederate bills soon came to be "shin-plasters," and after Appomattox they ceased to have any use or value whatsoever. The instability of the mark is the essential problem of Germany today, and so far I have found no German who entertains any hope of better German money. When it ceases to have any value whatsoever then will come the crash in Germany.

And this is the outlook despite the unimpaired productive power of her fields and factories. It took Germany more than a hundred years to recover from the effects of the Thirty Years' War. With her fluid capital wealth consumed by the recent war, the most costly war in all history, it will take long centuries for her to recover the treasures accumulated in a thousand years of history. Investment capital, honest money redeemable at its face value in gold, and business credit at home and abroad—these are the priceless jewels Germany has lost, and he would be a stupid observer who could not

look below the charming outward surface of things in this beautiful land into the bewildered, benumbed soul of a people who toil on in dumb despair.

A Suicidal War. And what is true of Germany is measurably true of every other country of Europe. The simple truth is that Europe has barely escaped suicide. The next war will mark the passing of Europe from the page of history. I can well believe that Lloyd George was right when he said, If this war is not the last then the next will be the end of Europe.

CHAPTER II

GERMANY CHARMS THE EYE

STUTTGART, April 25, 1923.

We are quartered in Stuttgart for ten days or so, the capital of Würtemberg, a German state that lies along the Swiss border, as Polk and Rutherford counties in North Carolina lie along the foothills of the Blue Ridge. We are directly south of Hamburg and fourteen hours distant from it by fast train. Our route skirted the occupied area all the way along, and we came as the crow flies.

The German trains are fewer of late but there are no signs of disordered service. We left Hamburg on the minute, changed cars twice on the minute, no train late by so much as a minute at any junction point, and we arrived in Stuttgart on the minute. It may not be so every day everywhere in Germany, but in these notes I am recording exactly what falls under my eye from day to day.

We found that travel in a second-class car in Germany is less luxurious than Pullman-car service at home, but distinctly better than day coaches on any road I know the United States over. Our compartment companions were Germans and two Hungarians of manifest wealth and culture. Nearly all of them spoke English of a sort, enough to be pleasantly chatty and helpful when we needed to change trains. One was a German steel manufacturer in the occupied territory, a gentleman of perhaps seventy, gentle and genial in face and manner—a most charming personality. He sat quietly reading in

his corner until he discovered our perplexity about trains at the next junction point, then he told us that he too was bound for Stuttgart, most graciously took charge of us, changed cars with us, and escorted us to our hotel.

German Courtesy. We have had nothing but courtesies in Germany from everybody everywhere. If the Germans harbor a grudge against America we have not yet discovered it. True, they think that all Americans are rich. Have they not the Dollar? they say—*Edel valuta,* they call it, perhaps in contrast with their own fallen mark. But neither in hotels nor stores do they charge us excessive prices. But then, Stuttgart is not a center of tourist travel and it is not infected with the tricks of tourist trade.

The effusive greetings and responses, the hat-tipping and the bowing among acquaintances on the streets and in the hotels, are impressive and engaging. It is the immemorial custom of these people among themselves, and we merely share these courtesies with all the Stuttgartners of high estate and low. But there is no discoverable trace of servility or snobbery. There is no flunkeyism in hotels, streets, or stores, and no attempt in word or manner to hold us up for tips.

Tips and Hotel Charges. Along with the natives we are taxed thirty percent on hotel rooms, fifteen percent for service, and ten percent on food checks, but beyond these charges no gratuities are expected, and none are offered by general custom, except for special personal services. No tipping is not only the law but the habit of Stuttgart. There are exceptions, of course, but they are fairly rare in Würtemberg. Our bill for twelve days

in the Marquardt hotel, the best hotel in South Germany, was $31.00 for the three of us; $37.50 was the room charge alone for one for ten days in the St. James hotel in New York. Some difference that.

A Busy People. The day-trip south from Hamburg gave us a car-window look at Western Germany bordering the area occupied by the Allies. The way along the road is thickly set with towns and cities. Almost without exception they are manufacturing centers, and apparently none are idle. But whether the towns be large or small, industrial or not, every square inch shows vegetables, fruits, or flowers. Always the crops of the open fields reach the railroad right-of-way, sometimes even the right-of-way is itself under cultivation, and frequently the spaces between the tracks in the station yards. It is no exaggeration to say that a single wheelbarrow would contain all the weeds we saw in our fourteen-hour trip. The grain fields, orchards, and vineyards are as trig and trim as a city front yard. In the late evening hours after the long work day, the factory workers with their wives and children are busy gardening. Not all of them, to be sure, but enough of them to indicate the ingrained habits of toil in Germany. The signs of tireless industry are on every hand. Nobody is idle, everybody works. Nobody is in a hurry, but soldiering on a job is apparently a lost art among these wage-earners. What we look upon all day long is a moving spectacle of unhasting, unresting toil. Existence necessities must be satisfied, no matter what capers the mark may cut.

Farm Villages. I note from the car window that farm villages—what the Germans call *dörfer*—are set thick in the landscape a mile or two apart in all directions. They are groups of substantial farm buildings with terra cotta tile roofs. The gleaming red of the house-tops gives them the fresh appearance of new construction, although they may be four or five centuries old, as many of them are. They look at a distance like little towns of from fifty to five hundred homes. Commonly they are off the railroads. They are self-sustaining and nearly self-sufficing little farm communities. Everybody in these little villages is a farmer, and the village farms of from ten to twenty acres lie in small patches in various directions in the immediate vicinity. In the early morning and evening hours the men, women, and children can be seen tramping out to their fields and back again—straggling processions of farm workers, as I see them from the car window.

Country-Life Contrasts. I shall be making special studies of these farm communities during the next three months. In South and Central Germany there are 2,000,000 of these small home-owning farmers, dwelling in compact social groups, not in solitary farmsteads a few to the square mile in vast open spaces as in North Carolina, in the United States everywhere, and in the Western World in general. It is lonesomeness alone that accounts for much of the cityward drift of country people in America. It is the social life of home-owning farmers in farm villages that will save the country life of Europe from falling into the decay that threatens America. The country civilization of North Carolina

and the Nation is slated for destruction in the next generation or two unless farm life in communities or colonies can begin a rapid development.

Prospective Studies. It is not the industries and commerce of the large cities, the public buildings and parks, the monuments and art treasures, with which I shall be occupied during this student year in Europe. They are most impressive and most significant. But before I get out into countryside Germany, I shall be drawing a thumbnail sketch of city life in Germany as I have seen it in Stuttgart during the last ten days. With this brief account of an important business center of 400,000 inhabitants—perhaps in my next letter—I shall be giving my attention in the main to the fields and farms of Southern Germany, for here is the source of primary wealth upon which these people must rely in the struggle to regain their place and rank in the business world—the source of raw materials for existence necessities and for manufactured commodities of all sorts.

What will Germany do with the raw materials that are left to her at home? It is a fundamental question, for final economic values lie in services, material commodities and exportable surpluses, not in marks, bonds, stocks, notes and mortgages, but in lands, buildings, factories, machinery, and consumers' goods stored in warehouses, stores, and cellars. For instance, the man who turned Confederate money into cotton in the South during the War Between the States was leagues ahead of the man who turned his cotton into Confederate bonds and money.

As things now are, who steals a German purse steals trash, and even less than trash in the days ahead, or I miss my guess.

CHAPTER III

A SOUTH GERMAN CITY

CASTLE ENGELBERG, April 30, 1923.

Stuttgart gives us a look into the life of a South German city, and what we see is perhaps the town life of all Germany outside of Berlin, the Rhineland, Munich, and such like centers of manufacture, trade, and tourist travel.

The Marquardt hotel where we are staying corners on the Schlossplatz, a four-acre public square, the street-car center of the city. The Schlossplatz is a beautiful open space, rimmed by full-leafed limes, lindens, and horse-chestnuts, and parked with grass plots, flower-beds, monuments, a band pavilion, walkways, and benches—a charming spot in which to sit and study the crowds surging through it and alongside it on their way to and from their daily tasks in a busy city of 400,000 people.

Vanished Pomps. East of the Schlossplatz is the King's palace of 365 rooms, all empty now save a small portion of the north end which the city uses as a school of information for newcomers seeking homes in Stuttgart. On the south is the mighty Altes Schloss; once the headquarters of the 13th Army Corps, but empty now save the half-dozen rooms occupied by the caretakers. Next to the Altes Schloss is the palace of the Crown Prince, the first floor of which is now an apothecary shop. On the west is the impressive Königsbau, an arcade of shops. A little way north along the Königstrasse is the immense quadrangular two-story building that once housed the royal race horses and the stable

boys. The street side of it is being remodeled for petty shop keepers. Palace buildings and military garrisons are deserted. The pomp of kings and army officers has vanished. No soldiers are seen, except an occasional member of the *reichswehr*—what we call at home the national guard. Doubtless we shall see more soldiers in a garrison city, say in Tübingen which we visit tomorrow to have a look at an ancient German university.

An Existence Struggle. When I think back to the strut and glitter of the German soldiery as I saw it in the Rhine towns in 1908, I realize that war has ceased to be an uppermost thing in the mind of the masses in Germany; or such is the unmistakable look of things in Stuttgart. The people I see day by day are grimly struggling for sheer existence. If there is any thought of war, there are no signs of it perceptible here.

The masses in every country of Europe realize now, perhaps for the first time in history, that wars must hereafter be paid for in taxes and never again in loot. Not impossibly there may be other wars in Europe, but the war-mad leaders in every country must now reckon with the tax-bearers. The vacant thrones of Europe are a tragic reminder of this arresting fact.

The thing I hear discussed daily in every group is taxes. Doubtless it is true that reckoned in dollars, the Germans are paying no such taxes as the Americans, the English, or even the French. But what they are paying for anything is paid in an almost worthless currency. For instance Baron von der Lippe threw up his hands in amazement when I told him I paid 3,000 marks, or ten cents in our money, for a haircut in the Marquardt bar-

ber shop. My barber in Schorndorf charges me only 600 marks, said he. Which is only two cents in our money. These figures fairly represent the minimum value of goods and services in the cities and country towns of Würtemberg and perhaps of all Germany. Think of a farm laborer working a whole month of fourteen-hour days for money enough to buy a single pair of Sunday shoes.

Taxes and Wage-Earners. Far more than war, taxes are the agonizing concern of these people; for taxes must be paid by everybody, and paid in money, and money of value is what they do not have. The thirty billion gold marks offered to France the other day represent a tax burden that the people of Germany would stagger under for a full century; and the seventy billions demanded by France mean irretrievable bankruptcy. So I hear it said on every hand, not by the millionaire factory owners or the politicians, but by the wage-earners with whom I talk on Sunday mornings on the park benches and by the farmers among whom I am now living.

The Hard Hit. And mind you, the farmers and the factory wage-earners in Germany have suffered far less than any other classes. The only really undernourished people I have so far seen in Germany are the people who lived aforetime on rents and interests, the owners of annuities purchased by pinching self-denial in the days before the war, the *pensionnaires,* and salaried social servants in general—in particular the teachers of every grade and rank.

For instance the salary of a librarian and author of distinction, whom I visited just outside Stuttgart the other day, is now around $10 a month in our money, and on this pitiful sum he must keep alive a wife and three children. But of this, not a word from him. I see the public-school teachers of Stuttgart, largely men, shepherd their classes in long columns through the streets and into the school buildings these mornings after the fashion of the pedagogues of ancient Athens. Almost without exception, their clothes are frayed, their shoes ragged, their faces and frames pinched and gaunt. On yesterday I saw the same Cassius-like figure in a village schoolroom twenty miles out in the country. Oh yes, there is suffering in Germany, which no man can miss who looks about with alert eye. With existence commodities high and marks nearly nothing in purchasing power, wars and taxes will be one in the mind of Europe for long centuries to come.

A Neat People. The crowds in the streets in every quarter of the city are neatly dressed—usually in black, grays, and browns, with rarely ever a touch of bright color. When I look closely I see that the uniform neatness is due to endless patching, darning, and pressing. There are not many brand new clothes to be seen even on Sundays. Shoes are in good condition, and always they are freshly polished every day. It seems to be the habit of Germany.

Frugal Fare. The men, women, and children on the streets look healthy, well set up and strong, but the overly fed are a bare baker's dozen. No poultry or milk

appears on any table bill of fare. We have a little jug of milk, or what is called milk, for our breakfast coffee, but it is milk that the cow had little to do with. By law all milk must be reserved for the babes and the old people seventy years of age and over. I have seen dairy milk cans only once—out at Degerloch, a little mountain town on the edge of Stuttgart, the other afternoon. Real butter can be had at high prices in the first-class restaurants, but the butter of the masses is margarine made from cocoanut oil and other substitutes. It is frankly so labeled in the city market and stores. However, the Germans do not eat butter or drink milk as the English and Americans do. Milk is not an item of diet in Germany, Denmark, or France. The people of these countries cook with it but they do not drink it, and the peasants do not eat butter, they sell it and eat margarine instead, or so as a rule.

Pork and cheese, veal and sausage are abundant, but the prices make them rare luxuries for city wage-earners. The native fruits on display are apples, very small, unappetizing in look, and costly. Vegetables are abundant but expensive. Oranges and lemons from Spain and Sicily sell for distinctly less than in the United States, but the prices are prohibitive for all but the well-to-do in Stuttgart. As for coffee and tea, they are the luxuries of the very rich or the occasional dissipation of the middle classes; and usually the coffee is exactly of a sort with that our grandmothers used in the South during the War Between the States—parched peas, barley grains and the like.

Human Motor Power. Labor is abundant and unbelievably cheap. There are nowhere signs of idleness. Store deliveries are commonly by hand, frequently by girls and old men. Delivery wagons drawn by horses are few, and delivery trucks still fewer. Wagons of all sizes are the common vehicles, and usually they are pulled and pushed by hand power. It is so even in the market place, where the truck and fagots of the farmers, sometimes in heavy loads, come in from long distances pushed by the women folks and guided by their man in front—guided not pulled.

I have seen fewer automobiles and motor trucks in Stuttgart in a week than can be seen any day on Franklin street in Chapel Hill. Think of living in a land where a Ford car would put the owner in the millionaire class.

Low Rail Fares General. But almost the most impressive thing in Germany is the volume of railway travel. Every train is crowded, and it is so because work people in multiplied millions must live in the country villages and go into and out of the city centers by trams and trains. No residences for rent have been built in Germany for nearly ten years because rents no longer pay dividends. And the cheapest thing in Germany is railroad fares; so because stores and factories must depend largely on outside workers, and outside workers must travel cheaply or not at all. My second-class ticket to Winterbach and back to Stuttgart the other day, thirty-two miles all told, was less than ten cents. The fares are even cheaper for wage-earners who go and come on third- and fourth-class tickets good for a week or a month.

What Is Missing. Some of the things I miss in Stuttgart are silk stockings, paint and powder, dance halls and cabarets, and the gay abandon of night life in American cities. The German masses are evidently living on Ben Franklin's sawdust pudding.

CHAPTER IV

A COUNTRY ESTATE IN WUERTEMBERG

CASTLE ENGELBERG, May 8, 1923.

Schlossgut Engelberg where we are lodged for a month or so gives me a chance to study a score or more of nearby farm villages and hamlets, what the Germans call *dörfer* and *weiler*—such a chance as few American students of rural economy have ever had. But before my pen gets busy with the small, home-owning farmers huddled together in compact communities, I want to sketch the Castle Engelberg and farm life on an estate of 250 acres, which is a rarely large estate in this end of Germany.

A Medieval Castle. The castle sits on a projecting shoulder of the low mountain range that flanks the Rems valley on the south. It is some 500 feet above Winterbach, a typical farm village, sixteen miles east of Stuttgart on the railway to Nuremberg. The foundations of the castle are those of a nunnery a thousand years old. The nunnery with the monastery on a neighboring eminence was destroyed in the Thirty Years' War. The ancient nunnery cellars are two and in places three stories deep. Altogether they have a floor space of nearly an acre. They are in good condition and are now used to house the root crops and fruits, the cider presses, the winery and distillery, and the cider, wines, and brandies of the farm season. The barrels of these cellars contain 60,000 gallons in an average year and 50,000 gallons are consumed by the work-people of the estate. They are fourteen in number and each must have his

litre a day, which is about an American quart. In the mid-summer and harvest season, he must have his three or four litres. It is so nominated in the bond, and no cider or wine means no hired help on a farm estate in South Germany. The farm foreman is a giant from the neighboring Black Forest of the Swabian Alps. On yesterday he got away with four litres of most or strong hard cider. He has a voice like the Bull of Bashan and judging from the roar of it he enjoyed himself immensely. Trying to cool off, he said.

Counting the cellar floors below and the attic rooms above, the castle is six stories tall. It is a rectangular building of sandstone walls with heavy open-wood work above. The high-pitched roof is covered with weather-stained terra cotta tiles. Eighteen dormer windows are set into the roof and on one end of it is a picturesque canopy that shelters the bells and chimes of the mighty clock below. The date on the sun dial set against the castle wall is 1698. Which means that Engelberg was being rebuilt while the first settlers on Durant's Neck in North Carolina were spanking the first generation of Tar Heels.

Modern Conveniences. Water from a mountain spring is piped by gravity flow into the kitchen quarters, laundry rooms, and bathrooms of the castle. The water supply is sufficiently abundant for all the farm buildings, the terrace fountains, and the little lake on the lowest level of the castle yard.

A telephone connects the castle with the outside world. Electricity lights all the buildings, and operates all the

barn machinery. The three big barns within the walls of the old nunnery have a floor space of nearly an acre. It is all needed for the carriage and work horses, the big Switzer oxen and dairy cows, the grain, hay, and forage crops, wagons of every size and type, carriages, dog-carts, and sleighs, and farm machinery more than I ever expected to see on a 250-acre farm in Europe.

The castle yard is parked on six terrace levels with shade trees and flowering shrubs, grass plots and flower-beds, and, after the German fashion, with fruit trees, grape vines and vegetables; with fountains, a tennis court, a summer house, and seats wherever the views of the valley below and the mountains beyond are loveliest.

Like all the farms of every size in Germany, Engelberg is given first of all to grain crops, hay and forage, fruits and vegetables, for every farm must feed the farm animals and the farm family, and then to the money-crop, which in Wüertemberg is wine and brandy, mostly wine. These are the ABC's of safe agriculture, which the farmers of Europe learned long centuries ago.

Well-kept Forests. The estate begins half-way up the mountain slopes and runs back over the crest at various angles into the State Forest. The State Forests, I may say in passing, occupy many thousand square miles of mountain land in South Germany, and these wooded areas are as carefully cultivated as the fields of the farmers themselves. Nothing looks neglected anywhere. From the terrace seats of the castle yard, we look out upon miles and miles of forests, fields, and farms. What we see in every direction is a panorama of

perfection. So it is at Engelberg, and so it was every inch of the way on our sixty-mile trip up the Neckar valley on yesterday to Tübingen, the ancient university town seated at the foot of the Swabian Alps.

The Hohenstaufen Schloss. It was out of the Swabian Alps, the reader may remember, that the strong men came who ruled Germany for the last eight centuries—the Hohenstaufens and the Hohenzollerns. The ridge road a little way above the castle affords a clear view of the Hohenstaufen Schloss, a huge fortress on a solitary peak sixty miles south. It looks as indestructible as the everlasting hills. The ancestral stronghold of the Hohenzollerns presents the same appearance in the Swabian mountains near Tübingen. The castle dens remain, but the supermen they littered are vanished. Such is the useless lament that I have heard oftener than once in Germany.

A Cosmopolitan Farmer. Our hosts in the Castle Engelberg speak English and know America. The Baroness von der Lippe has many friends and acquaintances among the Georgians we used to know. The Baron is a cosmopolitan at home in many lands, a lover of books and children, dogs and horses, a famous horseman, a crack steeplechase rider with quite a hundred trophies won in open-field contests in many countries, a veteran of three wars, with wounds and broken bones from trig to toe, but nevertheless he stands trimly erect, lithe and alert—a gallant figure of radiant, indestructible youth and buoyancy. Bred to war, he is by nature a lover of fields and forests and farm animals. There is no mistak-

ing his genuine interest in every detail of life and business on his farm estate. In the new social order of Germany, he is contentedly a farmer—a farmer of the sort that every country needs in multiplied millions—a farmer who is putting culture into agriculture and getting out of it a life of abundant satisfaction.

CHAPTER V

A FARM TOWN IN SOUTH GERMANY

Castle Engelberg, May 14, 1923.

The peasants live huddled together in village groups in Germany, and in all other countries of the Old World. The solitary farmstead is the rule in North Carolina, the United States, and in the New World countries in general. Thinly scattered neighborhoods or settlements are common in the vast open spaces of America, but compact farm communities, as for instance the MacRae colonies in the Lower Cape Fear country or the California colonies at Durham and Delhi, are rare.

Whole volumes of meaning lie in this fundamental difference between farm life in the Old World and in the New, but just now I am bent on sketching the nearest of the twenty farm villages that lie within an hour's walk of Engelberg. As I write in the summer pavilion of the castle terrace, five of these farm villages are in full view, in the valley below and on the mountain slopes beyond. One is perched on the very crest of the ridge on the right and another occupies a cleared area in the State Forest just above the castle estate.

Winterbach is only twenty minutes away, at the foot of the hill. It is my railroad station and post office. I have been coming and going through its winding streets and lanes for a fortnight, in various trips out from Engelberg. Last week I visited the village school in the church yard, and last Sunday I worshipped with the villagers in a church building four hundred years old. In unobtrusive ways I have been studying this community of South German farmers and their manner of life.

Farm Home Clusters. It is an old community, like almost every other German *dorf*. A thousand years ago it must have been a little town of consequence, for midway the 11th century the Emperor Henry Third lived in it for a year or two. Today it is a community of 580 dwellings and 2,100 inhabitants. The space that Winterbach occupies is so small that the town could easily be set down on Dr. Coker's home place in Chapel Hill, with room to spare all around the edges. The way these farm homes are huddled together suggests a covey of partridges in a snow storm. The Winterbach dwellings are set at all angles along the tortuous streets and lanes. Here and there they are set end to end or side by side, as closely as the stores of an American city, but usually there are narrow alleys between them.

I miss the checker-board plan of the raw, new towns in America. The homes of Winterbach face the stream that waters it or the footpaths to the neighboring farms, or the cattle trails of earlier days, or the roads to the fuel supply in the woods, or to other farm villages. The *Rathaus* or town hall and the village church face the market space, and the market space is the center of the town life. Beyond this bit of design, there is no discoverable trace of any town planning at any time in its history. The lanes and narrow streets wind in and out among the dwellings in ways that bewilder the stranger. Oftentimes they lead off into blind alleys that end in secluded courts faced by closely set farm buildings. The chance intruder steps softly about and back-tracks quickly into the outer world.

A Genuine Farm Village. Winterbach is a farm village, the villagers are farmers, their daily business is farming and almost nothing but farming until within very recent years. The dwellings are farm houses built to suit the business of small-scale farming. In the old days, the butcher, the shoemaker, the blacksmith, or the wheelwright was a farmer who worked at a hand trade before and after the day's toil on his farm. There were no stores aforetime, and even now the half-dozen shops are little cubby holes on the ground floor of ancient farm houses. The stock on the shelves of any one of them could be bought entire with a hundred-dollar bill. There is no bank, no movie picture house, no drug store, no doctor, no dentist, and only one automobile in this farm community of 2,100 inhabitants. It is a farm village of nothing but farmers; or so it was until within the last ten years during which period four factories have broken into the farm life of the town.

Post-War Factory Growth. And this has happened because Winterbach chances to be on a railway line. The *dörfer* that lie off the railroads are still farm villages pure and simple, but during the Great War and since, almost every *dorf* at or near a railway station in southern Germany became a factory center. The key industries of Germany may be in the Ruhr valley and the Saar basin, but her cheaply produced, high-grade specialties are largely fashioned, in endless variety, in small plants in farm regions reached by railroads and cross-country electric lines. And they are all busy. But this is another story. In some later chapter I may come back to

this amazing recent development of hydro-electric plants and manufacturing establishments in the hill country and mountain regions of South Germany.

Domestic Arrangements. The farm house in Winterbach is always two and sometimes three or four stories high. On the ground floor is a stable for the farm animals, a barn for wagons, tools, and forage, and a living room for the family—a combination kitchen, dining room, washroom and domestic work room in general. The front door of the dwelling is usually between the barn and the ground-floor living room. The second floor contains the family bed rooms. Against the end of the house there is commonly an open shed for the fuel—small sticks, fagots, and bundles of twigs. A separate barn is rare. The habit of the European peasant is to live with his farm animals under the same roof.

Substantial Construction. The ground-story walls of the dwellings are built of stones set in mortar. The upper-story walls are open-wood work. That is to say, they consist of heavy timbers and timber braces, with the spaces between filled with brick or stone and mortar, and stuccoed so as to leave the wooden frame exposed. The roof is high pitched and covered with terra cotta tiles. Dormer windows make the attic rooms livable and add a picturesque detail of architecture. It is substantial construction. Many of these dwellings are more than 300 years old, and they look good for another 300 years. I have seen less than a half-dozen wooden buildings of any sort in Germany. Everything is built of stone, brick, or concrete, and built to last forever—even the tool houses in the vineyards, and the dog houses in the yards.

The Home Surroundings. Sometimes the dwellings are flush with the streets, but usually they are set back ten feet or so, to leave a small space in front of the living room for vegetables and flowers, and before the stable door for the inevitable manure pile. On the edge of the manure pile is the sunken tank for liquid manure and the pump that lifts it into barrels to be carted away into the fields by the oxen or the cows. The chickens swarm over these manure piles and the odor is rank to unaccustomed noses. The village reeks with it. The peasant farmer of Europe is firm in the belief that it is healthful to live with farm animals and that the smell of manure is good for the soul. The German peasant is not ashamed to have his manure pile at his front door. The size of it indicates the number of farm animals he has and the acres he owns to feed them on. His wealth and rank are counted in cattle as among the early Romans. His ambition is to have a manure pile bigger than anybody else's in the village, and the dream of every youth is to marry a manure-pile heiress.

Home-Owning Farmers. Winterbach is a community of home-owning farm families, and it is a rich country town like all the rest of such towns in Germany. The Great War enriched these landowning peasants. The signs are unmistakable. Every farm village shows old dwellings repaired and freshly painted, old roofs re-covered with shining new tiles, plumbing systems, telephones, and electric lights installed, a great increase of farm animals, and handsome new houses in surprising number.

Vertical Industry. The explanation is simple. During the last ten years they have been producing real values in farm products, and turning these at high prices into fictitious marks. These fictitious marks they have at once turned back into productive properties and creature comforts—lands, farm tools, work stock, better homes, and the like. It is the trick of Mr. Stinnes in the field of industry. And apparently no farmer in all Germany fumbled his chance or frittered it away on blue sky artists or even on automobiles, useful as they are on the farm. The German farm is almost the last word in self-sufficiency, and self-sufficiency is the essential of what Mr. Stinnes calls vertical business. The German farmer had the secret long before Mr. Rockefeller practiced it in oil or Mr. Stinnes named it in Germany.

A Safety Anchor. The small home-owning farmers of Winterbach represent three-fifths of the population of Germany. When you think of the Junkers and their power these are the people you must have in mind—not the comparatively few owners of large estates. These people do not believe in Bolshevism. They own too much and have too much at risk. Their answer to the socialist orator is a pitchfork. And they are a sheet anchor of safety to Germany and to all Western Europe.

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CHAPTER VI

A LAND OF RICH FARMERS

CASTLE ENGELBERG, May 15, 1923.

The farmers of Germany are rich, richer than they ever were before in all their lives. The vast majority are small, land-owning peasants, settled in compact village groups—in what the Germans call *dörfer*. They are three-fifths of all the people and four-fifths of all the farmers of Germany. They are grazing on rich commons these days. They have indeed been knee-deep in clover for nearly six years. The signs of prosperity are as plain as print, in every farm village.

Peasants and Poverty. It is safe to say that to most people in America peasants and poverty are merely two words for the same thing. And so they are in Belgium, England, Scotland, Spain, Portugal, and portions of Italy. The farmers of these countries are mainly tenants, and in every land farm tenancy means farm poverty soon or late for tenants and landlords alike. They are not equally poor in these different countries, but in all of them the tenant's outlook is hopeless, and hardly less the owner's. England is at this minute illustrating the ultimate absurdity of farming on a tenancy basis. The farmer who farms by proxy is destined at last to lose his lands. The only successful farming is farming by the man who owns the land he cultivates. And Germany is today a conspicuous illustration of this fundamental fact.

If anybody thinks that peasants and poverty are one and the same thing in Denmark, Holland, France, Switz-

erland, and Germany—all of them lands of home-owning farmers, or so in the main—then he has a place in Josh Billings's catalogue of "folks who know a surprisin' lot of things most of which aint so."

The German peasant is not poor in purse, possessions, or appearance. The farmer who greeted me in the church yard of Winterbach the other Sunday and ushered me into his seat for worship wore a Prince Albert coat, and a high-top silk hat—of course along with other proper apparel. Most of the older men in the congregation were similarly dressed. It is the regulation farmer rig for church occasions, birthday celebrations, weddings, funerals, and ceremonial events in general. It has been the farmer fashion in Germany for a half century or more.

Everybody Works. His farm is small, to be sure—around ten to twenty acres as a rule, and also as a rule it lies in separate tracts or parcels, in various directions out from the farm village. He is bred from childhood days to back-breaking labor. He works in his fields and with his farm animals from daylight to dark, and everybody in his family works, men, women, and children. Nobody in the household is too old or too young to work. The German peasant is a creature of steady-gaited toil. He is never in a hurry—nobody in Germany is in a hurry in any place or in any walk of life—but he is never idle, summer or winter. In this land of grain crops and forage fields, workstock, meat and milk animals, vegetables, fruits, and flowers, vineyards, wine and cider presses, there is something for everybody to do every day of the year, and everybody is busy doing it. He may be and

he commonly is slow, dull and heavy—*dummkopf* as the Germans say—but he saves everything and wastes nothing, no inch of land, no minute of time, no bit of food on his table or in his kitchen, no twig or leaf of any tree he cuts for fuel, and nothing else of value on his land or under his roof.

A Farm Gold Reserve. Everything is of value to the German peasant, and the thing of greatest value is manure, liquid manure in particular. It is the gold reserve of his little kingdom. His soil is his bank. In America, we speak of cultivating crops. Cultivating land is what the peasant farmer does, first, last, and all the time, and after a thousand years of cropping his soil is richer than ever. Our children at home say in a familiar game, What goes up must come down. The peasant says of his soil, What comes out must go back—and something more. His bank-account savings are the increased fertility of his fields. He may be slow-witted but he sees this fundamental fact in farming and sees it stark and whole.

Land Economy. We have in North Carolina thirteen million acres cleared and cultivated once upon a time but now abandoned to scrub pines, black-jacks, sassafras, broomsedge, and briars. That amount of butchered, abandoned land cannot be found in Germany from one end of it to the other. The reason lies in the fact that, compared with any Old World country, land in America is still abundant and cheap, and it is not in human nature to economize what is plentiful or to save in seasons of abundance. In Central and Western Europe land is scarce and dear, and a peasant farmer has only a chance or two in a whole lifetime to buy more land at any price.

Knee-Farming. The peasant farmer works in ways the American farmer is never likely to adopt, or not at least until America feels the pressure of population on land and the food supply, and farm life is reduced to the lowest terms of toil as in Europe and all the East. He is a knee-farmer, so called because much or most of his work must be done on his knees, with simple hand-tools or with his bare fingers. Or rather his wife and children are knee-farmers, for it is they who do all or most of the field work of this sort. The field crops just now breaking through the soil are poppies which are grown for the oil of the seeds, and lentils which are a variety of pease as old as the Pharaohs. I myself must stoop to distinguish the faint frail leaves of these young crops from the grass and weeds of the rows. The grass and weeds must be removed without destroying these crops in the early stages of growth, and it takes knee-farming with bare fingers to do it. It is therefore work for women and children. On yesterday afternoon on my way back to Engelberg from the farm fair in Stuttgart, the fields as far as the eye could reach on both sides of the railway were alive with women and children down on all-fours weeding the rows of poppy, lentils, and other delicate young crops.

Heavy Work for Women. Edwin Markham has sung "The Man with the Hoe," but nobody has yet sung "The Peasant Woman on her Knees in the Fields." I see the men and older boys doing the heavier work of getting out the winter supply of fuel in the forests, but commonly it is the women and children who drive the ox-team home with the loads—or the cow-teams, for cows

in Wüertemberg are dual-purpose animals, that is, they are both milk animals and work animals. The men swing the scythes in the meadows and clover patches, but the women and children do a man's work pitchforking the hay into the wagons. It is the men who tie up the vines in the vineyards, but it is the women folk who must lug up the steep slopes the heavy bundles of willow wythes the men use in the process. The men must do the plowing, but here again the women share this hard work with the men. They even do the heavy work of spading the stiff soils of this region—at least, I see them at it in large numbers every day. The weight of work rather than the burden of age warps their frames and makes them old twenty years ahead of time. It is pathetic beyond words.

A War-Time Development. Women and children have always worked on the peasant farms of Europe but not in such disproportionate numbers as now. So because the Great War took toll of the men in every fifth household on an average; and further because the young men are now moving out in great numbers, to South America mainly. The death roll in the little village of Winterbach was 107, and the emigrants since the war are nearly as many. They go, they say, because their souls are sick unto death of war and rumors of war. And so the women and children must work if they would live—even the old men and the old women. As for the older boys and younger men who remain, they have swarmed out of the fields into the factories that dot the map everywhere in South Germany.

Peasant Thrift Rewarded. The ingrained industry and thrift of the peasant farmers of Germany have their reward at last. The German peasant has at last come into his own and nobody who sees him at close range is in any doubt about it. He is rich not because he is a miser, but largely because he has a canny money sense. Nobody fools him out of a single mark. When the bottom dropped out of the currency of his country nobody knew better than he how to play the game and keep on the safe side of the dead line. He has no respect for paper marks but he does not hurry to throw them away in silly indulgences. The first thing he did was to pay off his mortgage—with cheap money, and his little farm is today as clear of debt as it is of weeds. And the next thing he did was to buy another acre or two of land wherever such a thing was possible; or another work animal or wagon or farm tool; or to repair his house and install conveniences and comforts; or to build a brand new bigger dwelling. The signs of sense of this sort impress the observer in every farm village. No matter how much or how little the mark may be worth—and today a fifty-mark bill is worth less than a sheet of good writing paper—what the peasant farmer buys with it is productive property and a bigger chance at life. He knows little or nothing about economic doctrines in books, but he knows the difference between the consumer's goods he has to sell and the capital wealth he wants to buy as fast as ever he can. And he cannot be fooled into buying anything else. He is taking no gambler's chance in marks or in stocks of any sort.

Enduring Values. We stopped the other day to ask a German peasant the cost of his handsome new house. Eight million marks, he said. Which at the time was $241 in American money. We found another farmer with a newly purchased horse, a big Westphalian draft animal that looked like a young elephant. The price he paid for it was twelve million marks. A horse costs more than a house in the farm regions of Germany, but a horse is productive property and every farmer senses this essential fact by instinct. He knows that under present conditions enduring values lie in substantial capital wealth and not in paper marks. He is therefore willing to pay any number of marks for the things that can be directly used in the production of other things of value.

Digging In. There are millions of fools, young and old, who are gambling on the rise and fall of marks and stocks and other evidences of wealth in Germany, but it is safe to say that not a half-dozen of them are peasant farmers. They are not putting money in their purses, they are putting productive properties on their farms.

The small land-owning farmers of Germany are reckoning as Falstaff fought—by instinct. Exactly as Stinnes, Thyssen, Krupp, Cuno and the rest are thinking about mines and factories, ships and water-power sites, the German peasant is thinking about farm lands, farm animals, and farm tools, and the wood lots, clay beds, sand pits, and quarries on his farm.

In the last analysis, who owns these productive properties in Germany will own Germany and everything in it. The farm owner is even more strongly entrenched

than the mine owner or the manufacturer in Germany. He has not sold his birthright for a mess of marks. On the contrary he knows perfectly well what place he holds in the scheme of things entire, and for the last six years he has been digging in on the ground floor.

CHAPTER VII

FARM VILLAGE LIFE IN SOUTH GERMANY

BADEN-BADEN, May 24, 1923.

The most impressive and the most important single fact about farm life in Europe is the compact farm community. These farmers live together, close together, in little groups of four, five, or a dozen dwellings, in hamlets large enough to have a name and place on the map, in villages like Winterbach and Schorndorf, the first with nearly 600 dwellings and the last with perhaps 1,600. But always they live together, in communities large or small, and never in solitary farmsteads a mile or several miles away from a neighbor, a school, or a church, as in North Carolina and the rest of the United States. And when I say never, like the gallant captain of the Pinafore, I mean hardly ever.

The farm village of Europe and the East is significant. It is of course the product of economic and social forces operating through countless centuries. But I cannot now stop to speak of the origin and development of farm-village life. I merely refer the interested reader to two books on this subject, and pass on. They are a volume by Sir Henry Maine and another by Sims.

A Fundamental Contrast. In America our villages and small towns are groups of people engaged primarily in store keeping, banking, buying and shipping cotton, tobacco and other farm products, running garages, operating movie picture houses, factories—doing almost anything and everything but farming. They are retreats, to be sure, for retired farmers who live on rents, or for

farmers who farm at long range in automobiles or by proxy with farm foremen. But in the main, our small-town populations are consumers not producers of farm products.

The villages I am studying in South Germany are in sharp contrast with the villages I am used to at home. Here they are groups of farmers and, until within very recent years, of nothing but farmers, every one of them engaged daily in farming. They are not trading centers, they are farm producing centers. They are not banking centers, except for the coöperative credit unions of farmers who during the last seventy years have learned how to use the banks at a distance to finance themselves locally. They are not garage centers, for these farmers do not own automobiles. Oftentimes they are not even freight stations, although they may be on or near a railroad. For instance as I write, I look down upon Pfarrdorf, a little place of some 500 farm dwellings in the valley below. It is within a stone's throw of the railway to Nuremberg, but it has neither a freight nor a passenger station. Here is a little town of two thousand inhabitants living within a five-minute walk of the railway and with nothing but a little rain shelter for occasional travelers on the local trains. But Pfarrdorf is like nearly half of the twenty nearby farm towns that I am busy with these days. It is a farm town and almost nothing but a farm town. It has no factories of its own and it furnishes few or no factory hands for the little factory towns along the railroad. It is a village of farmers, all of them out of debt and many of them rich. They live in their own homes and in quiet ways they are manifestly proud of their estate in life.

Marketing Wares. They sell their surpluses and make their small purchases in Schorndorf, a farm village that has turned into a factory town in recent years. It is a mile or so away. To this place and back they trudge afoot with their wares in baskets on their backs or on their heads if the beast of burden happens to be a woman as is usually the case; or in little wagons that look like the toy wagons of our children in America—wagons of all sizes pulled and pushed by the women and children, or in larger wagons of similar build drawn by an ox, oftener by a cow, pulling alone on one side of the wagon pole, for farm vehicles in this region do not have shafts for single work animals. The rich farmers use teams of oxen, and sometimes a horse or a team of horses. Farm horses are rare in Würtemberg. The work animals are oxen and cows, commonly cows.

A Noteworthy Picture. What I am trying to picture is a farm village in Germany—the kind of village in which more than two-thirds of all the German farmers live. The rest still live in villages but they are farm villages that have changed into factory towns, for the most part since 1914—factory towns where the work people are the families of home-owners.

Imagine if you can a little town in North Carolina as large as Chapel Hill or Carrboro, or larger than both of them together, composed of farm dwellings housing farm animals on the first floors and farm families above—a little town of farmers and almost nothing but farmers—a little town with a manure pile in the front yard of every house no matter how handsome or picturesque it may be.

Basis for a New Civilization. Such are the farmers and the farm village groups of Germany—small-home-owning farmers living in compact farm villages. They save the country civilization of Germany from the unchecked cityward drift of farm populations in America. They save the factory workers who live under their own rooftrees in country villages and travel to their factory jobs and back daily on the trains and trams for almost nothing (from Winterbach to Stuttgart and back, thirty-three miles, for less than four cents a week). They save the cities from the tenement houses and slums we see in England, Scotland, and the Great Industrial Area of the United States. They save the producing enterprises of capital from the paralyzing effect of destructive socialism—a type of socialism that the great cities of Germany are struggling with, but that factory owners know little about in the country villages. In Germany as everywhere else home-owning farmers are opposed to radical socialism. They are conservative in their philosophy of life because they own something to conserve —farm lands and firesides and farm animals of their very own. The thirty-six million people in the farm village homes of Germany are a steadying factor of national life today, and tomorrow they may be the best of all that Germany has left to build a new civilization on.

Country Community Real. Country Community has come to be a stock phrase of late years in America in our text books on Rural Sociology. We have the phrase but not the fact. In Europe they have the fact but not the phrase. The *weiler,* the *dorf,* the *mir*—such are

some of the terms in use for farm villages in continental Europe. Commune long since passed out of use as a name for country communities in Europe, even in France and Russia. The farm village has been a fundamental fact in Europe for long centuries, and it will play a decisive part in the rebuilding of these stricken countries, for when wars and debased currencies have done their worst, the civilization of Europe will begin again with these groups of home-owning farmers.

Its Significance. Even now they are salting unto salvation the civilization of these perplexed peoples, for, no matter how many boys and girls may work in factories in the home town or in neighboring towns, they live at home and the home is almost always the home of a prideful home-owning farmer who holds on to it as he holds on to life itself. These young people may work in factories in other towns but they live as a rule under the shelter of their own rooftrees. They do not leave their village homes to herd in city tenements in Germany; they live in the country towns and travel in vast multitudes to their city jobs on the work trains in the morning and back again to their homes at night.

An Amazing Spectacle. He would be a hopelessly stupid observer who missed the immense social significance of a fact like this. I look about for the slum quarters of every German city I get into and I do not find any. I find areas of poverty, but not slums as I see them in American cities. Germany is deliberately preserving her country village populations and making city slums impossible, and she is doing it with railway rates that are so cheap that they baffle belief. For

instance, I traveled on yesterday from Winterbach to Baden-Baden, ninety-seven miles, for eleven cents, which is about one-tenth of a cent a mile. Think of going from Durham to Salisbury for eleven cents! But the country-dwelling factory workers of Germany travel on commutation tickets for less than one-tenth of the rates I pay—in fact for about one-hundredth of a cent per mile. These simple facts explain the volume of travel in Germany. The swarming multitudes of country workers and shoppers moving into and out of every German city and little factory center every day and all day long is the most amazing spectacle I have so far looked upon in Germany.

A Firm Basis. Another fact is worth considering. American farmers have always found it difficult to get together and stick together through thick and thin for any purpose whatsoever. So because their lives are lived in widely scattered country homes, a few to the square mile—in North Carolina only seven per square mile on an average the state over. What coöperative farm enterprise lacks in America is compact country community life, and this lack is usually fatal to farm organizations of every sort. Successful farm coöperation must be based on country community life. How could it be otherwise?

The German farmers—the small land-owning peasants—do not have to bother about getting together. They are together already, have been together during a thousand years of history. Their children play together, sing together in the village schools, dance together in the seasonal holidays, practice together in the village bands and song clubs. They come to know one another

through and through. They know after awhile who among them has the grace and grit to stick tight in a farm organization—say, in a coöperative credit union, a type of organization that exists in almost every farm village in Germany.

Coöperative Farm Credit. Membership in a credit union is a certificate of character and a badge of honor —a public acknowledgment of the fact that the member is a man of industry, thrift, sense, sobriety, and complete trustworthiness. German peasants have done almost nothing with coöperative buying or selling organizations—in these fields the Danish farmers have beat them hands down; but they were the first farmers in the world to see the fundamental necessity for adequate, suitable credit in the business of farming and to bunch up to finance themselves in coöperative credit unions. Credit is the very first condition of farm prosperity, they say. In America it is the very last thing our farmers have thought about and even now they are thinking not about self-help in coöperative farm credit unions, but about government loans on farm lands, livestock, and farm products in general.

Essentials for Success. The point I am trying to make is this: In Germany the coöperative credit union succeeds because it is based on country community life—on the life lived by home-owning farm villagers who know one another thoroughly.

In America coöperative farm enterprise lacks the background of country community life, and it is a fatal defect. It must be cured or our country regions will be progressively depopulated as the years go on, and farm-

ing as a business will face steadily increasing difficulties. It can hardly survive the difficulties it now faces, but worse conditions are easily in sight unless American farmers can get together and stick together in credit organizations, in marketing associations, and in coöperative buying—I mention these essentials in the order of causal dependence. But they are not likely to stick together in any phase of farm business unless they live together in farm communities.

Our Imperative Need. We do not need more farmers in North Carolina. What we need is country communities of home-owning farmers—farm colonies like Durham and Delhi in California. We cannot have the European farm village, and we ought not if we could; but farm village life we must have and it must suit the conditions of farming as a business and as a mode of life in North Carolina. The MacRae colonies are pointing the way in the Lower Cape Fear country.

North Carolina must develop her own type of farm community, and she must do it rapidly, or the chances are that every dollar now invested in farm property will be lost or in jeopardy in the next quarter-century.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BLACK FOREST FARMERS

FREIBURG, June 2, 1923.

For ten days or so I have been exploring the Black Forest of what was once the Grand Duchy of Baden. And what I have been seeing is the farm and forest life of a unique people. There are other Black Forest regions in South Germany, but what I came to study in particular is the Black Forest that Auerbach's stories made vivid to me in my boyhood days. To be sure the geese and the goose girls are gone, Goose Girl Elizabeth is no more except in the remote spots of this mountain region, and the regional dress of the men has disappeared except on festal occasions; but the women folk are still garbed in the quaint costumes of the long-ago days. The form-fitting corsets and the fantastic fashions of Vogue are unknown in the Black Forest. Or what is more likely, the young girls are more interested in the ancestral chests of family finery. These treasures of dress are too rich to abandon and too charming to discard. And so, from generation to generation, they proudly wear the costumes of their particular valley and village. Some characteristic variation of headgear or shawl or apron advertises the family wealth and rank of the wearer, but rich or poor these Black Forest people are manifestly satisfied with their land and their lot in life.

Black Forest Styles. There is no end of homespun Black Forest styles, but the one common detail of feminine fashion is the broad black hat ribbons. The num-

ber, the length, and the richness of the silk of these ribbons tell the story of family importance. But the last word about this matter is proclaimed by the silk, satin, or brocade frocks, and the hand-wrought gold or silver triangles set into the odd little bonnets perched on the topknots of hair. Last Sunday was *Fronleichnam* day, the day of our Lord's Body, the greatest day of the year in the Catholic calendar of this region. Freiburg is the open gateway into the Black Forest country and the Black Forest people were a large part of the great crowd. I moved into the minster behind a Black Forest grandmother, and a seat just across the aisle gave me a rare chance to study her handmade and perhaps homemade brogan shoes, the common footwear of the Black Forest women, young and old, her rich silk frock and figured silk apron, the moiré silk ribbons seven in number streaming over her back and shoulders to the ground, and the elaborately wrought triangle of gold set into her little bonnet—all of them treasures of household wealth inherited from her grandmother, to be worn in turn by her own children and children's children to the last generation.

What They Symbolize. These Black Forest costumes are quaint and captivating, and I am sending photographs of them to the seminar library of Rural Social Economics at the University, not because they charm the eye but because they keep one's mind busy puzzling at the civilization they symbolize—a farm civilization prosperous, satisfying, and free from the restless discontent that is progressively depopulating the country regions of America—a civilization of home-owning farm-

ers and foresters with a well developed social life of their own—a civilization as innocently unaware of itself as a child is, with no uneasy sense of inferiority, no rebellious front to the outside world, no organization against imposition, and no look beyond their own industry and thrift for better market prices and credit accommodations.

Black Forest Homes. Along with other photographs, and for the same reason, I am sending pictures of the Black Forest homes—not the water colors and paintings that fill the artshops but well selected post cards. Many of these farm houses are two hundred years old, some are even older, but all of them look good for another century or two. The new houses follow the plans of the old, because they as perfectly fit the farm conditions of this region as a turtle-shell fits a turtle's mode of life. They are larger than the farm houses of the lowlands of South Germany, so because the Black Forest people are livestock farmers with more domestic animals to shelter than the Würtemberg farmers need in the cultivation of small patches of grapes, fruits, and vegetables. Like the peasant farmers of all Europe they live with their animals under the same roof. Occasionally a Black Forest farm house is as large and as many stories high as the Saunders building at the University of North Carolina; which means that the owner is rich, with more cattle, sheep, and pigs than his neighbors possess. And they are self-sufficing livestock farmers who learned long ago that livestock cannot be profitably produced on bought feeds. Or so they profoundly believe. The grain, hay, and forage and almost everything else they need they

produce on their own farms, and the Black Forest farmer who spent money for what he could produce at home would be run into the nearest insane asylum by his own wife and children. It is John D. Rockefeller's secret in the Standard Oil business, and the economists appear satisfied that Mr. Rockefeller is not fooled by comparative advantage as an economic doctrine.

In the earlier days and oftentimes in later years the Black Forest farm house was built against a mountain slope with a southern exposure. A roadway and bridge lead into the attic story. Here the hay and forage are packed for use during the long winters of this latitude, and dropped through chutes to the cattle on the floors below. The mountain-side end of the house is devoted to the farm animals, farm wagons, tools and utensils, farm feed and the like. The other end of the house is occupied by the farm family. The upper stories are frequently reached by outside stairways, leading up to one or more long balconies, protected from the weather by a steep roof with eaves four or five feet wide all the way around. These eaves shelter the winter supply of firewood, the manure pile, the beehives, the poultry house, the pig pen, the wash pot, and other accessories of open-air housewifery. The big kitchen is on the first floor alongside the wagon and tool room. Sometimes it is next to the cattle quarters. Connecting doors make it convenient to care for the farm animals without exposure in all seasons and weathers. The bedrooms are all the space that happens to be left of the stories above. The kitchen is the cook room, dining room, laundry room, living room, and general reception room of the family.

and centuries devoted to fashioning homely devices, comforts, and conveniences have made this room the wonder of housewives and the despair of artists in every land. It was into simple homes of this sort that Bismarck and von Moltke retreated from time to time when sick of folks and the deadly routine of official life.

Their Arts and Crafts. Like all the rest of South Germany, the Black Forest is thickly set with farm villages, one or more in every cove, a quick succession of them in such valleys as the Hoellen, and in the ampler open spaces between the gently rounded mountain crests. We traveled the other day from Baden-Baden up the Murg valley for an hour in a motor car looking down into the hillside and river-bottom pasture lands without seeing a single farm house, when suddenly we rode into a typical farm village at the head of the valley, followed by another and many others on the ridge and in the valleys along the remaining forty miles to Freudenstadt. So it is all over the Black Forest. These farmers are what we call cove-dwellers in Western North Carolina, but they do not live in solitary farmsteads, they live in farm communities that develop social virtues and graces, and that also offer a background for remunerative household arts and crafts like wood carving and weaving, and for family factories turning out artistic pottery, clocks and the like. The display of Black Forest art products in the shop windows of Freiburg is one of the charms of that lovely little city.

Black Forest Scenery. And now a word about the land these picturesque people live in. The Black Forest of Baden is a mountain area a hundred miles long north

to south and fourteen to forty miles wide east and west. It reaches to Switzerland on the south, and the Rhine plain separates it from France on the west. Its distinctive name is due to the forests that cover something like half its mountain sides and ridges, and even more to the abundance of thick-set cone-bearing trees that admit no sunlight into their depths. The darkness of night is in the heart of these hemlock woods in the day time. They are Black Forests, so called by the early Germans who peopled these ghastly shadows and uncanny silences with gnomes and elves and skrats. These fanciful folk have vanished, but the name remains and no fitter name could be invented.

Likenesses and Contrasts. It is a mountain region just about the size of Western North Carolina between Buncombe county and the Georgia-South Carolina line. And very like it in scenery. It has gorges as wild as that of the French Broad from Asheville to Wolf creek, valleys as wide and smooth and green as the Little Pigeon river country in Haywood county, and views that call to mind our own Unaka mountains; but nowhere have I found such scenery as Blowing Rock or Chimney Rock affords, not even from the top of Feldberg which is the most famous view point in all the Black Forest. Like our Land of the Sky it is a well watered country. Rich verdure covers all its gorges, valleys, slopes, and crests. It has a lower altitude but a higher latitude, which explains the abundance and variety of the spruces, firs, and hemlocks we see in black and delicate blue masses set in the light greens of the hardwood trees. Many of these cone bearers are new to me and their beauty sweeps

me off my feet. I miss the grand virgin trees and the majestic granite headlands or balds of our mountains at home. But also I miss the disfiguring scars of vast areas devastated by timber butchers, forest fires, and mountain floods.

Forest Protection. The explanation is simple. For something like a hundred years no land owner anywhere in Germany has been allowed to cut down a tree even on his own estate without planting another in its place. Most of the Black Forest is state property, and it is carefully patrolled, carefully trimmed and tonsured, carefully cut and re-planted, and carefully administered by a little army of state foresters of varying grade and rank. No tree looks neglected. The Black Forest is as trim as the fields of the Black Forest farmers. Forestry has been a learned profession in Germany these hundred years or more, and around 250,000 people are busy every day preserving her forest lands. Germany is never likely to go the way of Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, and Spain—all of them blasted by the savage destruction of their timber areas long years ago.

We have had warnings without number in North Carolina, but we are slow to heed them.

CHAPTER IX

WILL GERMANY BLOW UP?

MUNICH, June 13, 1923.

The losses and disbursements of Germany on account of the war amount to fifty-six and one half billion gold marks, her national wealth has shrunk fifty percent, and her fluid capital ninety-nine percent, said the German Chancellor to the Reichstag the other day. The figures may be a bit of special pleading by a retained attorney, but true or not true it is some such state of affairs that provokes the question I hear discussed daily—Will Germany blow up and when will it happen? I have heard this question so often that I have had to pull down on my safety valve and blow off steam.

An Attempt to Answer. So here is an attempt to interpret the mind of the home-owning farmers and factory workers in the little country towns of Germany. They and their families are around four-fifths of all the German people and how they feel about things is a fact and a factor of importance. I say feel, because what the back-sweaters of every land do for the most part is to feel in dumb, dull ways, and to think, if they think at all, in inarticulate fashion. Here is a fact that makes interpretation difficult. But also it makes the effort of the social incendiary still more difficult.

Is the soul of the forty-six million home-owning farmers and factory workers of Germany seething with revolt? My answer is No, or not that I can discover after two months in the country regions of Germany. My conclusion is that there will be no social revolution in Ger-

many, and there will be short shrift for the fomenters of revolution if they start anything that even looks like a revolution. The home-owning common people are in the saddle at last in central Europe. To be sure, they are but dimly aware of themselves as yet, but they must be reckoned with today and in all future years in this new republic. They have known exactly what to do with the falling mark, and they are well ahead of the game. The peasant farmers are rich and getting richer every day—not in marks but in substantial properties. No matter who may be poor in Germany the home-owning farmers and factory operatives are rolling in wealth, such wealth as they never before enjoyed in all their lives. They know it, and they do not want to be disturbed. The landless wage and salary earners in the cities, and the owners of secondary wealth—stocks, bonds, mortgages and the like—are in sad case, but they are relatively a very small element of population. Besides, they lack leaders strong enough to organize revolt. Germany has no Lenin or Trotsky. And clearly she has no Bismarck. It is a day of small men, and her greatest peril lies in this one fact.

I am moved to write by the anxious inquiries of a Californian with whom I traveled from Constance to Carlsruhe last Sunday. "Will this state of things end in revolution? Will Germany go the way of Russia?" he asked. "I have been living ten months," he said, "on the quivering crust of a volcano crater, expecting the blooming thing to blow up every minute. Isn't that the way you feel in Germany? Aren't you afraid to stay on any longer?"

No, I responded, decidedly not. Whereupon I proceeded to ease my mind somewhat.

Where Agitators Fail. You have been spending your time and money, I said, in Berlin and the Ruhr towns, or so I judge. You have been living in an atmosphere super-heated by the phrenzy of labor leaders, the fierce debates of party chiefs, and the wild cries of security-owners beggared by a debased currency, while I have been living out among the home-owning farmers and factory workers in the country towns of Germany. These people are toiling on and plodding along almost as placidly as their oxen in the fields. They are not excited about anything. Indeed I have seen but two excited men, so far, in all South Germany. One was a walking delegate on the tram from Hohenheim to Degerloch at the noon hour. Factory workers crowded the cars, going to dinner in their country village homes along the line. The workman beside him was a wit, and every once in a while he would interject a remark that set the car in a roar of laughter. The radical labor leader with his heated talk of revolution retreated to Stuttgart on the next car, cheered on his way by the good-natured raillery of his fellow workmen. So far and no further does Bolshevism get in the country regions among home-owning farmers and wage-earners.

Fundamental Cravings. Berlin and the Ruhr may be subject to brain storms, but not the country regions of Germany. Berlin in 1923 is not Germany any more than Paris was France in 1789. The revolution that Paris started in that year was fought out and at last settled by the masses of France, that is to say, by the home-

owning peasant farmers and the little people possessed of small shops and businesses in the towns and cities of the provinces. They were a majority of the French people then as they are now. What they really wanted was not liberty, equality, and fraternity, but property, peace, and security. Not Paris but the home-owning *poilus* are France. And not Berlin but the home-owning peasants are Germany today. They own the land and who owns the land rules the realm. No lesson of history is plainer. What they crave is peace and security in the new social order. It is a fundamental human-nature craving in every land and Democracy means little more anywhere than an attempt to satisfy this craving.

Reckoning With the Masses. The people I have been closest to in Germany—the country dwellers in the farm villages—are the people John Bright had in mind when he said, "The nation in every country dwells in the cottage. Crowns and mitres, palaces and stately mansions, great armies, wide colonies, and a huge empire do not make a nation. A nation is built on the security, comfort, and contentment of the masses of plain people."

And these people as I see them day by day are planning no war, they have had enough of war, they are fleeing their homeland in millions to escape war. They want no radical socialism of any type and Bolshevism least of all. They will listen to nothing that threatens their newly acquired wealth, and I miss my guess if they do not reckon savagely with any man that confuses the peace and quiet of their daily lives.

Democracy a Fact. There will doubtless be repeated party upheavals in Berlin during the next fifty years,

but there will be no social revolution in Germany, in my opinion. Democracy is a fact in Germany and it has come to stay, as I see it. There will be no slump into Communism and no return to Monarchism or not for long. So, because the home-owning masses of Germany are opposed to both. Most of the talk about these things is talk by the impoverished upper and middle classes on the one hand and by radical socialists on the other. And nearly all of it is in the large cities and the Occupied Area. But the infected section of population is a very small minority of all the German people. The owners of the substantial, producing properties of this land are a vast majority and instinctively they are thinking in self-defensive terms.

But They Need a Bismarck. First, about stabilizing the mark on some level, any level of assured value. They talk about almost nothing else, and they see that it cannot be done until the question of Reparations is definitely and finally settled. And second, they are agreed upon the critical necessity for a strong man at the head of things—a man big enough and brave enough to solve the Reparations puzzle—a man like Bismarck, for instance, whose name I hear many times a day. If a man of his sort and size cannot be produced by the party in power, a new government seems imminent in Berlin—not a revolution but a party reversal.

"If only we had a man like Bismarck in office," my chance acquaintances say, "he'd settle things and settle them promptly; and whether we understood his decisions or not we'd follow him implicity, no matter what it cost." I hear this said or something like it almost every-

where I turn. And, by the way, I never hear Bismarck's name without recalling the ideal and the warning he gave to Germany fifty years ago—"The unity, the development, and the security of the Empire, but no game-cock business," with the emphasis on the last phrase.

Devil's Dance of the Mark. But going back to the mark. When I was in Germany fifteen years ago my dollar bought four marks. It bought sixteen thousand marks when I sailed from New York ten weeks ago. Last Friday it bought sixty-six thousand marks. The day before it was worth fifteen thousand marks less; the day following it was fifteen thousand marks more. Today it buys eighty-seven thousand marks. Such is the dance of the mark from day to day and even from hour to hour. Like Pecksniff's pony its motion is mostly up and down. If Germany were deliberately bent upon destroying her upper and middle classes, there could be no surer way than the way of the falling mark. It is just as effective as the more savage way of the Bolshevists in Russia. It is the gentle art of murder, in De Quincey's phrase.

Its Tragic Results. For instance, I stood beside a frail little woman in black at the coupon window of the Rheinland Credit Bank in Freiburg the other day. She was drawing out the semi-annual interest on her bonds. What she received was thirty-eight thousand marks, which meant in the old days some ten thousand dollars in our money. It was worth just sixty-one cents the day she cashed her coupons. On this pittance she must manage to live during the next six months—that is to say on six pounds of meal or even less. The tears

streamed down her cheeks as she counted her money and silently turned away. The eyes of the cashier had a hint of mist in them. "No use," he said, "I see this sort of thing every day and all day long. I've no feeling left. She'll soon stop coming like the rest. She'll die of this thing before her next interest day."

It is in this fashion that the falling mark slays its thousands day by day. They are holders of the fluid capital accumulated in Germany in the long centuries since the Hanse towns began to create such wealth in Central Europe. They are the owners of bank-account savings, stocks, bonds, notes, mortgages and other forms of bankable paper. What we call solvent credits in North Carolina are not worth the paper they are written on in Germany.

The effect upon the moral standards and sensibilities of city wage and salary earners is deadly—these classes in particular because they have no chance like the farmers and the factory owners to turn their marks into productive properties. Why save a mark when it will buy less tomorrow than today? The only way to save it is to spend it, they say. Seize upon the day, eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die, becomes a settled philosophy of life. It is the pagan philosophy of Omar and Horace. The sense of thrift is being slowly but certainly destroyed, and thrift is a foundational virtue, because it means prudential foresight and hardy self-denial. And more, it is thrift that accumulates in one generation the social surpluses that become the capital wealth of succeeding generations. Capital wealth is the material body of a civilization, related to it very much

as a man's body and blood are related to his life. The destruction of the capital wealth of a people is very like the death of a man's body. When the capital wealth of Russia was destroyed, the result was chaos, and Russian civilization will have to be built anew as our mountaineers used to build their houses—from the stump up, as they say.

Spotlight on Stark Facts. The physical properties of a people are one thing, their fluid capital wealth is another. I trust my readers have this distinction clearly in mind. An inflated currency stimulates a stricken people as oxygen stimulates a pneumonia patient and it is the feverish semblance of life that I am looking on in Germany these days. Destroy the physical properties of a locality by earthquake, fire or flood, and they can be rebuilt almost over night with a sound currency and an unimpaired credit. San Francisco is a perfect illustration of this fact. But destroy the fluid capital wealth of a country, and the untouched physical properties of it fall into decay. Petrograd is a perfect illustration of this contrasting fact.

So much by way of throwing into the spotlight Cuno's statement that the fluid capital wealth of Germany has shrunk ninety-nine percent. If it be so, and from what I see I can well believe it, Germany is mortally stricken for all the charming outward look of things. With half of her national wealth lost and wasted in war, with her fluid capital reduced to one percent, with a debased currency steadily destroying both her capital and the owners of it and at the same time destroying the very instincts that create such wealth, Germany's look ahead

is desperate—so desperate that the Reparations question is now a question of life or death for German civilization. The mere delay, whatever the cause, has already destroyed more of her fluid capital than all the gold marks she has ever offered to France, more indeed than France has ever demanded. Delay—delay alone—is deadlier to Germany than all the armies of France are. Only a little more of it and the German mark must go the way of the Austrian krone and the Russian rouble. In which event the day of Germany's recovery is moved forward many years or even many centuries. And the pity of it is that this fundamental fact is lost in the wrath of resentment and resistance—a wrath perfectly natural but utterly fatal.

Germany's Safeguard. When delay has wrought its deadliest damage, then it will be the owners of farm lands, water powers, mines, quarries, and industrial plants—the owners of the producing properties of Germany—who must rebuild German civilization. And they must do it in the inescapable ways of toil and self-denial that made Germany great in the days that followed Waterloo. These are the people who today stand opposed to revolutions and revolutionaries. So because they menace the only form of wealth that is left in Germany today. And the opposition lies in a deep-seated self-protective instinct. There will be no general social upheaval in Germany as in Russia, or not if I have read these people aright.

The German masses are inured to painful toil, pinching self-denial and frugal pleasures—to what they call *Genugsamkeit*. It is an outstanding national character-

istic. They are good-humored, even-tempered, and patient almost beyond belief. The peasant farmers like all untutored people in every land are opposed to taxes of any sort for any purpose whatsoever, but they will pay taxes to the last mark if only they can see a settled, certain way ahead. But no matter what taxes they pay into a Reparations fund they will pay them with no thought of revolution, or so in my opinion. And as for Bolshevism or anything like it, their pitchforks are a ready argument which they have the art and the will to use.

CHAPTER X

A LAND OF FOREST LOVERS

MUNICH, June 19, 1923.

A few Sundays ago I wandered about Constance in the early light hunting for the house in which John Huss lived when he was arrested for heresy, the monastery in which he was confined, and the monument of rude stones that mark the place where he was burned with Jerome at the stake many years before Luther shook the Catholic church to its foundations. Ten minutes later I stood on the spot in the cathedral where Huss stood to receive his death sentence. And as I stood I found myself watching the people of this historic little city gathering for the six o'clock morning service. They came and went in hundreds, a steady stream of lovers, boys and girls, stalwart men and family groups—all kneeling for a few minutes of prayer, and well-nigh all of them with hiking kits strapped to their backs.

Holiday Picnickers. The scene was thought-provoking, and I stood for an hour watching these people swarm into the minster and then out again for their customary Sunday on the lake, in the woods around the steamboat landings, and on the trails to the mountain heights. It was a misty morning under a lowering sky, but every holiday is a picnic day for Germans, regardless of times and seasons. They go picnicking in all weathers at Constance, they go on the earliest morning boats, and they stay till darkness drives them home again. From my seat in the *stadtgarten* on the water front, I watched the crowds come in on the last steamers of the day, and

they were still coming when I retreated to my bed at 10 o'clock. They looked bedraggled and footsore—these lovers of trees and trails—but relief and satisfaction were written on every face. It was a multitude made up of grandsires and grandmothers with heavy luncheon baskets swinging between the couples, of families with heavier baskets tooled along by hand in the comical little wagons of the continent, of bright-faced boys and girls happy to be out of the shops and factories for a day in the woods, of robust young men with bicycles and motor cycles loaded with camping outfits for new adventures in the more distant reaches of the mountains. Apparently nobody was too old, frail or infirm for an outing in the woods. I counted a score or more of crippled and deformed people on crutches or in rolling chairs, and on their faces, too, was the same look of eager expectancy.

For ten weeks I have looked upon spectacles of this sort all over South Germany, in Protestant Würtemberg and in Catholic Baden alike. These forest-loving people crowd the Sunday trains and trams. All Germany is on the move on Sundays and holidays, and no wonder, for on their work-tickets they can travel a hundred miles for a cent on week days and for almost as little on Sundays. These crowds are moving out of the farm villages, the large cities and the factory centers, into the freedom of the forests for a day out under the open skies—not into the cities but out of the cities into the woods. All day long on every Sunday, rain or shine, they trudge up the hill past my perch at Engelberg, and on into the state forest above and beyond the castle. They come afoot,

they come pushing their bicycles and motor cycles up the steep mountain road for a spin along the level ridge highways of this region, they come every fashion except in carriages and wagons, for Sunday is a day of rest for the beasts of burden in Germany. And they rarely ever come in motor cars, for the plain people of the continent own no cars.

Countryward Drift. The Sunday crowds I see are the German masses and they are forest lovers all. Caesar's legions found them living in forests, in tribal and family groups, protected by surrounding open spaces or marches against surprise attacks by an enemy. So they were living when Tacitus wrote his Germania, and so they are living today. To be sure, the trees have disappeared for the most part in the farm villages, because every inch of space is needed for fruits and vines, vegetables and flowers. And the marches have widened into cleared irregular farm areas around each village—some 150,000 square miles in all. But 100,000 square miles of Germany are still in woods and forests, and the hearts of these people still dwell in the cool depths of shady places. I do not wonder at it, for whether forests be privately or publicly owned they are tended as carefully as the fields of the farmers are, which is saying almost the last word about forest culture.

City parks, private estates, and the royal gardens of old make every city beautiful. Near at hand everywhere are the open forests, with marked trails, pathways and roads, rustic bridges and pavilions, and always an accessible resting place where food and drinks are

served. And so trains and trams move the town and city crowds out into the open on every holiday.

A Soul Tonic. These people are the greatest walkers I know. I have seen more hiking kits and picnic parties in Germany these last ten weeks than I ever saw before in all my life. No matter how long a German may have lived in a city, the one particular joy of his life is a day in the woods. The other Sunday the doctor was called to castle Engelberg. He came in about tea time, looking chipper as a brig, as Captain Cuttle used to say. He had walked all the way from Esslingen, sixteen miles distant—a four-hour tramp—wanted the exercise, and a look at the field crops, fruit orchards and forests along the road—for his soul's sake, he said. I wondered if I would ever chance upon anything like this anywhere in America outside of California.

This nearness to the soil, this love of the woods and life in the open, is significant. It has made and kept the Germans physically wholesome, and in the last analysis it is sheer vitality that wins. Rome had more culture than central Europe in the last days of the Caesars, but Rome went down at last before the virility and vitality of the uncouth hordes that swarmed out of the Teuton forests.

The Goose Man. And yet these are the people Max Nordau charged with degeneracy twenty-five years ago. And degeneracy is the point of Jacob Wassermann's story, "The Goose Man"—a title suggested by the famous figure in the cathedral yard of the central market square in Nuremberg. It is a story that cannot

be read without a bottle of smelling salts near at hand. It is literally sodden with the social diseases of an overripe civilization—hyperthyroidism, eroticism, hysteria, brutal disregard of the conventional standards and elementary decencies of behavior. And so on and on *ad nauseam.*

The book is a brilliant piece of literary craftsmanship. But does it tell the essential truth about Nuremberg and Augsburg, the two cities in which the scenes are laid? And has Nordau told the essential truth about the German people as a whole? If so, Germany is doomed. And if Germany falls into decadence and death, history will repeat itself once more, for Europe will again pass into another long period of twilight, midnight, and at last daybreak in some far distant century, quite regardless of wars and rumors of wars.

These charges of degeneracy brought by a German and an Austro-German against Germany may or may not be true of her big-city civilizations. I do not know and I cannot say much in any assured sort about the great German cities. I know more about the home-owning farmers and factory workers in the country villages. The simple truth is, I have little more interest in great cities than Rousseau had. They are inevitable and indispensable in these modern times, but they bore me and I keep out of them as much as possible, perhaps because I am an incurable countryman by nature. But lately I spent a week in Munich and Augsburg with Wassermann's story in mind every minute of the time. It was a week of just such scenes of magnificence and misery as can be found side by side in the swollen cities of every

land. But I cannot bring myself to believe that the German masses as a whole are degenerate, for they live, let me say once more, not in the great cities but in the country villages, and they are not only country dwellers but forest lovers all.

A Racial Trait. The German seems never to lose his racial love of the forests and the open air. For instance, on a late Sunday afternoon in mid-April I ran across two of Raleigh's citizens just emerging from the woods with their wives and children, evidently from an all-day picnic. They were Germans, and in their hands were the early spring flowers and the inevitable luncheon basket, for the Germans as certainly love to eat as they love to walk. I thought at once of the Germans in California, as we saw them in 1921, on a holiday trip from San Diego to Los Angeles in a motor car. All along the 125 miles the California Germans were camped with their families in the edge of the woods and on the bathing beaches. I doubt if there be one of the many Germans in California who could be kept mewed up in a house on a holiday by a regimental guard with drawn daggers.

Civilization's Salvation. The cities may fester and rot in every land under the conditions of modern life, but a nation is safe if only its country regions be sound—that is to say, if there be any country civilization left. Which does not seem likely in another generation or two in North Carolina and other industrial states, unless the cityward drift can be checked and livable community life developed for country-minded people whose nature turns them toward the country—the people, say, who

have the taste of sweet-gum buds or sage brush in their souls. There are many such people but year by year it is less and less possible for them to live out in the country regions of America.

My conclusion is that these German forest lovers are sound to the core in body and brain, wind and limb, that they are normal and wholesome through and through, that they are the least alcoholized people I know, not even excepting the Turks whose religion is supposed to banish intoxicating liquors, that they have what the plant and animal breeders call projective, perstistent stamina as a race, and that if Europe falls into ruin as the Japanese believe it is now doing, then it is Germany that will be the first country to rise out of the ruins in rehabilitated power. It might be Russia, if only Russia were not stricken by vodka and deadly economic doctrines.

CHAPTER XI

INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITY IN SOUTH GERMANY

BERLIN, July 2, 1923.

My business in Europe this year is not with the great cities and the great industrial areas, but with the country-end of things on this side of the ocean—in particular with country community life and coöperative farm enterprise. Farm village life and farm credit unions have kept my mind busy in Baden, Würtemberg, and Bavaria these last ten weeks. Nevertheless I should be stupid not to see the new factories of every sort and size, the old plants newly enlarged, the new factory suburbs, the brand new factory communities, the new freight and passenger stations, the new trackage in the station yards, the double tracking of main lines, the new lines finished or under construction, and most wonderful of all, the new hydro-electric plants little and big, some of them enormous, in the hill country of South Germany.

I rub my eyes in amazement and ask myself how these things can be in a country whose currency is almost worthless, whose fluid capital is exhausted, and whose public credit is nearly nothing at home or abroad. It is a staggering paradox and of course my mind has puzzled at it. In explanation I may say that two things are fairly clear.

The Will-to-Work. 1. First the will-to-work of the German masses. In no other land or country have I ever seen manual laborers work as these people work. I have yet to see one of them dawdle at his job or trifle with his task. Nobody loafs in the country regions or

in the cities of Germany. Everybody works, men, women, and children, even the old men and women, many of them too old and feeble to be taxed by any sort of physical exertion. The German masses have always worked hard. They have been bred to toil through long centuries. But during the war and since, the women, the children, and the old people have worked as never before. They work in the fields at farm tasks from daylight to dark. In the cities their particular job since the war is the delivery of parcels. They are the substitutes for delivery wagons and motor trucks. From my corner seat in the central park of a nearby city I watch these old men and women filing by with packages on their heads, or stacked high in wicker baskets strapped to their backs, or piled in little wagons pulled and pushed along by old couples, or a group of women and children.

The farmers with their older sons and daughters work in the factories of the village or nearby villages, or so they are doing more and more in recent years, because they get a larger return from factory labor than from farm work. Which leaves the old folks, the mothers, and the children to keep the farms going at full productive capacity. The farmers are seemingly satisfied with a debased currency. They get more marks for their factory hours on the one hand, and on the other more marks for their farm products. They know little and care less about the foreign exchange value of marks. When the mark fell the other day to 181,000 to the dollar, I travelled on a 7:27 morning train crowded with home-owning farmers going to the factories along the line. We'll get more for our fruits now and we'll ask more

for our work in the factories, they said. It was all they said about the headline in the morning papers and apparently all they cared.

Country Prosperity. The country people of Germany have not been impoverished by the war. On the contrary, they have been enriched beyond their wildest dreams, and their riches are not hoarded marks but substances of value in the production of other values—lands, work-animals, farm tools and the like. And mind you, these factory workers are home-owning farmers all over rural Germany. They are a cross-section of three-fifths of all the German people.

The landless salary earners in the large cities and the impoverished security-owners everywhere also have the will-to-work, they must work if they would live, no matter how the mark is quoted in the daily exchange list. But as a matter of fact the wage-earners in the factory centers are faring better these days than ever before in all their lives. Factory wages have so far risen faster than the cost of living. The result is that the industrial wage-earners in the cities are living better and spending more than ever for pleasure in the simple ways of Germany. I hear these declarations many times a day, and my observation fully confirms their truth.

So long as the toilers of Germany are willing to work and to accept paper marks for their work, factories can of course be built and operated, new railway lines laid down, and new hydro-electric plants established.

Who the Poor Are. And speaking of poverty, let me say once more that the poor in Germany are the civil servants, the *pensionnaires*, the inheritors of security

wealth, and the marginal people in general—the old and infirm, the weaklings in body and brain, and other defective and dependent classes. The falling mark has reduced life to its lowest terms for them, and the result is poverty of a sort that Germany knew almost nothing about before the Great War. Berlin and the Ruhr are full of such poverty. But Berlin is not Germany and the Ruhr is only a part of her great industrial system—an essential part of course, but after all only a part. The great masses of factory workers do not live in the Ruhr valley and the great cities, they live in the country regions in the farm villages, they are home-owners in the main, and it is silly to say that they are poverty-stricken. On the contrary they are rich as they count riches, and they are very well satisfied with things as they are. I am surer of nothing than I am of this.

Results of Cheap Money. And I am sure of another thing, namely, that the soul of Germany cannot be sensed in Berlin. Poverty flaunts itself in the great cities and the great factory areas, but in the country regions it can hardly be discovered with a microscope. Farm villages pepper the map of Germany as pepper grains lie on one's soup. In these little farm and factory centers the farmers are rich and the factory owners are rich. In the cities of every size the merchants are prodigiously busy, and it is not for nothing that the factories are operating at full speed and that the shop windows and shelves are crowded with goods amazing in quantity, bewildering in variety, and bewitching to the eyes of buyers. The shopkeepers were busy in April and May before the tourist season opened and they are busy today with almost no

tourists in southern Germany. It is the German people who are buying the rich goods of the stores. Not a few but many people have money in Germany and they are spending it freely in the shops. What I see is merely what can be seen in any land in any period of abundant cheap money.

Factory Capital. 2. So much for the will-to-work of the German classes, and their economic status. Let us now consider the part that factory enterprisers have played in the marvelous industrial expansion of recent years. Where did they get the capital to build and operate the new establishments I see on every hand? The explanation is simple. During the war and since, they sold billions of construction bonds, stocks, certificates of indebtedness and the like. Eager investors in Germany and abroad, especially German-Americans in the United States, bought them as fast as the printing presses could turn them off. Later on these factory owners demanded and secured from the Reichstag the right to pay in paper marks the interest on gold-bearing bonds, and to redeem these bonds at maturity with the same cheap money. Not all the factory enterprisers are guilty but many or most of them are. There are still left some captains of industry in whom the people have faith and these enterprisers are still receiving from the public the billions of marks that the toilers are still willing to take for building and operating new industrial plants. When the faith of the public is finally exhausted and the will-to-work of the masses is broken down by an unredeemable currency, then will come the inevitable collapse.

Why shouldn't we pay interest and dividends in paper marks? Why shouldn't we redeem our gold bonds with paper marks? they asked. It is what the government itself is doing with its imperial war bonds, and why shouldn't we be allowed to do the same thing, they said. The Reichstag yielded. No party resisted. There was nothing but paper marks with which to settle either public or private security-debts, or so the Reichstag said.

A Karl Marxian View. The situation was explained to me on the train last week by a Karl Marxian socialist, who by the way learned his English in New York. "First we unloaded the German war debt on the German people at home and abroad," said he. "We don't mind having the masses mad with the government. Next we unloaded the factory debts on the holders of stocks and bonds, and gave these properties to a handful of mine and factory owners. We don't mind having the masses mad with the mine and factory owners. When the masses are mad enough with the government that authorized these spoliations, and with the capitalists who planned these wholesale robberies, then they will be mad enough, we hope, to vote with us to overturn the German Republic, take over these capitalistic properties, and nationalize the wealth of Germany. The only thing in the way," said he, "is the little farmers and the big estate owners. It isn't easy to nationalize land in a country of home-owning farmers. We couldn't do it in Russia, and we can't do it in Germany, unless we can make the farmers mad enough with Berlin and the bloated factory millionaires. Already they have voted with us for an eight-hour work-day, because it gives them more time to work on their farms before and after

factory hours. At present we've got the clericals and the peasant farmers bunched with the socialists against the Junkers and the capitalists, and if we play the game properly Germany will soon be just such a state as Karl Marx planned." All this with a dreamy, far-away look in a pair of steady blue eyes.

An Effective Bulwark. Simple, isn't it? But dreamer as he is, he saw the obstacle in the way.

To say it in a word, the recent industrial expansion in Germany has been based (1) on the toil of sweaty workers willing to work and so far willing to work for the vast volumes of cheap money they receive as wages, (2) on the fact that the paper mark has still a purchasing power in trade circles at home—trade circles that are essentially *schieba* in character, *schieba* being the German word to name the way everybody in a community gets rich by taking in everybody else's washing, and (3) on the destruction of security wealth, fluid capital, and currency values, all of which are but phases of the way in which the German masses have had their pockets picked while fascinated by a national Punch and Judy show.

One thing that became all the clearer to me in the talk of my voluble chance acquaintance on the train was the conviction that I have long held as a fundamental belief, namely that the day is approaching, in every land, when the only effective bulwark against destructive socialism will be the land-owning farmers in the country regions and the home-owning wage and salary earners in the cities and industrial centers.

Civilization is salted unto salvation by the home-owning, home-loving, home-defending instincts.

CHAPTER XII

A LAND OF LITTLE COUNTRY FACTORIES

BERLIN, July 3, 1923.

While exploring the country-end of things in Germany during the last three months, it has been impossible not to see the industries operating under country conditions, their amazing number and variety, their manifest prosperity, and their marvelous expansion in very recent years. My notes have contained frequent fragmentary references to the country factory life I see on every hand and I am now devoting a special chapter to the farm village industries and the large factory plants located in country regions quite aside and apart from the great cities and industrial areas of North Germany and the Rhineland.

I know, to be sure, of the huge factory plants and syndicates, everybody knows of these, but what most people of other lands know little about is the fact that Germany turns out cheaply produced high-grade specialties, novelties and notions in endless variety and vast volume, and that the cheap production of such goods is made possible by the village life of German farmers. The country village is a fixed fact of the German social order, and it is a fundamental fact that the farmers and business people of every nation may well consider. The village life of home-owning farmers is of course related to a prosperous and enduring country civilization, but it is no less certainly related to manufacture, trade, and banking. Germany, distracted as she is, is aware of this fact today better than ever before in her history, and

she also knows that her power to compete with the gross production of big-scale industries in other countries today and in future years is largely based on this distinctive feature of her country civilization.

The country industries of Germany fall into three classes: (1) domestic industries, (2) small factories organized on a semi-domestic basis, and (3) full-fledged factory plants located in country regions or operating under country conditions in city suburbs.

Domestic Industries. 1. I speak first of the domestic industries, based on the family as the producing unit, with a hired assistant or two, working in a space behind the shop or in a second-story room alongside the living quarters of the family. They are manufactories in the original meaning of the word, that is they turn out hand-made goods with a minimum of labor-saving devices. They are survivals of a primitive industrial order. Little trace of them is left in western civilization, but in Germany they still exist in the farm villages and are likely to be a detail of her country-town life as long as Germany endures.

Hand-Made Waterproof Shoes. To illustrate. The other day I found my shoes in need of resoling. I was directed into what looked like a shoe store. It was a shoe store, but also it was to my great surprise a shoe factory, filled with hand-made shoes fashioned on the spot by the family and a half-dozen assistants, with almost no shoe machinery. And very attractive shoes they were, not quite up to the mark of American footwear, but what they lack in style and finish they make up in lasting qualities and comfort. The proprietor is a

shoe-mender, a shoe-maker, a shoe-seller, and what is more a seller of cheap shoes that defy wear and weather. If it were not so, he would be forced out of business altogether, for rubber overshoes are almost unknown in Germany. I could not find a single pair in any store in all Augsburg on a soggy day last week. And really no native needed such shoes, for the hand-made shoes are practically waterproof. There are shoe factories everywhere and their number increases daily, but most German shoes are hand-made in little shops like this, and are likely to be so made for long years to come. The shoe-maker in his little shop disappeared in America many years ago. He is now merely a shoe-mender, who mends shoes with electrical machinery which he does not own and for the use of which he must pay to a great organization a royalty that consumes a very large part of his profits.

The Village Butchers. And what I have said of shoemakers and shoes is true of butchers and meat products. Every German village has its butcher and he is apt to be a skilled artisan who not only slaughters all the farm animals, but trims, cures, and packages all the meat products of his little territory—the hams, shoulders and sides, the head cheese and souse, and the sausages that appear in bewildering variety on the farm tables and in the city shop windows. In America this business has been taken over by the big packers who supply a good deal more than half of all the meat products we consume. The *metzger* in Germany is still an artist not merely a butcher, and his grip on his business is so firm that huge packing plants are never likely to drive him

to cover. Packing plants exist and they steadily increase in number, but they are relatively small, and almost invariably they are located in country towns not in the great cities.

Home-Made Confections. The other day in Snaith, a little farm village a mile or so off the railroad, I was hunting up the birthplace of Silcher, the great writer of German folk songs, when I chanced upon another commercialized product domestically produced—a pastry confection that looks like Spanish peanuts and melts in the mouth like cream chocolates. It is as dainty as any product of the American Biscuit Company, and just as attractively packaged, but it is a family product that goes out to the trade from the back rooms of a country-village dwelling. The famous Christmas cakes of Nuremberg had a similar origin and they are largely produced in domestic kitchens for general distribution till this good day. The same thing is true of bake-shop products of every sort. Great cake and candy concerns operating on a factory basis would not have a ghost of a chance in Germany.

Home Industries Galore. Another illustration. My hand-bags were mended the other day in a little country factory-town shop in which most of the leather goods offered for sale are made behind the store by the proprietor, his family, and an additional leather worker or two—trunks, suit cases, document cases, hand bags, traveling kits, pocketbooks, toilet articles and the like. The display of wares was most attractive. Just around the corner was the barber shop for men and women, and as usual it was something more than a shaving, hair-cutting,

shampooing establishment: it was a place where braids, wigs, and such like articles are made by the wife and children. There is literally no end to the little family industries of farm village life in Germany.

Semi-Domestic Industry. 2. I speak next of the semi-domestic small factory of the country villages and village suburbs—the factory with a dozen or a score of workmen housed in a special building, with the owner and his family living in the factory yard or next to it or nearby, and preserving in some degree the intimate contacts and fellowships of a family circle. Factories of this type are too numerous to mention in detail. They have passed out of existence in the United States in general, and are fast disappearing in North Carolina. The Holts and Cannons began cotton milling in this fashion, but it is a vanishing fashion.

Two or three factories close at hand illustrate what I mean. One is a factory in which eighteen workmen are turning out gold, silver, and German silver thimbles that go into every country of the world. I passed it many times before I found out that it was a factory and not a farm dwelling. Another is a factory just about as large as my home in Chapel Hill, but it houses twenty skilled artists and artisans busy designing and making gold and silver plate, jewelry, and toilet articles. The owner's dwelling is connected with the factory by a corridor. In another factory which adjoins its owner's dwelling the thirty-odd workmen are making the mechanism that rotates the disk in gramophones. All these little farm village factories have made their proprietors rich within the last five years, and now they are all

feverishly at work enlarging their plants or building brand new factories. So far their riches are mostly in paper marks, but they are turning these marks into substantial properties just as fast as ever they can. Which is what the little factory owners are doing everywhere, and it largely explains the building activities I see on every hand.

Larger-Scale Production. 3. A more spectacular phase of country manufacture is the full-fledged factory plant in the farm villages or on the outskirts or out in the open country on railway lines that tap the abundant farm labor supply. The Neckar valley from the Swabian Alps to the Rhine is an unbroken string of industrial centers and plants operated by the farm labor of contiguous areas. The same thing is true of the upper reaches of the Danube from the Black Forest eastward, also of the Main, the Saal, and every other stream that flows out of the Hartz mountains and the Thuringian hills in Central and Eastern Germany. Nevertheless these areas remain dominantly rural and agricultural. They are made and kept so by the well-nigh universal ownership of homes and farms by the factory workers. The old men, the women, and the children keep the farms perfectly cultivated, aided by the husbands and the older boys and girls before and after factory hours. These regions look to me to be just as thoroughly cultivated and just as beautiful today as they were fifteen years ago. It is a situation that puts the social incendiary at a clear disadvantage. His nose is out of joint in these areas. The industrial activity, prosperity, and expansion of the last few years are clearly manifest, and beyond doubt or debate.

Manufacture under country conditions is nothing new in Germany. Sidney Whitman called attention to it twenty-five years ago. It is a distinctive feature of industrial Germany as it is of North Carolina.

If only our farm and factory workers were home owners settled in compact farm communities as they are in the main in Germany, I should be less disturbed than I am at present about the future of both our farm and our factory civilizations. I do not believe any civilization, in town or country, can be safely based on the landless estate of men. And just as strongly I do believe in coöperative community life and enterprise. Modern life in big cities everywhere looks to me, as it looks to W. L. George, "very like a lot of crabs in the bottom of a bucket, every crab crawling over every other crab trying to get on top." It is a sorry spectacle, and it is pagan to the core, no matter how we label it, whether Christian or not.

CHAPTER XIII

LIVING HIGH IN DENMARK

COPENHAGEN, July 17, 1923.

My first days in Denmark are chock-full of reminders that I am now living or trying to live on a teacher's income in a land of abounding wealth. Comparative figures officially given out in 1913 exhibited the fact that man for man the Danish farmers were the richest farm people in the world, and the trips I am making into every corner of this little kingdom convince me that what was true ten years ago is true today. And no figures are needed to prove it. The fact is plainer than a pikestaff. The farmers are rich, unmistakably rich, and they have made the towns and cities rich. Everybody in Denmark is rich or feels rich, which is very nearly the same thing. You pay the prices asked or you go without, and the prices are sky-high, not higher perhaps than in America but too high for slender purses in Europe. Nevertheless I am determined to stay on here long enough to see everything that has any relation whatsoever to the farm prosperity and the consequent national wealth of Denmark. A state made rich by agriculture alone is rare enough to study in detail.

A Land of Plenty. There is no doubt about the fact that I am at last in a land of milk and honey, peace and plenty, or rather of bacon and egg, butter and cheese. The phrase is less poetic but it better expresses the source of Denmark's abundance. When a little country one-third the size of North Carolina feeds itself fat on home-raised products and sells two hundred and fifty million

dollars' worth of surplus foods to other countries, as Denmark did in 1921, it is easy to see that the farmers are accumulating wealth. And what is more, they handle their own products every step of the way from the field of the farmer to the table of the consumer. The state owns the railroads and operates them primarily to promote agriculture, and the farmers themselves own the cargo boats that ply like shuttles between Denmark and London. They even own and operate the Danish food shops that one sees everywhere in London. They do all these things in coöperative commodity associations, cooperative farm factories—creameries, cheese factories, bacon factories, egg-packing plants and the like—coöperative credit unions, and so on and on. Every farmer belongs to one or more or many such associations. The farmer who does not belong to any is considered a freak in Denmark.

Rich Through Coöperation. So it is they have grown rich during the last seventy-five years and so it is they have made the merchants, the bankers, the manufacturers and shippers rich. I have yet to find anybody in any city large or little who is opposed to farm coöperation. And when I start a debate about it to test the temper of some city business man, he looks me over quizzically and asks, Are you from the States? Yes, I answer. So! he says, and the debate ends. These continental people put a thousand shades of meaning into So! It is the most intriguing single word in Germany and Scandinavia.

The Hens' Contribution. But while I am concentrating upon travel into every quarter of this rich little

country, I am commenting in a letter or two on the chance scenes and occurrences that arrest my attention. For instance, the first course of the dainty dinner we had on the Danish boat that landed us at Gedser was accompanied by raw eggs, which we were expected to break into our steaming hot bouillion. We did not do it. It was a trick we did not know. But everybody else did it with manifest gusto. Next time, we shall know a good thing when we see it, for everything they have to eat in Denmark is good—superlatively good.

Speaking of eggs, nothing but a goose could or would lay such eggs as come to my room every morning for breakfast. They are monstrous in size. One is all I can eat, and along with the butter, bread, and tea it makes a full meal. Nothing in Denmark is better disciplined than the hens. The eggs they lay are enormous, and they are uniform in size and color. They are standardized to the last degree, and they bring forty million dollars of good money into Denmark every year. Which is a quite considerable sum of pin money for the farmwives. It is many millions more than the total cost of public education in North Carolina year by year.

Well Disciplined Cows. And the cows are as well disciplined as the hens. For one thing, they are picketed in luscious pastures all over Denmark and after the fashion of their sex they stay hitched. Even the horses are trained to pasture in the same lady-like manner. Cutting green feed and hauling it to the stock in their stalls is almost unknown. It is a detail of farm economy. Filling the barns with winter hay is expensive enough, the farmers say, so they picket their stock and save that

expense in the summer. Root crops are the succulent winter feed and there are no silos in Denmark, or none that I have yet seen.

Ticks or Politics? It goes without saying that there are no line fences in this land of pure-bred livestock farming. The farmers do not fence-in their farms, they fence-in their farm animals and picket them while grazing in the fields. When I tell these farmers that it takes something like civil war to tear down the line fences and put an end to free-range pasturage in twenty-odd counties of my home state, they look at me in amazement. It sounds like Denmark in the eighteen fifties, they say. How else can the farmers of your state put an end to Texas fever and how can they have high-grade cattle under tick conditions? Is it ticks or politics that holds back your beef cattle and dairy business? they ask. It is a question that I pass on to the statesmen of Tidewater Carolina.

Delicious Abundance. But while you pay high prices for food stuffs in Denmark, you are appalled by the enormous quantities they set before you at meal time. The butter for one is enough for a whole family in America, and it is butter that a fastidious cow had something to do with, for the cow is the one aristocrat left in the farm regions of this democratic kingdom. The morning teapot holds three large cupfuls, and the various breakfast breads of freshly ground wheat fill you up to the throat latches, that is to say, if you eat them all. You are tempted to do it, but you wont if you think of the five other meals that are to follow in the long summer day of this high latitude. For at ten o'clock

you have coffee and crackers; at noon you have a luncheon of *smorrebrod* and coffee, *smorrebrod* being slices of wheat or rye loaf spread thick with butter to hold the smoked fish, shrimp or sardines, the thin cuts of beef, ham, sausage, or cheese, the slice of tomato and other delicacies too numerous to mention; at four you have tea and cakes; at six you have a full dinner, with big soup bowls of strawberries, big pitchers of cream, and all the sugar you want—these or a pastry or some other fruit in the same generous proportions; at ten o'clock it is still light enough to read a newspaper out under the open sky and the day must end with an ice and a pastry confection of some sort.

It keeps me feeling like Uncle Remus when the little boy brought him an extra dinner from the big house: I clar ter goodness, mon, I dunno whar I gwine ter put it, said he, cep'n I takes my hat. And I am guessing that Gargantua was an errant Dane whom Rabelais captured in Touraine and set to star in his famous burlesque, for the Danes are valiant trenchermen and they have more to eat than I ever saw before in any other land or country.

Bicycles and Fords. Another spectacular thing in Denmark is the bicycles. Everybody rides a bicycle, both sexes and all ages. There are 200,000 in Copenhagen alone, and quite as many more in the country regions. They are as the sands of the sea for multitude. The city builds special roadways for them along the wider streets, and at the farm schools the bicycle sheds frequently occupy a floor space as large as that of the main

school buildings. Along with the motor cycles they keep you in terror at the street crossings and along the country roads.

The motor cars are fewer, but they are rapidly increasing in number, and one hears the familiar complaint that they will certainly bankrupt the state. Three-fourths of all the cars are owned by the farmers and nine-tenths of them are Fords. What is more, a Ford in Denmark is not a Tin Lizzie, it is an automobile. It is a convincing sign of superior wealth and assured social status. It is not uncommon to see a Ford sedan with crimson plush curtains, flower vases, and a liveried chauffeur. I have seen two such Fords, one in Copenhagen last Sunday morning at The Church of Our Lady, and another last week on the country road to the Folk High School near Roskilde. I was visiting this capital of ancient Denmark to see the farms along the twenty-five miles of railway and to study the farmers and their farm animals at the Union Jubilee Cattle Show. The Danish farmers came in swarms in automobiles and on bicycles, in an unbroken line of these vehicles on every country road into town. They made me homesick as I trudged along on foot to the school of housewifery and farm management for the Little Landers two miles or so from Roskilde, and on another half mile to the Folk High School for the sons and daughters of the larger farmers.

Henry Ford has a large assembling plant in Copenhagen. He got here first, digged in on the ground floor, and occupies this territory by the divine right of squatter sovereignty. He has given the Danish farmers a chance at an inexpensive, rapid-transit marketing machine, and

they are clamoring for cars faster than he can set them up. The Ford is a farm asset and not a liability in Denmark, or it could not be here at all, for the Danish farmer is a canny business man, and what he does not know about the marketing of his wares is torn out of the book, as the Georgia Crackers say.

Helpful Studies for North Carolina. Marketing is a critical farm problem everywhere, but the American farmer has been slow to get busy with it. We have only just begun to work at it in North Carolina, and the way ahead is long and difficult, mainly (1) because the farm tenant imperils every coöperative farm effort, and (2) because our farmers do not live together in compact country communities, and therefore find it difficult or impossible to stick together in coöperative enterprises.

How Denmark came to be the richest farm state in the world, How farm prosperity enriches the Danish cities, and What Denmark has to teach us in North Carolina will be the burden of my notes during the next three months.

CHAPTER XIV

RUNNING AROUND DENMARK

VIBORG, July 26, 1923.

I am beginning this letter in Odense, propped up in bed at three in the morning, working with a letter pad on my knees, Mark Twain fashion. One of the penalties I pay for modern discomforts is having the honk of an infernal automobile explode a bomb in my brain at some ghastly hour of the night, and being unable to get to sleep again. It is no new experience. I have had it in Chapel Hill times without number. So I feel about for my pencil and paper, and go to work as usual, without worrying about sleep. It is a trick I learned years ago—an idiosyn-crazy, as Mr. Dooley properly pronounces it.

A Prophet's Home Fame. Odense is Hans Christian Andersen's home town. His humble birthplace is only a little way down the street from my hotel, but I had great difficulty in finding it and I stumbled on it at last quite by accident. Not one of a gang of youngsters half a block off gave any signs of ever having heard the name of Odense's most famous son. I had the same trouble in Derby, England, fifteen years ago, trying to locate the little pigeon-box of a house in which Herbert Spencer was born. Not a policeman I ran across knew anything about it or had ever heard of Mr. Spencer. But such is fame!

The Hub of the Universe. The hub of the universe sticks visibly out in the center of the city park of Odense. It was the distinguishing feature of Boston Commons in Oliver Wendell Holmes's day. But it has

been moved, or so I gathered yesterday afternoon from an exuberant Dane three miles out in the country at the *Husmansskole.* Which means the school of farm management and housewifery for the sons and daughters of the little landers or small farmers of Fünen. "The island of Fünen," said he, "is the center of Denmark and Odense is the center of Fünen. You needn't look any further for the center of the universe. If you are in any doubt about it, please look at our cows and their butter fat records."

I did. And furthermore I went through the creamery, the bacon factory, and the egg-packing plant, and heard at length about the 110 steamboats that carry the farm products of Denmark into every large port of the world. Every one of these huge enterprises is organized, owned, and operated by the farmers themselves or their highly salaried agents. And what Odense is every other town in Denmark is—a center of coöperative farm business.

Culture and Coöperation. The Dane's argument went without contest. He is no uncommon figure in Denmark, I may say in passing. He is a farmer, a country school teacher, a botanist, a political economist of note, an author, and a translator of American books. Men of his type hold exactly half the portfolios in the King's cabinet. Whatever may be true of the farmers and the country school teachers of other lands, they sit at the head of the table in Denmark.

Culture and coöperation have made these farmers rich, and a prosperous agriculture has dotted the map with prosperous cities. To be sure of this fact, you have only to move about Denmark a little. Not only are the Danish

cities rich but they are modern in the last degree, and beautiful every one. I have nowhere found any lovelier city than Odense, not even excepting Pasadena.

Comfortable Living. I am this minute quartered, for instance, in the best hotel I have seen this side of California—not the largest or the most flamboyant, but the most comfortable. Ten electric lights are blazing in my bed room as I write. I have a table light and a telephone within easy reach at the head of my bed. On my arrival I ran into the inevitable cattle show, and the only room not filled with farmers was the bridal chamber in the Grand Hotel. The landlord is charging me bridal chamber prices and I am doing my best to sleep in both the beds. I am only trying to get my money's worth, the same being section one article one of the constitution of every born American. And I am succeeding very well, but for the two fat feather beds—which on the continent here you are expected to sleep under, not on. It is incredible, but the Danes do it the year around, even in the fag end of July. It must be so, because there is no other bed cover in the room.

Spying Out the Land. My first month in Denmark is being spent in spying out the land and taking an intimate look at the things I have been reading about and lecturing on for many years. Two weeks were devoted to Zeeland, the island on which Copenhagen is situated, and to Falster, Laaland, and Fünen, which are the other important islands of the compact group in the Baltic. It is on these fertile islands that the town and country life of Denmark is most intense and most significant. I have lived day and night in trains, steamboats, motor

cars, and hotels, taking such space and such accommodations as the farmers have left, for the farmers have preempted every thing in Denmark.

Farm-Owned Transportation. Travel is comfortable and comparatively inexpensive. Indeed it is the least expensive thing in Denmark. The explanation lies in the fact that the state owns the railroads and the steamboats that bridge the water gaps in the state system of transportation. But the farmers own the state—lock, stock, and barrel, and they run the railroads in the interest of agriculture. The freight and passenger rates are therefore made as cheap as it is humanly possible to make them in Denmark. For instance, it was a sixteen-hour trip on fast trains from Copenhagen to Esbjerg and up the west coast to Viborg in north Jutland, and my fares in the best compartment coaches amounted to only forty-nine kroner, which is $8.62 in our money. A sixteen-hour day-coach trip from Greensboro to New York, as I remember it, costs around $17.00. If I had traveled third-class, as most Danes travel, the fares would have been less than $6.00. The short-haul freight rates show the same contrasts. All of which benefits the farmers and the country regions, and at the same time the merchants, the manufacturers, and the cities of Denmark in general. When I suggested that the roads were being run at a loss, my traveling companion, a leathergoods manufacturer in Odense, replied: "Nobody is bothering about a deficit in the state railway account. The taxpayers settle it, the burden falls on everybody, and anyway it is too small to talk about. The state has re-arranged the rates so as to wipe out

the insignificant losses and we shall have no deficits hereafter. We are satisfied to take pot-luck with the farmers. They are making money hand over fist and so are we. So what's the difference?''

A Port City. I am now exploring Jutland, the peninsular mainland and larger portion of Denmark. My trip this week is taking me from Fredericia on the east coast straight west to Esbjerg the new port city built on the sandbars of the North Sea. Its harbor was digged out of an inlet that offered more difficulties, and fewer natural advantages than Beaufort enjoys. Esbjerg is some twenty years old and already has a population of 20,000. It is the terminus for fast freights from all parts east and the point of steamboat departure for England and the rest of the world. The boats on every trip go loaded to the gunwales with the bacon, butter, and eggs of the Danish farmers. I am proudly informed that Esbjerg is the Chicago of Denmark. A similar rapid transit freight and passenger service has been established from Copenhagen through Gedser into Germany. The Danes long ago learned the trick of running solid trains upon boats and ferrying them across twenty-six miles of sea. All these enterprises have been developed in recent years to promote a farm business that has risen into large commercial proportions. The exportable farm surpluses last year were $250,000,000 reckoned in our money. And mind you, they are enterprises on part of a state with just about the population and less than one-third the area of North Carolina.

Realization of a Dream. Yesterday I spent nine hours in slow trains from Esbjerg north through the low-lying

sandbars of the west coast and on across the sand hills and heath lands to Viborg, a picturesque little city in the middle north. It is the center of a region that Steen Blicher made famous in poetry, and that Dalgas, a social-minded army officer, began to reclaim fifty years ago. I traveled in slow trains, because I wanted a good look at exactly such a country as you see on a trip from Wilmington to Aberdeen and Southern Pines. And what I saw along the way completely reversed my notions of west Jutland. There are sand bars, sand dunes, marshes and heath lands, to be sure, but it is a region in process of rapid reduction to agricultural uses—the shifting sands and soils set with grasses and pines imported to reinforce the native ling in the battle against the winds, grass-covered dykes as wind-breaks, newly forested waste lands planted and carefully cultivated to the same end, cattle, dairy cows and horses everywhere in the fields, farm buildings in squares surrounded by trees to shelter them against the fierce winter winds of this high latitude. They are the homes of prosperous, big-scale, livestock farmers, for here as everywhere else in Denmark the basis of a safely balanced agriculture is livestock—beef cattle, pigs and dairy cows in particular. I say they are prosperous farmers, because of the surprising number of farm establishments I see in this region of marginal lands, the size of these establishments, the gleaming white of freshly whitewashed homes and barns, the shining red of the new tile roofs, the new farms recently brought under cultivation, and the brand new railway towns, every one of them a center for coöper-

ative farm enterprises, creameries and bacon factories mainly. It is a realization in Denmark of just such a dream as Governor Morrison has for Tidewater Carolina.

Man vs. Nature. I am coming to believe that the marginal land that Ricardo figured into his theories of rent is land that does not exist anywhere in Christendom. There are marginal men but no marginal lands, was Sidney Lanier's notion. There's more in the man than there is in the land, said he. Flanders proves it. Every inch of it was once a sand bed, and that not so many centuries ago. Today it is the garden spot of Belgium. And west Jutland proves it against the heavy odds of barren sand plains, and peat bogs that defy drainage because they are the remains of lakes in the pockets of a glaciated area. The soils of Denmark are generally poor or indifferently good even in the most favored regions, for mainly they are beds of moraine pebbles, sands, and clays in various mixtures. The Danes have had to build their soils everywhere. But while they have been building their soils they have been building their own big market businesses and credit institutions.

Farmers Good Business Men. The Danes are not the best farmers I have seen, but they are far and away the best business men among all the farmers of the world. "They are the only farmers on earth," says Jacob E. Lange, "who have proved that they can stand on their own feet alone and unaided and go forward on their own initiative without outside help, for they won their successes long before the state came to their aid with railroads and loans to landless farmers."

I shall be looking into the eastern farm belt of Jutland before I get back to my headquarters in Copenhagen. The chapters that follow will detail the farm prosperity of the Danes, the ways and means of it, and the effects of it upon city prosperity, national life, and legislation.

CHAPTER XV

LIVING WITH THE DANISH FARMERS

FREDERICKSHAVN, July 31, 1923.

Outside of Copenhagen and the tourist resorts on the ocean fronts, there is no way to live in Denmark without living with the farmers, or none that I have yet discovered. Expensive hotels were written into the Jutland itinerary prepared for me by the English-speaking Danes in the state offices at the capital. But when I get to these hotels, most of them fine and fit as a fiddle even in the little country towns, I find them filled to overflowing with farmers come to market, farm delegates meeting to represent some one or more of the ten thousand coöperative societies, and agents of farm enterprises as keenly bent on business as Dickens's bagmen or Duke's tobacco drummers. Twice I have walked a Sabbath-day's journey to find a vacant room, and twice a Landman Hotel or Hotellet has saved me from sleeping on a park bench. *Landman* being Danish for farmer.

A Farmers' Hotel. Now a farmers' hotel in America is one thing, but in Denmark it is quite something else. In Viborg, for instance. We've nothing left but a room on the court, said the room clerk, who is also headwaiter, bookkeeper, cashier, and business manager all in one. It will do—anything will do, was the response of a winded traveler. And I am ushered into commodious, immaculate quarters on a second-story back. I find myself in a room outfitted with beech and white marble furniture, a luscious couch that comforts every weary

bone, on the floor a rug handsomer than I can afford in my bedroom at home, on the walls photogravures of Danish scenes, electric lights overhead, a dainty restful bed with the usual feather bed-covers, and at the head of my bed a table light and a push button. These, in the back room of a farmers' hotel in Denmark, and all for three kroner a day, which is fifty-four cents in American money! I was in fact so comfortable that I stayed on there three days to study the coöperative creamery and cheese factory, the egg-packing plant, the curb market, the agricultural high school, and the Heath Reclamation Society that Dalgas established in the eighteen sixties. Meantime I made little journeys in all directions on trains and in motor cars to see the homes and farms of a region that was held to be worthless and hopeless fifty years ago. Today there is no discoverable sign of anything but prosperity either in Viborg or in its surrounding trade territory.

From My Study Window. Speaking of my back room in the Landman Hotellet, I may say that my window acquaintances were as interesting as ever James Russell Lowell's were. His were birds, mine were farmers in the court below. And never a jay among them. Off and on from daylight till the court was cleared around ten at night, I studied these farmers, their wives and children, their dress, their market wagons and loads, and their teams of horses fat and slick as butter balls. A few of the farmers, not many, drove into the court-yard in high state in Ford cars, but most of the vehicles were the regulation market wagons of the heath country. They look for all the world like Ford trucks set high

on stout springs with very broad seats and very high backs. Not a few of the seats and backs are cushioned in bright colors and rich materials. The bodies are deep, and the sides have sloping top-pieces hinged to hold expanding loads off the wheels. The wealth and rank of the farmer are patently set forth by the number, size, and breed of the horses he drives, by the harness he uses, the seat robes and load covers, and the air of assurance with which he descends, hands the reins to the stable boys, and hurries out to business. The ancestors of these farmers were all peasants seventy-five years ago, without property, vote or voice, little differing from the Saxon churls I used to read about in Ivanhoe in my boyhood days, but now they have something like the port and poise of the few remaining Danish noblemen.

And the stable boys were interesting. The three were all old men who kept busy waiting on the farmers all day long and never a minute of the time without Wouter Van Twiller pipes hanging from their teeth to their equators. They hitch and unhitch horses, tilt up shafts and unhinge wagon tongues to save yard space, button the rain covers over seats and bodies, and sweep the court between times, their pipes bobbing the while against their belts. What they need is four hands each, but they get along with two, in ways that are marvelous to me.

Listening In. The farmers, their wives and their daughters, are just as well dressed as the townspeople I see in the streets and stores and office buildings. If you can distinguish the farmers from any other business men in a Danish town, you are rarely endowed with

discriminating senses. And while they smoke and drink beer and consume incredible quantities of *smorrebrod* in the hotel eating spaces and around the café tables in front, they discuss farming from Peter Rice to Colophon —not merely crops and seasons and livestock, but market prices and foreign exchange rates the world over. Just now the talk is all about exchange rates, and no banker in town knows more than the farmers about the purchasing value of the krone in the countries that sell them margarine materials, seed cakes, coal, gasoline, and fertilizers. I am quoting the local Ford car agent, an English-speaking Dane who interprets for me the Babel of voices in the hotel lobby. Their complaint is that the krone is down to nearly six for an American dollar and more than twenty-six to the English pound. Danish money, they say, is not on a gold basis; nobody doubts the ability of Denmark to pay for imports, but in a pinch she could not settle adverse trade balances in gold, and so, in this day of crazy currencies in Europe, their own rich country is paying a heavy penalty for the disturbed business faith of the world; Denmark must get on a gold basis; the krone must be boosted, the powers-that-be must get busy. And so on and on.

I have an idea that the powers-that-be will get busy, for the lightest whisper of the farmers sounds like thunder in Denmark.

Book-Farming the Rule. A common saying is that a Danish farmer would rather do without his breakfast than his morning paper. The saying does not overstate the fact. The Danes are farmers, but even more they are business men, engaged in big distributing businesses

of their own, and I am assured that they are easily equal to the bankers and brokers in discussing foreign situations and domestic consequences, trade policies, and economic laws in general. They are book-farmers and newspaper readers, with headpieces. The farmer sitting beside me yesterday on the train gave an hour to the news of the world, the market reports and the financial tables, all the while figuring on his knees with his pencil. This morning I was the guest of a *gaarmand,* or middle-class farmer, in his nearby country home. His newspaper rack looks like the file of a commercial club in America, and the books on his library shelves are as many as mine in Chapel Hill. I understand, said he, that the farmers of the United States do not think much of book-farming; we have learned better than that in Denmark. My interpreters were two fine young fellows from the offices of the Heath Reclamation Society, and they smiled as they handed me our host's compliment to the farmers of America.

Only Necessary Middlemen. The Danish farmers market their own wares, you see, and they know the distribution game from A to izzard—or from farm to table as they say over here. The middlemen do not get the bulk of the consumer's money, the farmers get it. I find plenty of middlemen in Denmark, but they are the necessary middlemen, and the farmers have sense enough to know that they are necessary. There is no quarrel between the farm organizations and the middlemen. They work together with mutual advantage. Both are prospering and both are satisfied. Neither dares to treat the other unfairly, for sharp practices spell bank-

ruptcy for the farmers and the dealers alike. As for superfluous middlemen, they disappeared from Denmark long ago, or most of them, for the farmers beat them at the game, hands down.

A Genial Northern Climate. My travels in Jutland are giving me a chance to see peninsular Denmark from the German frontier to Skagen, which by the way is in the latitude of Greenland's icy mountains. But Denmark has something like the oceanic climate of the British Isles, and, even in the far North, the growing season is around one hundred and fifty days in average years. Which explains, at least in part, the grain crops, the green pastures, the plump dairy cows, beef cattle, and horses I see in the fields all along the way to Fredericks-havn and almost to Skagen where Denmark dives into the North Sea.

An Agricultural Trade Center. The rest of the explanation lies in the keen wit of the Danes. They have developed an agriculture perfectly adjusted to their soils and seasons, and with equal genius they have cashed-in the opportunities of a geographical location. Look at Denmark's place on the map. Copenhagen commands the Baltic on the east, Gedser on a south shore taps the Berlin market, Elsinore looks over into Sweden across a strait that the ferryboats span in twenty-minute trips, in the north Frederickshavn faces Norway, and on the west Esbjerg reaches London and Manchester with Danish farm products. Denmark is in the center of a trade area of 100 million consumers.

Peasant Farmers as Leaders. What the Danes needed was exportable farm surpluses, adequate harbors and

port facilities, rapid-transit train and boat services; and what they needed they set about securing with clear heads and rigid wills. They saw no obstacles, they saw only the opportunities, and when timid statesmen wavered the farmers took charge of the government and organized the state for agriculture on a commercial scale. There was nothing else to do, for Denmark has no forest wealth, no coal, no oil, no iron, and no mineral deposits of any sort except clay, sand, pebbles and marl. The way ahead in Denmark lay in agriculture, not in manufacture. But what the drowsy town dwellers and the placid big-estate owners could not see in two hundred years, the newly freed peasant farmers came to see in less than fifty.

The first thing they did was to lift farming from domestic to commercial levels, the next thing was to take the commerce of Denmark into their own hands, and their last move was to take over the state and organize it for farm prosperity. Which is proper enough in a country that is purely agricultural, as Denmark is. It is another matter in a state that can be agricultural or industrial, or best of all both, if it but have the wisdom to save its farm life from decay and death, while its mills increase in number and magnitude.

Commercial Agriculture. Now domestic agriculture is one thing, and commercial agriculture is another. To a Dane, farming on a commercial basis means (1) crops to feed the farm family and the farm animals, (2) livestock to convert crop surpluses into milk and meat products, (3) farm industries to convert these products into

fit forms for final consumers—creameries, cheese factories, bacon factories, egg-packing plants and the like, owned and operated by the farmers themselves, or their experts and business agents, (4) sales agencies and financial institutions of their own, on a coöperative basis, and (5) a state whose service agencies are all busy in behalf of agriculture.

Possible Only to Farm Owners. Commercial farming is the last word in farming. It is a kind of farming that is possible to farm owners alone, and to intelligent farm owners—never to farm tenants and never to farm regions cursed with widespread illiteracy. There are no farm tenants in Denmark, or too few to count, less than ten percent in fact—less than two and a half percent in the American sense of the word. And there are no illiterates except the feeble-minded. Danish illiterates are only two in the thousand of population against 160 per thousand in the country regions of North Carolina in 1920.

Any Dane of character can own a home or a farm. The state is expending in the present three-year period twenty-two million kroner, or nearly four million dollars in American money, to help tenants and farm laborers into the full ownership of homes and farms. Danish tenants are few, but Denmark means to have none at all if it is humanly possible to put every man into a home of his own.

And any child can have any kind of education it wants and in any amount. Education is as free as the air in Denmark. For instance, I find 600 scholarship

students in the University of Copenhagen. A scholarship student pays nothing for his room and meals, and he wins his scholarship by merit in the schools below.

Commonwealth Building. I have long held and I still hold that the fundamental social ills of North Carolina are excessive tenancy and overweening illiteracy. The future of the state depends on the universal diffusion of intelligence and the universal ownership of homes and farms. The Commonwealth must be built on character, culture, and home ownership or it will be built in vain.

CHAPTER XVI

DENMARK AND TARHEELIA

ELSINORE, August 6, 1923.

It is not possible to look at the kempt little Kingdom of Denmark without having North Carolina in the tail of one's eye, or not if you are a native of the Old North State. Comparisons may be odious, but intelligence begins in a sense of difference, and not to know "a hawk from a hernshaw" is Shakespeare's phrase for hopeless stupidity. But also, intelligence ends in a perception of likenesses—of unities amid diversities, is the way Horace Williams puts it, I think. Shakespeare and Horace Williams are prime authorities. Anyway they pair well in a preface.

Commercialized Fishing. And my preface ought also to say that there's nothing rotten in Denmark, or nothing that I have yet discovered, not even the fish, which the Danish housewife buys alive in the market tanks and cooks with the flesh still quivering. A fish served in this way is a dainty dish to set before a king. No fish of any size has any chance to go stale in Denmark. The small fry, even the midget eels, are pickled or smoke-cured or preserved in oil sardine-fashion for *smorrebrod* uses. The surplus catch of large fish is salt-cured, sun-dried, or canned for an export trade that amounts to $10,000,000 a year. The fine arts of curing sea foods of every sort and size are details of commercialized fishing that Eastern North Carolina needs to learn. For lack of such arts as the Danes practice, our fishermen are wasting millions year by year. And meantime they

are importing boneless fish cured and packed in Gloucester, Massachusetts. I found stacks of boxes of such fish on the boat to Manteo—to Manteo of all places on earth! Increasing production in our fish and oyster areas, passing restrictive laws, and pestering fishermen with fines are one end of this Tidewater problem, but teaching them the arts of preserving their catches without waste and packaging their products attractively for trade in a wide territory, is another. It is a field worth exploring by the State Fish Commission, and Denmark is the best country I know in which to spy out the details of sea foods reduced to a commercial basis. It is worth, in my opinion, $10,000,000 a year to our fishermen and to the state—worth not less to North Carolina than it is to Denmark.

Denmark and the Tidewater. It is entirely proper to ask what in general are the conditions in Denmark, how they differ from the conditions we have at home and what this little country has that we might also have in North Carolina—in our own fashion, to be sure, for North Carolina has a way of her own, and properly enough she will have nothing in any other way.

Denmark is a little country, the Danes are little people, the littlelanders, that is the small home-owning farmers, hold Denmark in the hollow of their hands, are the expressions I hear oftener than any others from the natives who explain their homeland to me. And they are an unavoidable foreword to any sensible thing said about Denmark.

In number the Danes and the Tar Heels are almost exactly the same, or were before the Great War gave

back to Denmark 280,000 of the people she lost to Germany in 1864. At present they outnumber us by a few hundred thousands. The advantage is quite temporary, for North Carolina leads the world in cradles and baby carriages.

In land area the advantage is all ours, for North Carolina is more than three times the size of Denmark, if her colonial possessions be left out of the count. Put down on our map, Denmark would just about cover Tidewater Carolina. To the eye they are very much alike. Both are low-lying areas, the one being alluvial and the other a region of glacial drift with irregular, softly rounded hills and valleys. But nowhere does Denmark have the natural advantages of our tidewater country—the rich soils, the long growing seasons, the abundant rainfall equably distributed throughout the year, and the extensive forest areas that have not even yet been destroyed by two centuries of savage cutting.

Both offer obstacles to a flourishing civilization—in Denmark, naturally poor soils, coastal sand bars on the west and north quite like the eastern shore of North Carolina, sand dunes and sand wastes, marshes, peat bogs, moorlands, and heaths that reach far into the heart of the mainland, a lack of merchantable timber everywhere, for Denmark was stripped bare of original forest growths many centuries ago, and as if to doom Denmark to agricultural levels forever, nature gave her no basic mineral deposits; in Tidewater Carolina sand bars and sand-filled inlets, swamps, malaria, cattle-tick fever and sparse population that found life made easy by rich soils and waters teeming with fish and oysters.

I name natural advantages and easy living among the obstacles to progress in Tidewater Carolina, because where nature does most for man, man does least for himself, as Karl Ritter pointed out a century or so ago.

Conquering Difficulties. But for fifty years Denmark has been conquering her difficulties. In Tidewater Carolina we have barely begun to move forward during the last quarter-century, and what the Washington authorities call the Great Winter Garden of the South is still largely undeveloped. The state over, only twenty-seven of every hundred acres are in use for agricultural purposes. In the Tidewater the ratio runs around ten acres, and even less in the Pamlico and Lower Cape Fear country. In Denmark seventy-six of every one hundred acres are improved farm land.

Governor Morrison has blue-printed the development of the Tidewater and doubtless we shall some day begin to realize its rich possibilities. But there ought to be no great delay, for it takes a half-century or more to work such a miracle as West Denmark has wrought—and millions of money as well. Fifty-seven years ago, some 5,000 home-owning farmers hungry for land organized the Danish Heath Society and began upon their own initiative and at their own expense to reclaim their almost worthless possessions. During this interval they have converted more than one and a quarter million acres of waste land into meadows, grain fields and forests. The economic urge was strong, because dairy farming had come to be profitable and they needed more land on which to make more money on dairy cows, beef cat-

tle, and pigs. Gradually the state came to their aid with direct appropriations, railway lines, cheap freights, and a harbor at Esbjerg. The point is that these heath farmers lifted themselves well over the fence by tugging at their own boot straps, and I dare to say that the Tidewater land owners will have to solve their problems in something like the same way.

Some Incentives We Lack. And there is this further thing to say. Population presses on land in this little country; not so in North Carolina and least of all in the Tidewater country. In Denmark land is scarce and high, in North Carolina it is abundant and cheap—cheaper than land of its quality and value anywhere else in the United States. Pack the population of North Carolina into one-third the space they now occupy and sheer necessity would mother many self-helping enterprises that we know little about at present either in the Tidewater or the Lost Colonies.

Moreover economic and social necessity provokes constructive reaction in the owners of farms and homes, and almost never in landless, homeless people. Was it not the landed estate of the realm that wrung the Magna Charta out of King John at Runnymede? Denmark is a capital illustration of Arthur Young's saying, that given ownership a people can be trusted to turn a barren waste into a paradise. At any rate it ought to be fairly clear that land-ownership by the few and land-orphanage for the many is no safe basis on which to build commonwealth progress and prosperity. Denmark has built her civilization on well-nigh universal home ownership, and during the last seventy-five years it has become more

and more certain that she has builded wiser than she knew. One million three hundred and eighty thousand people, town and country, are landless in North Carolina. They are more than half of our entire population. Their number steadily increases, and it bodes ill for the state in the years ahead.

More Home-Owners Essential. Size and population figured together, Denmark averages 200 people to the square mile, against fifty-two in North Carolina—against fewer than twenty-five per square mile in eleven of the Tidewater counties, both races included. There are too few people in these counties to support good schools and good churches and to pay taxes for good roads and other necessary agencies of common well-being. The burden falls too heavily on a small number of property-owning, tax-paying citizens. What the state needs is a larger population of home-owners, fewer tenants—town and country, and more country community life, as a basis for coöperative farm enterprises. The contrast between Denmark and North Carolina in these particulars has literally kept my brain in a blaze these last weeks.

Likenesses and Contrasts. The farm populations also offer contrasts. In North Carolina the farmers and their families number 1,500,000 souls or fifty-two percent of the total population, and they cultivate a little more than eight million acres. In Denmark 1,200,000 farm people cultivate a little more than eight million acres. The average is around twenty-seven acres per family in both territories. In other words both the Danes and the Tar Heels are small-scale farmers. In Denmark the explanation lies in the scarcity of land; in North Caro-

lina and the South it lies in the scarcity of farm capital, and the intensive cultivation of cotton and tobacco fields with landless, illiterate labor.

The Danes are food farmers, they feed themselves and their farm animals first, and then they produce a surplus of meat and milk products amounting to 250 million dollars a year in export trade. They live in clover, no matter whether they get high prices or low for their products. The last two years, market prices and exchange rates have been against the Danish farmers, but there are no signs of distress in the farm homes and no political upheavals threaten in the country regions.

Looking Facts in the Face. In contrast, the Tar Heels are cotton and tobacco farmers. They are food farmers incidentally, even accidentally, at least in our fifty-one cash crop counties. As a result the state imports right around two hundred million dollars' worth of food and feed stuffs every year. For many years our cotton and tobacco money has barely more than paid the bill for imported food supplies. We are near the top of the column in farm wealth production, and near the bottom in farm wealth retention. If only we could produce cotton and tobacco on a home-raised bread-and-meat basis, North Carolina in ten years would be the richest farm area on earth. But we are never likely to farm in this fashion as a common pratice until farm tenancy and country illiteracy come to an end. These twin-born social ills are stubbornly in the way of a self-feeding farm system, as every farm owner in the cotton-tobacco belt knows full well. And moreover in one way

or another they imperil every effort at coöperative farm enterprise, as our farmers have doubtless learned during the last twelve months. Danish tenants are only ten in the hundred farmers and the illiterates are only two per thousand. Our tenants are forty-five in the hundred farmers and our country illiterates are one hundred and sixty per thousand. The contrast is humiliating but it is no part of wisdom to blink anything of consequence in building a state.

These fateful social ills in North Carolina and the South are the sequences of slavery. We long delayed doing something for Walter Page's forgotten man, for instance, because we were afraid of doing something for our brother-in-black, as Bishop Haygood called him. And even today, prison reform is set against the same dark background of mass-mindedness in every Southern state. If slavery were a sin, God knows the South has paid and is still paying heavy penalties for it.

Rock Bases for Democracy. To say it in a word, economic and social reforms make rapid headway in Denmark (1) because the Danes are a homogeneous people with no alien race astride their backs, (2) because they are a home-owning people with the smallest illiteracy ratio in the world, and are therefore able to organize on a common basis for the common good, and (3) because they are keen enough to see that the under-dog must always be the man who lacks the coöperative virtues of intelligence, faith in his fellows, willing subordination to self-chosen authority, a sense of moral obligation, group loyalty, and unbreakable courage. The virtues of coöperation are the virtues of an enduring democracy.

And more, they are spiritual virtues, every one of them, for without them there can be no membership-in-one-body, which was Saint Paul's ideal.

If ye cannot work together on earth neither shall ye dwell together in Heaven! The same being Timothy 10:16, or so said Spoopendyke.

CHAPTER XVII

A LITTLE ACCOUNT OF THE DANES

COPENHAGEN, August 15, 1923.

A people that can rise out of poverty and build a rich state on agriculture alone in one hundred and thirty-five years is a people worth studying. The geographies call Denmark a kingdom, and so it is in name but in fact it is a democratic commonwealth, more democratic than England and more nearly a commonwealth than any state I know in America. There are very few rich people among the Danes; there could not well be many in an agricultural state on any continent. The answer to Solomon's prayer for neither poverty nor riches seems to have been reserved for the latter-day Danes. Denmark almost realizes today the dream that Bishop Grundtvig had for it in the last century; it is "a land in which few have too much and still fewer too little." However, Denmark has 5,046 millionaires, that is to say, people whose net taxable incomes indicate productive capital of a million dollars or more. The richest Dane had a net taxable income of six million dollars in 1923. So reads the last report of the Minister of Finance But there is no peacock-parade of wealth in Copenhagen or any other Danish city. Also there are no slums, no beggars, and no palpable poverty. Or none that I have yet discovered, and I look for these everywhere I go, for I have a conviction that the essential character of a civilization is best judged by the poverty it is willing to create and excuse with pharisaic complacency.

How They Deal with Poverty. I was discussing this proposition with a Dane at a café table the other day in

Copenhagen, when my eye was attracted to a disreputable wretch loitering hungrily along the edge of the restaurant sidewalk. "Isn't that a beggar?" I asked. "Oh no," was the answer. "He won't beg, or at least not in words. It is a jailable offense in Denmark. He's a drink-ravaged wreck, a victim of *schnaps*. Practically all the poverty we have in Denmark is among the feeble-minded fools of his sort. He's on his way to the *ladegaard* or municipal workhouse. Tomorrow he'll be in a dark uniform cleaning the streets. That's the particular job of the *ladegaard-lemmers*. You pay your White Wings five dollars a day to clean the streets of New York, we pay our Dark Wings board, clothes, and medical attention in the public workhouse. We have some disreputable poverty of this sort, but not much. Come a little way with me and I'll show you what Copenhagen and every other Danish city does for the reputable poverty of old age and illness and other providential dispensations." I went with him into the Home for the Aged, located near the City Hall Square. The immaculate cleanness of the place and the bright happy faces of the old men and women were a revelation. No wonder Bishop Grundtvig was proud to have this establishment under his pastoral care during the last years of his life. I doubt whether poorhouses of its sort exist anywhere in America. But they are common in Denmark. The care of the poor, the feeble, and the aged is even more wonderful in Elsinore. The mayor is sending me a brief story of the municipal social enterprises of this little city, and later I shall be passing it on to North Carolina.

Looking Backward. The Danes are not a perfect people. There are no perfect people in this imperfect world. But Shaw Desmond's chapter on their imperfections is enough for readers with horse-fly instead of honey-bee instincts. I refer such readers to his "Soul of Denmark" and pass on rapidly to consider in a letter or two the Danish people, and the obstacles they overcame in developing a wealth-retaining agriculture and a farm-helping state.

One hundred thirty-five years ago the masses of Denmark were serfs bound to the land, and sold with it like the trees, the cattle, and the wild animals of the fields. All the land belonged to the crown, the court, and the church. Unlike the peasants of France who then owned one-third of the land, the fourth estate in Denmark owned nothing. They were not property owning creatures under the law of the realm. Nevertheless it was true, as an old chronicler says, the Danes did generally read and write. Even in their days of slavery they deemed illiteracy a disgrace. In 1788 they received their freedom from serfdom, but little else—nothing else indeed but the occasional gift of some noble lord to a beloved retainer of low estate. Such property as they owned was very like the property owned by free persons of color in the Southern States of America in 1860.

Self-Effacing Sovereignty. The middle years of the last century were another period of social upheaval in Europe, and again the masses of Denmark won without a struggle. In 1849 they were given the right to vote and to hold public office. Denmark is still a kingdom because during the last century or so no king has been

witless enough to oppose the common people in their efforts to rise into full-statured citizenship. The Oldenborgers and Glucksborgers have been wise, they have stooped to conquer, and as a result no king wears a crown with less uneasiness than Christian X. The self-effacement of royalty is complete. Like the national flag, the king is a symbol of statehood, merely that and little more. In the annual volume of parliamentary acts his official title is *The Civil List* to which is voted a million kroner a year, which is around $200,000 in our money. Like the dowager queen and most of the hereditary nobles he lives on a country estate and occupies his royal residence at the capital only upon state occasions or during the opera season or the yacht races, and such like events. His arrival, stay, or departure is so unostentatious that the Copenhageners are accustomed to disregard it altogether. Such a display of royal grandeur as the King of England makes when he moves in state from Buckingham Palace to dine with the Lord Mayor in the Mansion House has not been ventured by any King of Denmark in a half century or more. Count the princes, the people are nothing, was long a common saying in Germany and Scandinavia. Count the people, the princes are nothing, is now a fact so common in Denmark that apparently nobody has stopped to phrase it.

Hereditary Nobles Few. As for the hereditary nobles, they are perhaps a thousand all told in a population of three and a third million people. The counts and barons who claim their titles are fewer than three hundred. No new titles have been created in more than a century. The nobles that remain are becomingly modest. If they

own estates, they claim their titles as a rule, but they make no parade of their rank. They know full well that hereditary titles are a liability and not an asset in Denmark. I have in my pocketbook the card of a young baron whose estate of eight hundred acres in North Jutland I visited a few weeks ago. He is a grandson of the baron who so nobly supported Dalgas in his struggles to establish the Heath Reclamation Society and whose bust in bronze arrests attention as one enters the home of that society in the market square of Viborg. But no title appears on the young man's card, and it was quite by accident that I learned of his descent from a noble ancestry—noble in fact as well as in name.

Democracy's Nobles Many. Hereditary titles count for little or nothing in Denmark. But official titles earned by personal worth and conferred by popular vote in a free democracy are quite another matter. The souls of the Danes fairly itch for such titles and their meticulous parade of them is highly diverting to plain Americans. And the wives are the worst of all in this particular. If Henry, for instance, lived in Denmark, his wife would be mortally affronted if she were not addressed as Fru Professor Henry. And our Mayor's wife, if he had the wit or the nerve to have a wife, would have to be addressed as Fru Mayor Roberson, or *Borgmesterinde* or some other mouth-filling title that recognized her rank in an official aristocracy. I brought with me into Denmark a letter of introduction to the wife of a former minister of state. It was addressed to The Honorable Mrs. Blank, *Estatsraadine*. There are nine grades of these official titles and the owners of them pay annual

taxes of three to forty dollars for the right to flourish their honors. An official title once enjoyed never dies in the immediate social circle and the family chronicles. It lives on forever, like Dickens's postboys and mules. All of which means that Democracy when it feels its feed breeds aristocracies as rapidly as a Dutch cheese breeds maggots. So it has done in Denmark and so it has already begun to do in Germany.

A Peasant-Made Democracy. So much by way of making it clear that royalty and nobility are unconsidered trifles in Denmark, that the people of hereditary rank are a small and rapidly disappearing group in the population census, and that Denmark is today a peasant-made democracy. The remains of feudalism are few and faint. The crown lands and properties have been surrendered to the state. The glebe lands have passed into peasant ownership and the church has been compensated by support from the state treasury. And in 1919 the Danish parliament blotted out the law of entail, took over one-fourth of the land of entailed estates along with a fifth to a fourth of the accrued capital wealth of such estates, the purpose being to multiply more rapidly the number of small farm owners. This invasion of the private rights of property ownership is probably a violation of the constitution of 1849, but no large estate owner has cared or dared to contest the issue in the courts and so the law has been in full effect for nearly four years. The Danes justify it on the grounds of public necessity, and they decorously decline to argue, as they say, about a last year's bird-nest.

A Country-Loving People. The population of Denmark is three million, two hundred and sixty-eight thousand. Twelve hundred thousand or forty percent of the total are living on the land directly engaged in farming. Twelve hundred thousand more are living under semi-agricultural conditions in country towns and cities that owe their existence or their prosperity to the coöperative enterprises of the farm organizations. They handle the products of the farmers for the farmers, frequently they are farmers themselves in a small way in the neighboring farm territory, and universally they are poultry raisers and growers of vegetables, fruits, and flowers. A Dane will fill his dwelling with conveniences and comforts, but he will spend twice as much money in making a little paradise of the land around it. And always he must have a shady place in some corner of his yard or garden for chairs and a table on which he can have a summer evening meal with his family. These little Danish towns make one think of Southern California where a man spends more money in beautifying his lot than he spends on his bungalow and the furnishings within it. The Danes explain the loveliness of their town dwellings and farm homes by saying that the Danish masses are descended from landless ancestors, who lived next to nature, hungry for long centuries for land of their own, and when they came into possession of it the passion of their lives was to improve it and beautify it for their children and children's children to the remotest generation. Whatever the explanation, the Danish towns and farmsteads are charming.

Feeding Copenhagen. The rest of the Danes, some seven hundred thousand in number, live in the ancient city of Copenhagen. There are more people in this one city than the combined populations of all the cities and small towns of North Carolina. It is a great local market for the products of a little farm state—an unfailing source of ready cash for the food-producing farmers of Denmark. Filling the mouths of Copenhageners alone is a trade proposition of a hundred and fifty million dollars a year, and the Danish farmers get the bulk of it. The largest coöperative dairy in Denmark caters to the Copenhagen trade in whole milk, butter and cheese, and does not bother to reach any other consumers. The truck farmers of Amager, the little island joined to the city by bridges, trolley cars and trains, have thrived for centuries on the appetites of Copenhagen. They hardly know or care about any other city on earth. The same thing is true of other farm organizations and other farm territories in Denmark.

City and Country Balance. A city of this size in North Carolina would give our farmers a chance to base their cash-crop farming on food production. Lacking a chance to turn food and feed products into instant ready cash, our farmers have concentrated on cotton and tobacco, the only cash-crops they know much about. And it must always be so (1) until the cities of the state are more in number and larger in size, (2) until country producers and city consumers work together to solve the problem of local markets for home-raised food supplies, and (3) until our farmers learn the arts of salesmanship in coöperative enterprises that reach the ends of the earth as

well as the nearby towns. Our Carolina cities are too few and too small to give our farmers a fair chance at any large volume of profits in surplus food production. Farm producers outnumber city consumers more than two to one in North Carolina. It is the other way around in Denmark where the city consumers outnumber the food producers in the ratio of three to two. It is a safe ratio and it is likely to persist because it conditions prosperity for the home-owning farmers and the city consumers alike. I have yet to hear of a Danish farmer with a city bee in his bonnet, ready to sell out and move into town at the drop of anybody's hat. The cityward drift is a fact in Denmark as in every other land of multiplying factories—in Denmark mainly because the holdings are too small for division among heirs, one of whom may stay on the farm while the rest must go into the cities, most of them into Copenhagen or into other countries. It is for this reason that Denmark is already developing areas of static populations, in Fünen for instance where the census shows no increase of resident inhabitants in twenty years. The country exodus in North Carolina and the United States in general is produced by a combination of very different causes. Unless it is promptly and properly checked, the country life of the nation will disappear in another generation or two. Our statesmen will be stupid to blink this problem much longer.

Banking on the Farmers. A final word about Copenhagen—a word that concerns its relation to the surrounding civilization that sustains it. It is suggested by a conversation with the foreign credit chief of a Landman Bank, the oldest and largest bank in the city.

Upon my first visit for money on my letter of credit, I said to him: By token of its name this is a farmer bank, and by the same token every other bank in Copenhagen is a farmer bank. Are they the coöperative farm banks that we hear of in America? Do the farmers own the capital stock of these landman banks or a majority of it? Is their business long-term loans to farmers mainly or short-term loans mainly to merchants, manufacturers, and shippers?

His reply was: "Oh no, this is a commercial bank, not a farm bank of the sort you have in mind. To be sure the farmers own large blocks of stock in all these landman banks. Their deposits are largely farm deposits and their securities are largely farm paper—credit society bonds based on farm lands, and the like. Farm collateral is a large part of the total bank resources of the city. There are no better securities and the banks all know it. The landman banks are all farmer banks in this sense, but their business is mainly commercial banking. The Andelsbanken are the coöperative farm banks and they are slowly but certainly developing a farm business of large proportions. Landman is simply a popular word in a bank name. The bankers know that it is a word to conjure with in Denmark. They know perfectly well on which side of their bread the butter is. The farmer creates much the biggest business in Denmark and no bank with any name is unaware of the fact."

So! I said. And I tried impossibly to say it as the Danes say it. I am not surprised, I continued, to find the bankers of Denmark with a sensitive finger on the

community pulse. What the bankers do not know about the folks and the fundamental facts of existence everywhere is less than nothing. If the teachers and the preachers knew as much about this work-a-day world as the bankers know, the levels of civilization might be jacked up in a jiffy. He smiled at my youthfulness, as I bade him good morning.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DANISH FARMERS

KALUNBORG, August 25, 1923.

Do the farmers of Denmark ever work any? If they do I have not been able to catch them at it. In a single afternoon in a single landscape anywhere in central and south Germany you can see more people at work in the fields than I have seen in the fields of Denmark in six weeks of travel from one end of the state to the other. What's the answer?

I fired this question the other day at an English-speaking Dane, a university man, the son of a farmer who is a seasoned member of the Danish parliament.

"My answer would be," said he, "that the Dane is lazy by nature. He never sweats his back if he can get there by sweating his brain. He never does anything himself that he can get a farm animal or a labor-saving machine or a coöperative society to do for him. And then, three-fourths of his acreage is in grain, hay and forage crops. These crops are all pitched with seeding machines and cut with reapers and mowers. He pickets his farm animals in the fields and they harvest his forage crops for him during seven or eight months of the year. His grain crops are threshed out by his own or the community-owned threshing machine. He is a livestock farmer on a machine basis, which means minimum workers and minimum hours in the fields. As for marketing his products and getting the money into his pocket, he hardly bothers with it at all; the coöperative societies attend to that. He works, the whole family works, in and

around the buildings of the farm square, but you do not see them from a car window. Mainly it is work with the farm animals that in a very intimate way are members of the family circle. You'll see more farm workers in the fields during the grain harvest, especially during the season for getting the sugar-beets housed. Except among the littlelanders, you will rarely ever see a girl or a woman doing field-work in Denmark and most of these you'll see during the season of root-crop harvesting."

Organized Agriculture. The Danish farmers, in a word, have organized their agriculture as thoroughly as capitalists have anywhere organized manufacture; far more thoroughly in fact, for they not only produce their own raw materials, but in their coöperative plants they put these into finished forms for final consumption, market them through their own sales agencies, and base their distribution business on their own credit institutions. Not perfectly in this last detail of farm business, but a coöperative farm bank whose capital increases from three hundred thousand to three million dollars in eight years and whose business in loans and discounts amounts to thirty million dollars a year is fast moving into adequate proportions. The coöperating farmers of Denmark have better boxed the compass of business relationships than any manufacturing corporation I know anything about unless it be the Standard Oil Company or the United States Steel Corporation.

Farm Classification. Who are these Danish farmers? I have already had a word to say about their origin and their rise out of poverty into wealth and influence in one

hundred and thirty-five years. Today I am writing sketchily about the economic-social farm classes. Aside from the twelve hundred thousand townspeople who are tied-in with the coöperative farm organizations in manufacture and sale of farm products, the dirt farmers and their families number one million two hundred thousand souls. They fall into five fairly distinct classes: first the Big Estate owners, second the Proprietors, third the *Gaardmaend* or middle-class farmers, fourth the *Husmaend* or littlelanders, and fifth the Tenants and Leaseholders.

The Big Estates. 1. The four hundred and nineteen Big Estate owners hold properties of six hundred acres or more each. The average is 1,088 acres and the total 445,000 acres. They cannot be left out of account in any proper study of this little country of small-scale farmers. Most of them are counts and barons, the remains of an eighteenth century aristocracy. The total disappearance of large estates is near at hand in Denmark, for the laws of 1919 tax all land not on the basis of its producing power but upon the basis of its market value. Such is the last verdict of Danish democracy on the taxation of land values, and it is safe to say the verdict will stand. It is not now easy for any man to own and operate a farm of more than 250 acres in Denmark, and it is absolutely impossible for the idle rich who farm by proxy and live on rents. The nobles as a rule have lived in the country and they have nearly always been interested in agriculture, but they have rarely ever been farmers. That is to say, their estates are laid out in farm units operated by farm foremen or

by lessees, or so with few exceptions. Their influence in state affairs was of weight and consequence until they were shorn of power in 1915 and reduced to helplessness by the legislation of 1919. Nevertheless they must be fairly credited with three distinct contributions to Danish agriculture, first in planting and preserving forest areas, second in promoting the development of high-bred stock, mainly horses and dairy cattle, and third in demonstrating that dairying and pork production were ways out of the farm-bankruptcy of the eighteen eighties. The large estates are scattered all over Denmark. They have long over-shadowed but they have never over-awed the freehold peasant farmers, and no man jack of all the peasants has missed any lesson the big estates have had to teach.

The last week-end I was a guest on two of the seven farms of an 18,000-acre estate in west Zeeland. Aunsogaard is a farm of 900 acres, and Lerchenborg, the castle farm, contains 2,500 acres. They are operated under leases by a father and son, the one said to have the ripest university culture and the other the best business brain among the farmers of Denmark. The life in these two farm homes is on a level with the loveliest life to be found in homes of any sort anywhere. I wish I had the space to tell at length of the rare old furniture and furnishings, the music, the art, the library shelves, and the hospitality of these Danish farm homes. Aunsogaard and Lerchenborg represent the farming of the big estates in Denmark at their best. Both of them are given to grain, hay and forage for milk and meat production, with beef cattle, horses and sugar beets as side lines, in

varying ratios as market prices rise or fall from year to year. As a last word, I may say that the castle at Lerchenborg is now deserted. The count has been forced to flee by the new tax laws, and his sons are working for a living, two of them in Copenhagen and the third in America.

The Proprietors. 2. The Proprietors stand next to the Big Estate owners in the possession of farm properties and they enjoy the social distinction that invariably attaches to the ownership of broad acres. They are a fringe of the old-time landed aristocracy of Denmark. They are a conglomerate of widely different social elements—gifted middle-class farmers who have fought their way up into larger properties, decayed aristocrats who own such properties by inheritance, gift or marriage, rich tradespeople, bankers and factory owners who want country estates for one reason or another, perhaps because they fancy country life in the summer season, oftener perhaps because they fancy the nobles as neighbors under whose eyes they can parade their riches after the fashion of the social climbers in America. And so on and on. The proprietors number 4,955, the average size of their holdings is 289 acres, and the total is 1,431,000 acres. Which is more land than 109,000 *husmaend* or littlelanders own all put together—more by nearly seventy-two thousand acres. Because they are not a homogeneous group the proprietors lack solidarity, which explains their lack of influence in state affairs. And their farming on the whole is held to be distinctly below the high standards of Denmark.

Denmark's Backbone. 3. The *Gaardmaend,* or middle-class farmers, are the backbone of Denmark, not of agriculture alone but of business in general. I am quoting the chief of the English department of the largest bank in Copenhagen. They are forty-five percent of all the farmers and they own nearly exactly two-thirds of all the land. They are 91,110 in number and their holdings total 6,320,000 acres. Their farms average sixty-nine acres. Practically every one of them is a self-made farmer or the son or grandson of such a farmer. They are passionately bent on improving their farm properties, beautifying their own surroundings, increasing and improving their livestock, adding to their farm machinery, and filling their homes with comforts, conveniences, and luxuries. So much for the pride of ownership and the miracle it works. They have a home-interest not a speculative-interest in their possessions. They have no wish to sell out at any price whatsoever. And as for moving to Copenhagen—well, they think Copenhagen is either Sodom or Gomorrah, they do not know which, a place to visit once in a while, but no place for farm folk to live in. "This farm has been in my family for five generations," said the *gaardmand* who entertained me so handsomely in North Jutland, "and I count on its being in my family forever." These middle-class farmers are conservative in state politics. With the proprietors and big estate owners they offer a solid front against the single-tax proposals of the *husmaend* and the laborites in parliament, but they joined these radical democrats in breaking the law of entail and in forcing the big estate owners to sell outright to the life-lease-

holders on their properties the land that these retainers and their forefathers have been cultivating for six hundred years or more.

The Littlelanders. 4. The *Husmaend* or little farmers at the bottom of the economic scale are more than half of all the Danish farmers but they own less than fifteen percent of all the land. Their holdings range from one to twenty-five acres, the average size of their farms is twelve and one-half acres, and the total is 1,360,000 acres in round numbers. They would have a dog's chance on little farms of this size if it were not for the magic of pigs and poultry, dairy cows and coöperation—these four, and the greatest of these is coöperation. It is a system of small-scale farming that puts the littlelanders on an equal footing with the big estate owners. Like the invention of gunpowder it suddenly made the peasants on foot as tall as the knights on horseback. Through their coöperative organizations they can market six eggs a day as easily and advantageously as the large farmers can market sixty or six hundred. And what is more, the livestock of these little pocket-handkerchief farms can receive a kind of personal attention that is nearly impossible in big-scale farming. As a result, the little farmers lose relatively fewer animals from disease, exposure, and neglect on the one hand, while on the other they greatly increase the quantity of their livestock products. As for quality, the bacon and butter of the coöperative factories of Denmark have won practically all the medals of the national and international expositions for twenty years or more.

What They Make of Their Lot. The husmaend's lot is a hard lot, but they work at it grimly, hopefully, happily, and as a rule successfully. The failures are few, almost too few to count even under the hard conditions of the last two years in Denmark. They are not of course equally endowed with industry, thrift and sagacity, but what the best of them have accomplished in a few years of ownership is almost unbelievable. For instance, here is a little twenty-acre farmer who in five years has three buildings in his farm square, two plump horses, a good farm wagon, a market wagon, a dog-cart in good condition, and a brand new buggy of the substantial Danish type, ten sows and a modern piggery, six dairy cows better housed than some of the folks I know in America, poultry and pigeons all over the place, planters, mowers, rakes and reapers, barns and dwelling lighted by electricity, barn-machinery run by electric motors, a garden crowded with vegetables, fruits, and flowers, a bower in one corner of it with chairs and a table for summer evening meals, a fern and flower-covered mound in another corner for a staff flying the *Danebrog,* the beloved national flag. His dwelling is brick covered with terra cotta tiles and it is a better dwelling than I can afford to own in Chapel Hill. His office and study is not quite but almost as cozy as a Chapel Hill professor's. His living and dining room is furnished in excellent taste. His drawingroom—that's the proper word among the Danish peasants for a parlor—is manifestly his particular pride. As usual it is rarely ever used by the family except on funeral occasions. It is reserved for visiting neighbors and distinguished company from a distance.

We could not get away from him without being seated around his table and served with *smorrebrod,* cigars and *oel. Oel,* by the way, is a Danish word, and for its meaning the reader is referred to a Volstead dictionary.

The *husmaend* look prosperous all over Denmark, and they are prosperous. Their prosperity is far beyond anything the small-crop farmers of the South have ever enjoyed or are ever likely to enjoy until their cotton and tobacco are produced by ownership farming on a home-raised bread-and-meat basis. And not even then unless country community life and collective farm effort can become foundational in our agriculture.

A Handful of Tenants. 5. The tenants and leaseholders of Denmark deserve more space than I am able to give them in closing this over-long chapter. They are very few in number—only 10,758 against 117,000 in North Carolina. They are less than five percent of all the farmers, against our forty-five percent. The farm tenants in the American sense of the term, the one-year tenants subject to change at the will of the landlord, are only 4,545 in all Denmark, or less than two percent of all the farmers. The holders of life-leases are 2,207. They were 8,404 in 1901. Which means that in eighteen years 6,197 life-leaseholders bought the farms that they and their ancestors held under perpetual lease, the owners being forced to sell under recent laws of parliament. The long-term leaseholders are 4,006, their leases running as a rule six, seven, or eight years according to the rotation system they practice. Mainly they are operating the large farm units of the proprietors and big estate owners, and their number varies very little from

year to year. Leaseholders and tenants will exist as long as large estates exist in Denmark, that is to say for only a few more years, for the fixed policy of the state is small farms cultivated by owners. Under recent laws idle landlords living in luxury on rents will pass into history in a hurry.

Worth While Lessons. Germany's lesson for us is ownership farming and compact country community life. Denmark's lesson for all the world is small-scale, livestock farming on an ownership basis, universal intelligence, and coöperative farm enterprise. Self-help cooperation, mind you, for the Danes do not want state-aid or state interference in their business enterprises.

CHAPTER XIX

HAMLET'S TOWN AND CASTLE

GEDSER, Sept. 6, 1923.

Elsinore, as everybody knows, is Hamlet's town and castle. It is only a train-hour away from Copenhagen and only twenty ferryboat minutes away from Helsingborg in Sweden. For many hundred years, the castle guns commanded this bottle-neck of the Baltic and compelled every passing ship to anchor and pay toll into the private treasury of the Danish kings, a highwayman practice that Holland and the United States combined to end in the eighteen fifties. It was mainly these tolls that built the royal castles and laid out the castle parks and gardens the traveler finds today in every part of Denmark. Most of the earlier castles are now faintly outlined ruins, but many others remain in almost perfect preservation as priceless treasures of beauty. Kronborg Castle for instance. It sits within its walls and moats untouched by time. It looks exactly as it looked when Shakespeare mined the rude chronicles of Saxo Grammaticus for literary material four hundred years ago. I ate my picnic luncheon in the grass of the ramparts that the ghost of Hamlet's father haunted. Even the rampart cannon remain in their ancient places and, but for the crumbling gun carriages, they look today exactly as they must have looked to Hamlet's strolling players and their audience in the castle yard below. I stumbled through the two-story dungeons by the dim light of tallow candles, and I am certain that the air and the odors date from Hamlet's day.

I am not sure that a university school of literature ought ever to forgive me for confessing that Hamlet's town stirs my interest far more than Hamlet's castle—not the ancient village that crouched and cowered in the shadow of the castle walls, but the twentieth century city that leads all Denmark in municipal social enterprise. Elsinore is still Hamlet's town. It illustrates the world that Hamlet lamented, in which "men must work and women weep." It is a brisk little industrial city of 16,000 inhabitants, and as in every other such city its women must work as well as weep—work and weep not less but more and more as modern civilization develops its strange compounds of good and evil, magnificence and misery.

Social Effort in Elsinore. But Elsinore has a keener ear for weeping than most towns have. And I know Elsinore fairly intimately, for I have been so fascinated by it that I have made three trips to it to make sure of the details of its civic-social enterprises. As elsewhere in Denmark, the city government collaborates with the social-work agencies and institutions of the state on the one hand, and on the other with the local, private organizations busy with this or that phase of human distress or necessity—the infant asylum, the *crèche* where mothers check-in their babes during working hours, the support and education of children removed from vicious homes, the care and guardianship of foundlings and the nameless children of illegitimate fathers, the placing of orphan children in good homes and the supervision of such homes, hot luncheons for poor children in the public schools during the winter months, pensions for wid-

owed mothers, old-age pensions for people over sixty, medical attention, nurses and midwives for poverty-stricken homes, hospital care of poor people temporarily or chronically ill, the burial of the poor in decency and never in a potter's field, the support and education of the deaf, blind, and feebleminded children of Elsinore in the state or private institutions of Denmark, unemployment support and counsel for working people, hospital care of the tuberculous, medical attention for the socially diseased and legal supervision of these offenders against decency, and so on down the long list of human frailties and divine dispensations. As in other cities everywhere, private groups of social servants are struggling at their own expense with many or most of these human ills, but in Elsinore the city stands by to help as a declared municipal policy, and to help with the money of the city taxpayers, not meagerly and grudgingly but readily to the full extent of its income possibilities. The city hall maintains no official machinery for most of this social work, it recognizes the efficiency of first one and then another of its private social agencies, makes them semi-civic bodies, and turns over to them the special work that they can do better than changing city officials could ever hope to do it.

Social Work Collaboration. It is the Danish way, from the capital down to the smallest city hall. Thus the Danish Heath Society began fifty-seven years ago as a private organization financed by membership fees. It is still a private agency, but it developed such efficiency in forestry, drainage and land utilization in general that the state made it a semi-public agency, subsidized

it liberally and resigned to it all state work in its particular field of effort. The plan frees the State Agricultural Department for concentration upon other problems of agriculture. In exactly the same way this state department collaborates with the Royal Danish Agricultural Society. Why should the state do at great expense, say the Danes, what a private agency of proved efficiency does better for less money? It is quite as though the state of North Carolina had said to the Masons years ago: Here is some money for your orphan asylum at Oxford; please take over this whole big job of caring for the orphans of the state, and the state treasury to the last limit of possibility will supplement the charities of your order. Or to the Children's Society at Greensboro: Here is an annual state treasury check; please take over this whole big problem of placing bereft children in good homes, and the State Welfare Board will concentrate its energies and income upon other pressing social problems. I am not arguing a point, I am merely illustrating a fundamental difference between civic-social service in Denmark and America. Such work gets done in Denmark in vast volume and bewildering variety, and done without bankrupting state and local treasuries or destroying the sense of social obligation in religious bodies, wealthy individuals, or generous social orders.

As one impressive result, semi-public officials and titles in Denmark are more than the leaves of Vallombrosa. For a Dane to be named a guardian of the poor or a director of the public library or the local museum or any other public agency is to be set in high honor

above his fellows. And to be removed for indifference or neglect of duty smudges the family record of democratic titles. I am told that such a thing does not happen in Denmark. At any rate the Danes have a delicate sense of social obligation. It saturates their civilization from top to bottom. My deliberate conclusion is that they have less piety and more religion than any people I know.

The Town as Landlord. Elsinore is not essentially different from other Danish cities, but it is conspicuously in the lead in civic-social enterprise. For instance, it owns sixty-three substantial new dwellings of two-, three-, and four-room apartments occupied by 128 workingmen's families paying rents varying from five to eight dollars a month. It is Elsinore's way of side-stepping slums and forestalling tenement landlords who grind the faces of the poor.

Coöperative Home-Owning. Another achievement is the suburban park property of sixty-eight coöperating home-owners. Two years ago they pooled their savings and credit to secure $270,000 with which to erect forty-eight single and double dwellings of five rooms for each family. The coöperative society owns the property as a whole and the members own their dwellings as perpetual leaseholders on the basis of an annual four percent payment. At present each family is paying the society $112 a year or less than ten dollars a month, and out of the fund thus created the society pays interest on the loan, all taxes and assessments on the property, and retires the debt in thirty-four years. Each owner keeps his house in repair and his lot in order, and pays his

own heat, light, water, and telephone bills. He enjoys every privilege that a freeholder has except that he cooperates in ownership and cannot alienate his right in a joint property without the consent of his fellow coöperators. Of course this property is not as extensive and elegant as Myers Park in Charlotte, but it is distinctly an ornament to Elsinore. And moreover, it is an impressive example of what a coöperating colony can do when it learns the fine and final arts of working and living together.

Tender Care for the Aged. But the thing that sets Hamlet's town above all the rest in Denmark and, so far as I know, above all other cities of the world, is its tender care of its old and feeble folk. The week before I visited its three old-age institutions with the mayor, one hundred and twenty people from the different countries of the world, among them the United States and Canada, made a similar trip through these establishments. Students come in a steady stream from every country on the globe to see these happy-faced old people in their handsome homes.

If the old folk are widowed, alone and lonely, they live two in a room and dine together in the common hall of the Asylum, as it is called. There are thirty-two of these old men and women.

On the same square or court are the three buildings of the Old-Age Home. Here the 107 alumni have each an apartment of two or three rooms. The old women who find their happiness in bustling about and keeping busy with light housekeeping have each a bed-room, a sitting-room, a kitchenette, and a private toilet.

Life's Honor Graduates. The reader must not miss the title the Danes give to these old souls—they are not paupers, they are alumni or honor graduates in life's hard school. If they are sick and helpless, they go into the infirmary where the doctors and nurses care for them tenderly and lay them away gently when the end comes. All the buildings have steam heat, water, lights, telephones, social rooms with papers, books, and writing tables, and the outdoor spaces are beautifully parked with trees, shrubs, flowers, and seats in sunny places. All without one cent of charge! I lived in a little hotel alongside this establishment for three days before it dawned on me that it was what English-speaking countries call a poor-house! No other single word better characterizes the heartlessness of our civilization. Old age is not a nuisance and decent poverty is not a disgrace in Denmark, and least of all in Elsinore.

The City's Pensioners. But Hamlet's town has another rare institution—a block of concrete buildings with 150 three-room apartments, water, heat and light for the old-age *pensionnaires* of the city. Persons sixty or more years of age in Denmark draw a state pension of nearly six dollars a month, that is to say if they have lived lives free from the disgrace of crime or public charity. Elsinore adds a little to this small pension, builds a modern home for these old people and beautifies the open spaces of it with lawns, flowers, hedges, and shade trees. The old married couples with slender earning capacity occupy seventy-five of the apartments rent-free. The other seventy-five apartments are occu-

pied by old couples in better circumstances and able to pay ten kroner a month for their lodgings in the Pensionnaire Home.

If there is any lovelier municipal social enterprise anywhere on earth than Elsinore's care of honorable old age, I think I should be willing to go half around the world to see it.

CHAPTER XX

THE PEASANT WOMEN OF DENMARK AND GERMANY

BERLIN, Sept. 10, 1923.

What one sees in the fields of Denmark is farm animals in millions—dairy cows, beef cattle, horses and sheep. Women and children are what one sees in millions in the fields of Germany. In ten weeks of travel in Denmark I have seen just nine girls and women doing field work. I kept tab on every one I saw and the count is accurate. I saw more than that in ten minutes in one field in North Germany the other day—women bent double following the harvesters and gleaning the wheat fields like Ruth and Naomi of old. The contrast between the lot of the Danish and the German farm women is extreme and startling.

German Women's Work. I have never seen farm women work less than the peasant women of Denmark and I have never seen women work harder or work at harder tasks or during longer hours than the peasant women of Germany. They do the work of women in the house and they do a man's work in the farm patches. They are pack horses and draft animals out to the fields or into the market town and back home again. With all the rest of the household they swing the flails that beat out the seeds of the harvest on the barn floors. The rat-tat-tat, rat-tat-tat of these family flails can be heard all day long and far into the night in every farm house. Every farm village in Germany is noisy at this very hour with exactly the same noises that filled the household of Abraham in the harvest season, in the land of Ur, in the twilight times of Bible history.

They work on their knees in the fields within twenty yards of the railroad track in the earliest morning light without once looking up as the Miteuropa Express goes thundering by. They even work, these German peasant women, in track gangs, building and repairing the railway beds and station yards, and they work at these back-breaking jobs without pause in the down-pouring rain. I saw them doing it in Bavaria more than once along the way from Ulm to Munich.

When one sees an old soul staggering down a row of beets or turnips with a heavy liquid-manure tank strapped to her back and stooping low at every step of the way to pour a cupful with a twist of her shoulders into every hill, one wonders if anything like it can be seen anywhere else in Christendom. And where else outside of China or Japan can one see a gray-haired woman of seventy or so dragging a manure wagon along the highway and stopping every little while to sweep into a shovel the animal waste dropped by the passing oxen, cows, and horses? It is the peasant women's work in Germany and commonly it is the work of old women aided sometimes by the old husband or the grand-children. It is a moving spectacle that I have seen too often to count.

No such thing can be seen in Denmark, nor anything that even remotely approaches it or faintly suggests it. I shall later on be considering the causes but just now I am bent upon photographing the facts of difference.

Danish Women's Work. The Danish women work and work hard, but they do not work in the fields nor at men's jobs on the farm, unless it be wives of the little

farmers, and not even these farm women except in a pinch in the harvest season to get the grain and the root crops housed. As a rule the wives of the small farmers do the milking but it is the men who lug the heavy milk cans to the roadside for the wagons of the coöperative creameries. The poultry-end of the small-farm business is commonly the job of the wife and children, but I must get inside the farm squares to catch them at it. They water the two or three cows picketed in the nearby pastures and lead them afield and back again for milking, but I see the boys and men oftener than the girls and women performing this farm task. The women keep the farm courts swept and redded but the heavier work of cleaning and whitewashing the piggeries and cow stalls falls on the men folk of the family. And so also the cutting, mixing, and distributing of feed for the farm animals. I find the men, and not often the women and children, washing the big milk cans. There is no more any such thing as churning for anybody to do in any farmstead in Denmark. And no cream separators. The milk goes whole to the creameries and the skim-milk comes back in the creamery wagons without bother to anybody in the little farm house. The pigs fatten on this *blue-john* as our western farmers call it, and the farm family buys butter in the store or at the creamery like all the rest of the world. That is to say, if the family can afford to eat butter. Which is not often in the small-farm households. The farmers generally sell their butter at fifty cents a pound or something like that figure in the English markets and live on vegetable margarine at twenty cents a pound. This

artificial butter is made in fifty-odd factories scattered all over Denmark, some of them coöperative farm enterprises. It is appetizing and wholesome and tastes so like real butter as to fool the very elect.

The Contrast. The women in the little farm homes do the family washing, and the ironing is frequently done with electric irons. The housekeeping tasks are theirs and the Danish housewives are famous. The point I am making is that the farm woman's work in Denmark is feminine. In Germany the peasant woman's work is masculine, feminine, neuter and common, all in one. She is child-bearer, housekeeper, farm hand, work animal, drudge, scavenger, whatnot, all without any apparent evidence of being aware of her hard lot in life. And nobody else seems to be aware of it, least of all the men in the peasant farm homes. It has always been so in Germany. The war does not explain the sad estate of the German farm women, or not entirely. To be sure they work harder now than ever before, but the character of their work is essentially what it has been for centuries. They are doomed to their lot by the type of farming that prevails among the peasant farmers of Germany.

Some Causes. The German peasant is a small-scale, hand-labor, crop farmer. He has farm animals, but they are work animals, not milk and meat animals, or only incidentally so. His ready money comes mainly from the sale of vegetables, fruits, cider and wine produced on small patches in densely crowded rows and hills. He is a farmer of the gardener type and his implements are hand tools and bare fingers. His vineyard on a sunny

hillside is too steep for plowing with horses, cows, or oxen. The vines are set so thick in the small lots that they must be kept clear of weeds and grass by hand. They must be trained by hand, the grapes must be gathered by hand, and carried by hand to the wine presses. The vines must be cut back and tied up by hand when the harvest season is over. His fruit trees are also set thick on a hillside and his orchard is invariably a grass or grain field that must be cut by hand to protect the trees. His meadow lands might be cut with machines, and frequently they are so cut in the areas of marginal land where the scale of farming is larger, as in the plains of Bavaria and north Germany. But as a rule the peasant is so used to hand tools that he still cuts his grass and grain with simple blades that look like the scythes and sickles of Old Testament times. I have seen very few grain cradles, mowers and reapers in the fields of the peasant in Germany.

To say it in a word, the German peasant is a hand-power crop farmer working at tasks so small that the wife and children can share in them. Besides, for many hundred years he has owned the land he tilled and it is human nature to work for oneself harder than for anybody else. He and his household have therefore been bred to terrible toil for countless generations, and bred to hand-labor and knee-farming long before modern farm machinery came into use. He is the creature and the victim of inveterate habit. He shirks no task however hard or long, and his wife and children are an essential part of his farm system. Whatever was drudging, menial, and revolting was always their end of the

farm burden, and since the war they carry the whole load or the heft of it, for their husbands and older children are at work in the numberless new factories of the war and after-war period. And so they bend under the weight of their heavy loads, uncomplaining and unconscious of their cruel lot in life, the children, the mothers, and the old grandmothers all together. The pity of it is beyond words.

Quite Another Story. The lot of the Danish housewives is in startling contrast with that of their peasant sisters in Germany. The wife of the middle-class farmer in Denmark never works in the fields. She rarely ever charges herself with responsibility for the farm animals in the barns. She's a housewife and her place is in the home. If she appeared in the field the neighbors would say, Her husband must be drinking lately and is getting to be trifling, it looks like he's down and out. Field work for her means a loss of social rank in the farm aristocracy. The little farmer's wife is expected to share in the field work in seasons of emergency and to be more or less active in and around the farm buildings; but her tasks are light as a feather compared with those of the German peasant woman.

And as before, her happier lot lies in the farm system. The Danish peasant is a small-scale livestock farmer. He is not interested in crops primarily except as food for his family and the farm animals. His money income is derived from the sale of livestock—pigs, calves and beef cattle mainly, and even more from the sale of milk and eggs. His fruits and vegetables are a small detail of his farm business—a garden proposition of small propor-

tions. Grains, grasses, and roots are his field crops and they are all sown, cultivated, and harvested by machinery, or all but the root crops that call for hand work in the harvest season. He is a machine-farmer who reduces hand labor to a minimum for himself and all his household. He's even a machine-farmer in financing his farm operations, selling his products, mining marl, and buying fertilizer ingredients, seed-cakes and oils from abroad. His coöperative societies are his business machines.

The Danish peasants were serfs for five hundred years, not stupidly but placidly, for the Danes have never been a revolutionary race. And five hundred years is a long time for a quick-witted people to think upon the things they could not have and might not do. Their suddenly announced freedom in 1788 exploded a bomb in their brains, and during the following seventy years they broke completely away from their old-time habits of work, methods of farming, and views of life. They added economic freedom to the political freedom that Frederick Seventh gave them, and they did it not by sweating their backs like the German peasants but by sweating their brains.

The German peasant works so hard that he does not think and the Danish peasant thinks so hard that he does not work. It is perhaps an extreme way of stating the contrast, but it is not far away from the truth, for the Danish peasant and his household are less bowed down by the weight of work than any farm people I know in any land or country.

Victims of a Farm System. The German peasant is a small-scale, man-power, crop farmer and his wife and children are the victims of his witless farm system. The heathen god Moloch was never more cruel.

And a like fate awaits the small-scale, hand-labor, crop farmers and their households in the South. The intensive cultivation of cotton and tobacco on a farm tenancy basis may mean more per acre, but it also means less per worker and a lower level of life for our seven hundred thousand farm tenants and their families.

CHAPTER XXI

A FIELD LABORATORY FOR STUDENTS

STRASBURG, Sept. 18, 1923.

Denmark is over-run by students from other countries. Over-run is the word and it does not over-state the fact. They are here from every land under the heavens, studying Denmark. They are farmers and farm organization officials, college professors and teachers of every grade and rank, graduate students digging doctorate dissertations out of life itself and not out of dust bins, legislative committees and commissions, congressmen and field investigators from the agricultural department at Washington, members of the English parliament and details from the Home Office, settlement workers, social secretaries, public welfare officers, research students representing the social-work foundations of America, authors assembling material for books on Denmark, Scandinavian-American scholarship students, and so on and on. I name them as I find them listed in my travel memorandum book.

They are not tourists of the ordinary type but students of Danish institutions and agencies of progress, welfare and well-being. Denmark is being examined by students of this sort more thoroughly at this moment than any other country of the world. Falling in with these people has been a daily experience in every nook and corner of this little country. We are all using Denmark as a field laboratory in political science and social economics, swapping addresses, exchanging letters of introduction, and working together here and

there with constantly renewed inspiration. Colonies of artists are common in Bavaria, the vale of Conway, the Grand Canyon and other picturesque regions, but in Denmark, the colonies and groups are social science students and active social servants working at the Danish ways of commonwealth building.

Some of the Students. To specify somewhat in detail. The other day I dined with the students and faculty of the folk high school near Roskilde. On my left were two social workers from Vienna and on my right a Lutheran priest from Berlin bent on establishing a high school of the Danish type for the working people of his parish. Across the table was a Canadian and by his side a Japanese who has been a student in the school for five months, by way of learning how to have such a school in his mission field at home. He knew our Dr. J. F. Steiner, by the way, and was overjoyed to find that his friend in Japan was my fellow-worker in the University of North Carolina.

I was directed to the Roskilde school by Mrs. John C. Campbell of Asheville who has been giving a whole year to the folk high schools of Denmark and the coöperative farm organizations of all the Scandinavian countries. With her in Copenhagen were two graduates of Bryn Mawr and Wellesley who are devoting their lives to school settlement work in the Appalachian mountains. My trip to Roskilde was made with sixty English farmers and government officials attending the cattle show there. Their ten-day mission in Denmark was a study of the coöperative creameries, bacon factories, and egg-export societies.

Two members of the English Teacher Training School at Derby are here studying the domestic science schools. Two members of the Hampton Institute faculty are here studying the folk high schools, the agricultural schools, and Danish education in general. A blue-eyed, black-haired Irish girl is here attending the high-school conferences at Elsinore. Students of this sort have been appearing at my table at the Helmerhus *pensionat* every day or so during the last two months.

Mutual International Study. The morning I spent in the State Land Economics Bureau, the chief said to me, You have just missed a field agent from the department of agriculture in Washington. The great central office of the Danish Marketing Coöperatives is just one block away from my *pensionat* in Copenhagen. It has been my working headquarters during my stay in Denmark. Students of farm coöperation swarm into it from every country on the globe, among them two congressmen the other day, neither of whom belongs to the farm bloc. Like the rest of us in Denmark, they are having a chance to learn a lot of things they did not know before. Herre Holm, the director of this Coöperative Central, I may say in passing, spent two years in America working his way across the continent as a farmhand in order to learn English while studying American agriculture and American markets for Danish farm products. It is a way these Danes have of mastering real problems. Danish cargoes now go regularly into San Francisco as well as New York, and the butter alone bids fair to reach a total of forty million pounds in 1924.

A Great Experience. But the most impressive experience I have had in Denmark was at the International Folk High School near Elsinore in early August. There I ran into a conference of one hundred and twenty social workers and students from twelve countries of the world —England, Ireland, Canada, the United States, Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Russia, China, and Japan. It was one of a series of conferences on the pressing great problems of humanity in the world today, each subject bringing in a new group of earnest students every eight or ten days for a month or more. The folk schools have always been close to life itself in Denmark, but Peter Manniche's school was established three years ago to bring Denmark just as close to life and its common problems in the world at large. Or such is the ideal that inspires him as the principal of a new kind of folk high school. He is a graduate of the university in Copenhagen, but of far greater significance is the fact that he has what Wordsworth called the vital soul. He is young but already he is launched upon a great career. His school is heavily handicapped by debt, but nevertheless a great purpose fills his face with joy, and what else but a great purpose fills any face with joy?

Some Commonwealth Builders. These two months in Denmark are bringing me to understand why it is that little Denmark gives birth to such men as Bishop Grundtvig, Steen Blicher, Christian Kold, Dalgas, Jacob Riis, Holger Begtrup, Jacob Lange, Peter Manniche, Hegerman-Lindencrone, Arne Holm, and the rest. The list is long, and they are commonwealth builders all.

The commonwealth they have built is a coöperative democracy. It is a new kind of democracy, and that is why so many students are here from so many different countries. They have been attracted to Denmark by the addresses and magazine articles of Maurice Francis Egan who for ten years or more was our distinguished ambassador at Copenhagen, by Rider Haggard's "Rural Denmark," Shaw Desmond's "The Soul of Denmark," Harald Faber's "Coöperation in Denmark," Frederic C. Howe's "Denmark, A Coöperative Commonwealth"; and by other books on Denmark in English, the mere titles of which fill 110 pages in the bibliography of the Royal Danish Library.

The four books named treat in full chapters many phases of Danish life and enterprise that I can only glance at in these brief notes. They can all be borrowed from the seminar library of rural social-economics at the University of North Carolina. They will be mailed for a ten-day study in answer to post card requests. All of them, however, ought to be in the private library of every thoughtful student whose mind is busy with state problems in North Carolina and elsewhere.

Three Phases of Coöperation. Denmark is an experiment station in Coöperation, first as a form of business organization, second as a method of social enterprise, and third as a way of effective civic service. Since 1851 the Danes have moved steadily upward through these three stages of essential democracy—not, to be sure, without stumbling now and then in applying a principle of business, life, and statehood. But the successes have

been so many and so wonderful that they have attracted the attention of readers, thinkers, and leaders in every land.

Fundamental Contrasts. Now a corporation is one thing and a coöperation is another. A corporation is an old and seasoned form of business organization created, defined, and regulated by laws without number these many centuries. It assembles large volumes of capital by handing out shares of stock to a large number of little investors, who have the right to elect directors and to receive dividends when there are any. When there are none they have the right to whistle to keep their courage up, and to pay assessments to settle the debts of the concern when it fails. Meantime everybody has the right to gamble on the earning power of the enterprise. Voting is based on the shares of stock owned or controlled, and a fifty-one percent control is as good as a one-hundred percent ownership. At any rate it is cheaper. It is not too much to say that the share of stock has more profoundly affected the essential character of our civilization than any other single invention of modern times.

In contrast, a coöperation is a form of business organization based, first, on the one-man-one-vote principle of voting, and second on the patronage dividend as principle of profit sharing. That is to say, no matter how many shares of stock a member may own he has only one vote; and his dividends are rated on the amount of business he does with the concern as well as on the amount of stock he owns. It seems fantastic and futile to hard-headed business men in America.

A New Business Instrument. Coöperation as a form of business organization is so new in Western civilization that twenty-five years ago it had no legal existence whatsoever in the United States, and the word itself could not be found in any legal dictionary in America. But in the new century the principle was sanctioned by law in some twenty-five states, and finally it found its way into federal enactment.

Coöperation in business is seventy-four years old in Denmark, but in America it is so new both in fact and in law that it has not yet reached any final form as a business instrument. Our coöperators are still working out their salvation with fear and trembling, in North Carolina and every other state of the Union. Even in California where the movement is best developed, the raisin and walnut growers had to get together in a hurry at Fresno in 1921 and reorganize their business almost overnight in order to escape indictment in the federal courts for conspiracy in restraint of trade.

What Counts Most. A corporation is a massing of money and it is money that counts in a pinch in corporation business. A coöperation is a massing of men and it is character that counts in a pinch in a coöperative enterprise. Without the coöperative virtues of sagacity, faith in one's fellows, willing subordination to self-chosen authority, vigilance, loyalty and courage, a man would better stay out of a coöperative society, for it tests character more severely than any other mode of business, way of life, or form of civic enterprise yet devised by civilized man.

The coöperative virtues—read the list over again in the preceding paragraph—are superfine qualities of human nature. The Danes have these virtues, not as a gift of nature but as a result of their struggle to survive both as farmers and as a state.

Coöperation a National Need. Coöperation on a self-help basis succeeds in Denmark and the principle passed entirely beyond debate a quarter-century ago in this little country.

And it must be made to succeed or allowed to succeed in America. We need the coöperative virtues in every phase of our national life. Civilization cannot forever exist as a tooth-and-claw, beak-and-talon contest for survival and supremacy among men and nations. Europe is today an arresting illustration of this fundamental fact. Collusion is better than collision, coöperation is better than competition, comradeship is better than contest, and the sooner the human race learns this fundamental lesson the better. Somehow or other the world must find a place for The Sermon on the Mount and the Golden Rule in business, in social fellowships, and in civic institutions. The race has tried the Rule of Gold long enough to have learned that it is not a final way of life.

CHAPTER XXII

CULTURE AND AGRICULTURE IN DENMARK

STRASBURG, Sept. 18, 1923.

On my way to the Askov Folk High School in south Jutland I stopped overnight in Vijen, the nearest railway station. It is a little town about the size of Carrboro, but as usual in Denmark it is a country market town kept alive by a coöperative farm enterprise, a creamery in this particular instance. There are other small industries but they are not conspicuous or important. The population is composed of farmers whose active daily business is farming, and of small shop keepers whose trade is farm trade largely related to collecting the farmers' eggs for the coöperative egg-export societies. Its main street and almost its only street is a straggling country road to the depot and station.

The Results of an Art Atmosphere. On my way out of town next morning, I happened to glance down a side street and lo, a great fountain playing twelve streams of water day and night in a tiny park set with shrubs and flowers! It was more surprising and, its history considered, far more wonderful than the great Munich fountain through which half a river runs, or the great fountain at Versailles which the state can afford to display in action only once a month.

I got the story while waiting for my train. It is the design in stone and iron of a young artist born and reared in Vijen, a town lad whose art instincts have had little more to feed on than the drawing lessons in the town school, the art prints and bric-a-brac in the shop

windows, the Danish art magazines, art stores and art schools, the open air statuary, the Glyptothek and the Thorwaldsen Museum in Copenhagen. His first masterpiece was foundered and erected at the expense of his native town with an appropriation by the town council supplemented by small amounts contributed by almost everybody in Vijen.

And this thing happens in a country town of 1,500 inhabitants, in a little state about the size of Tidewater Carolina! It happens in Denmark because a youngster with a bent for art is steeped from his earliest years in a stimulating art atmosphere—in his own home, in the homes of his playmates, in his school surroundings and activities, in the bookshop windows of his native town, in the postcard racks everywhere, in the art galleries, art exhibitions, art journals, and art-filled public squares, parks and gardens of the Danish capital.

Denmark does not lead the world in any field of fine arts. Aside from Thorwaldsen in sculpture, Saxo in chronicle literature, Hans Christian Andersen in fairy tales, Bishop Grundtvig in folklore and folkschool philosophy, Holberg and Oelenschlager in playwriting, Nexo in novel writing and George Brandes in literary criticism, the outside world knows little of Danish art and literature. It is a brief list, but what a great list it is for a state with only three and a third million inhabitants. Denmark has never given birth to a musical composer of the first rank, or an instrumentalist, a singer, a painter, or an architect of world-wide reputation; but she is ready to do it at any moment, for the Danes are born into a world of quickening art suggestions. This

peasant democracy is not a Bozart wilderness, to borrow an epithet of Mencken's. On the contrary Danish life is deeply rooted in a soil rich in art suggestions, traditions, interests, impulses, and achievements.

Distinctive Danish Music. Denmark is not distinguished in music creation, but in music appreciation by the masses, which is something far more important, she is quite the equal of any country I know. The voice I hear from time to time in the courtyard of the Helmerhus Pensionat is the voice of a wandering minstrel. He is not a Caruso, but he has a rich mellow baritone note that renders Danish music so enjoyable that I must lay aside my work, hang out the window, and empty my pockets of small change. Nearly always he gives us a ballad or two of Jeppe Aakoer's set to music by some native composer. Aakoer, by the way, is Denmark's Bobbie Burns. The songs in the court below sound a new quality of musical beauty—something as distinctly Danish as the songs of Scotland are distinctly Scottish.

The ballad music of Denmark fills four thick volumes, as I discovered in the home of a young farmer near Kalunborg. He and his wife gave me an unforgettable evening with their music from these volumes. There is music everywhere in Denmark—in the homes, in the village chorus clubs and orchestras, in the ten or more orchestras and the great concert hall of the Tivoli gardens, and in the Sunday afternoon parades of the boy bands of Copenhagen. Twice I have had to stop outside in passing private homes to listen to the rare music within, once in the rain in the humble quarters of Frederickshavn and again in Amagerbro. And it is always

good music I hear, never jazz music or never but once, and never the jingles of the Sunday schools at home. I was in doubt about the church music of Denmark until I heard it sung by a full choir at an ordination service in King Knud's cathedral in Odense. The point I make is that Danish music is Danish, distinctly so—not great perhaps but Danish, as racial in its characteristics as Russian music is.

These people never developed the value of Scandinavian architecture. The primitive forms are impressive but crude as I see them preserved in the ancient castles and country churches, and the modern buildings in the cities are commonplace adaptations. But they have developed a distinctive national music and a popular love of the best music of all the races. Music lovers over here tell me that America's sole contribution to music is the tone quality and the movement of our negro songs, and they set no great value on either. I cannot argue the matter. I am a Philistine in the world of music. Like General Gordon I know only two tunes, one is Dixie and the other isn't.

A Mine of Folk Lore. But what a time Koch and his playmakers would have in a country like Denmark with its Valdemar rune stones, its myths and sagas, its ancient burial mounds, its racial life running back to the period of Homer's Iliad, its fantastic twilight history, its gruesome stories of early feudal times, its warrior bishop Absalon who rivals Wolsey and Richelieu in literary suggestiveness, the crude Christianity of earlier days, the robust rise of peasants into a new type of democracy—all perfectly preserved from the stone age till

now in the Danish National Museum, the great castles and cathedrals, the chronicles of Saxo Grammaticus, the saga translations of Bishop Grundtvig, and the pages of Pontoppidan, Martin Nexo, and Harald Faber.

As it is, Koch and his group of folk play writers at the University of North Carolina must search with diligence for the scant remains of ballads brought from other lands in the long-ago days and treasured by our contemporary ancestors in the North Carolina Highlands, or they must hunt for such playmaking materials as lie in the Nag's Head wreckers, Blackbeard, Flora MacDonald, the Lowrie Gang, the moonshiners, the plantation life of earlier days, the heroism of Tar Heel Confederates, and the unconsidered lot of the farmer croppers at the present time. And so on and on. The sources of suggestion for native folk playmaking are abundant in North Carolina—the cropper homes in particular. Peggy was a clever play but it did not begin to sound the deeps of comedy and tragedy in such homes.

Folk Museums a State Need. What Mr. Koch and his playmakers are doing for North Carolina is priceless, in my opinion, but his materials must come out of a civilization that locally spans less than two and a half centuries. It takes time to develop a collective personality and endless toil to photograph the mass mind of a developing people. And herein lies the value of our State Historical Commission and State Historical Museum, of Caroliniana in the State University Library, of the Sprunt Memorial volumes and their editors, of the labors of Boyd and Brown at Trinity, of Hill in Raleigh, Sondley at Asheville, and other like-minded lovers of their

home state. Already we have ceased to be pitifully dependent on the University of Wisconsin in writing North Carolina history and biography. And some day we shall not have to go to Albany, New York, to study the interiors of our colonial homes—some day when we decide to establish such museums as the Danish Folk Museum in Copenhagen, and such open-air museums as I find at Lingby, and Store Maggleby on Amager island.

Literature and Learning. The Danes have a literature of their own because they have a background of racial integrity as old as the glacial pebbles and cobble stones they pave their streets with, because their history is rich with inexhaustible treasures of suggestion, because the revival of learning stirred Denmark as early as it stirred England and produced a Vedel at Ribe in the time of the Caxtons in London, because it created a popular love of learning far beyond anything England has ever achieved, because the Danes broke away from medieval education years ahead of any other country in Europe, because they have fondly treasured the memorials of their history and translated their significance into songs, stories, and stage plays that are Danish to the core, and finally because book shops, art shops, and sheet music shops are everywhere. There are no more of these in Germany than I find in Denmark, in the country towns as well as in Copenhagen. Think of eight book shops in a little Danish town of seven thousand people. Or of eleven such shops on the four sides of a single square in Copenhagen. As for public libraries, they are without number. A Danish town of any size without a library is almost unthinkable. And there are

more volumes in the Royal Danish Library in Copenhagen than we have in the public and institutional libraries of North Carolina all put together.

A Good Time Coming. I comfort myself by saying that it takes time to build a civilization and to create native fine arts and a native literature—thousands of years, not just a few hundred. Give North Carolina time and with the urge she now feels—an urge that no man can ever destroy, in my opinion—she will be just as great in her place on the planet as any other civilization in history. Why not?

Some good day North Carolina will have her rich patrons of art and literature—men of a sort with Maecenas, the Fuggers in Augsburg, and the Jacobsens in Copenhagen, men who love literature and the fine arts as Sprunt and Hill and Ricks love history. Then we shall have a great art school, a great music school, and a great university press at Chapel Hill. We are rich in many things but we are poor in the fine arts. Life is bare and hard and uninspiring for too many people in North Carolina. It ought to be different, and it will be different when the wealth of our rich men and women is lavished upon native cultural art as the wealth of the Jacobsens was in Denmark. Their Glyptothek alone —and it is only one of their many gifts to the state that made them rich—gives them immortality for a few million kroner. Their names will last as long as the art it treasures, just as Maecenas lives on and on with Horace. Most men when they die are dead, fatally dead, dead as a door nail, as Dickens said Mr. Marley was. But not so the Jacobsens in Copenhagen, and it will not be so in North Carolina, some good day.

A Satisfying Way of Life. All of which, I fear, may seem leagues away from rural social-economics. Nevertheless it is rural social-economics, the very cream of it indeed. If culture is not or cannot be causally or consequently related to agriculture in North Carolina, then the state has no need for a rural economist at the state college or the state university. Culture and agriculture are one in Denmark, because farming in this democratic commonwealth is a satisfying way of life as well as a profitable form of business. If it cannot be so in North Carolina and the Nation, then the years ahead are full of menace.

CHAPTER XXIII

SEPTEMBER DAYS IN EUROPE

PARIS, Oct. 7, 1923.

After moving accidents by flood and field, or rather after moving encounters with the passport officers and custom house officials of Denmark, Germany, and France, I am halting at Strasburg for a few days to catch my breath somewhat and to consider the political significance of the things I see in Europe in September, 1923. Europe is a witches' cauldron of fear, hate, jealousy, suspicion, greed and ingratitude, and if 1923 is a less significant year in history than 1789 was, then I misread the signs of the times on this side of the Atlantic. It is unnecessary to forewarn my readers that I may be mistaken. I am a poor prophet in the field of politics. I recall that in all my life I have never voted for but two men who ever got elected to any office whatsoever. My mind is habitually busy with economics, the laws of which have the fateful pull and power of gravity and other laws of the universe that rule in the long run. But politics—well, politics has to do with herd psychology, largely with mass hysterias. Nineteen twenty-three may mean much or little or nothing more than any other year of the new century. But I have come to be oppressed by the feeling that I am in Europe at a time when disruption and dissolution are ready to write a new chapter in human history. I therefore set down my experiences, observations, and conclusions—for what they may chance to be worth.

A Hurry Call. We were called out of Denmark a month ahead of our itinerary date by the rush of events in Germany—the final collapse of the mark, the shutting down of factories, the closing of stores, the food riots and street railway strikes in the larger cities and industrial centers, the raiding of the fields and barns of the farmers, the ending of bank correspondences and the difficulty or impossibility of getting American dollars from German banks on our letters of credit and travelers' checks, the approaching surrender of Germany, the inflamed state of the German mind, the signs of secession in the German states, impending civil strifes and the breaking of Bismarck's empire into bits. These and such-like newspaper reports impelled us to hurry back to Castle Engelberg to save our personal effects in storage there.

A Lull Before the Storm? We traveled two nights and a day and arrived in safety on time to the minute—on a Miteuropa sleeper from Berlin to Stuttgart at a cost of twenty-five cents apiece for our night's rest!

We found the state of Würtemberg as quiet as when we left it in early July. But the pace of everything is perceptibly slowed down, the crowds in the railway station and on the sidewalks are smaller, and the motor cars and trucks are fewer than ever. There is no longer any briskness in the gait of the Stuttgartners. They move about listlessly and look dazed as though in a dream. The daytime silence of voices and traffic in the streets is positively funereal. Würtemberg is in far better case than any of the other German states, but like all the rest Würtemberg is now helpless and hopeless. On

our way south we stopped a day in Berlin, and a more dispirited, distrait, and distracted people I have never seen.

It would have been infinitely better for Germany to have squared her reparations account on any terms whatsoever in 1918 or to have arranged a settlement in good faith on a bankable basis. It would have been better for France if the Allies had followed Foch's advice and promptly occupied the Rhine states with standing armies as collecting agencies settled down to stay until Germany had surrendered her last pound of flesh.

The Ides of March Ahead. Instead, France and Germany have been gambling with fate, and both with the cards stacked against them. The inevitable end, as I see it, is bankruptcy in both countries. Germany in 1914 gambled on the billions of loot she expected to enjoy, and France during the last five years has gambled on the reparation billions she somehow expects to receive. On the basis of these two fictions, both countries sold billions of government securities and covered the same with unsupported printing-press currencies. The end of this folly in public finance came first in Germany, and a similar end is due to follow in France—not suddenly perhaps but none the less certainly. The Ides of March are in fate's calendar for France, unless I am mistaken.

Issuing Rag Money. With francs fluttering around sixteen instead of five to the dollar, France is at this very minute offering three issues of six-percent treasury bonds at 98.50, and these are just so many more of such issues during the last ten years. It is Hobson's choice.

She has no other way to meet the steadily increasing demands on her treasury. On Germany's promise to pay, France has spent billions in rehabilitation work in her devastated areas, and the billions have been furnished by the buyers of government securities at home and abroad. On Germany's delay, France has been forced to maintain a standing army of seven hundred and fifty thousand men, and finally to seize upon the Ruhr as a means of collecting the billions of gold marks due her. A military establishment of this size and a venture of this magnitude call for more billions of expense money. They cannot be supplied by a taxpaying public already heavily over-taxed. They can be supplied only by further issues of government bonds, but they are bonds whose basis of security steadily diminishes. Nevertheless these bond issues are absorbed by the French public in the fever and fervor of a new victory on the Rhine. The consumption of government credit means an inflated currency, it has never meant anything else in any land; and abundant cheap money means flush times and apparent prosperity, over-confidence and expansion in business, wild-cat enterprises and blue-sky artists. More public bonds mean more of all the fantastic things I see in France. But the public debt must someday be redeemed with good money and the longer the delay the greater the certainty that the franc will once more be rag money.

Can France Get Her Dues? France is bankrupt unless she can have the seventy billion gold marks allotted to her in the last verdict of the Reparations Commission. Her statesmen have said so frankly and repeatedly.

And undoubtedly it is true. Her policies of public finance these five years have all been based on these billions of gold, and in the sight of God and man she ought to have them.

But will she and, in the natural course of events, can she have them now or ever?

Fatal Figments of Fancy. Since April of this year I have been living first on one side of the Rhine and then on the other, and it is my deliberate conclusion that France like Germany has staked her fate on a fiction, that her reparations gold is as certainly a figment of fancy as the loot that lured the German armies on, and that the end of public finance based on fiction is as certainly fatal to France as it proved to be fatal to Germany.

Disintegrating Forces. The reparations debt can be collected by force and by force alone. Or so I hear it said over and over again daily. But force in the Ruhr has meant less coal, coke, and iron for France, less reparations in kind and less reparations in gold or rather none at all. Conceivably Germany could pay the debt in gold in the course of long years, if the integrity of the republic can be preserved and if the solvent nations of the world can recover faith enough in German honor to underwrite her bonds. But paying seventy billion gold marks means a burden of paralyzing debt for German taxpayers for long centuries to come, and to escape this debt the German states are strongly minded to break away into separate distinct autonomies—into Balkan-like communities, say. The Ruhr occupation fanned German nationalism into a flame, but the Berlin sur-

render—the paper surrender—the other day set free the forces of dissolution. "What's the use of holding Germany together, when German unity means tax-bondage to France forever?" This question is in the hearts and on the lips of the German masses. One hears it or feels the silent force of it everywhere in Germany today. Even the dullest German is thinking of little else at present. It may mean much or it may mean little, for the Teuton does not have a revolutionary temper. But if Germany flies into pieces France has twenty-odd areas instead of one to force with armies of occupation. If France were equal to the task, would it produce the gold she needs? Can Berlin hold Germany together under present conditions? I doubt it. Not social revolution but repeated political upheavals, I say once more, seem to me to be inevitable in Germany during the next half-century or so—not monarchism on an imperial scale or not for long at a time, and not bolshevism, but strong-arm state governments in rapid succession here and there or everywhere. The old German empire fell to pieces in some such fashion, and not inconceivably Bismarck's empire may go the same way.

France's Dilemma. But in this event, would it mean the gold France needs in her treasury to redeem her bonds and secure her currencies? It is a need that is no whit less imperative than her statesmen say it is. And meantime has France the men and the means to maintain the pace she has set for herself and the still greater pace in prospect? Can she finance the conquest of central Europe and seize loot enough to pay her debts and redeem her printing-press money? Meantime can French

taxpayers stand the strain, and will they? Can France escape the further and the final debasing of her currency? Nearly a billion crisp new francs went into circulation last week. Will the necessity be less imperious next week and the week following and so on to the end? With her new war debt unpaid, and under the pressure of circumstances unconsidered, can France sell more securities in the money markets of the world to finance a policy of war? And when the final collapse of her currency sets in, will the French people continue to buy French bonds and clip coupons payable in francs of steadily dwindling value? The French are tried and proven patriots. They love *La Patrie* as the Danes love their *Danebrog.* But they are also thrifty, canny, temperamental and revolutionary by nature. When the franc follows the mark into the abyss, the French people will have a word to say about it, and they are likely to say it in a characteristic fashion. France is throwing to the winds the safety that lies in solvency. Whichever way she turns bankruptcy stares her in the face.

France is no longer a free agent. She is caught fast in the fell clutch of circumstance. She must have more gold in her treasury or she is bankrupt. If she cannot have her reparations money, she must be freed from the fear of Germany. She cannot be secure as long as Germany is alive. Germany cannot be destroyed without force, force means war, and war can never again mean loot, but only debt, taxes, and bankruptcy, anywhere in Christendom.

The Logic of Force. The humor of France is perfectly understandable, but nevertheless it is certainly

fatal. The winds of fate are whipping Europe into war, and another war will be the death of Europe. It is the logic of force that is writing history today as heretofore in the long story of man on the planet. And a sorry story it has been in every age.

What good thing can come out of a death struggle between hate and fear? And what nation on earth can hope to escape the consequences of another war in Europe?

The World Involved. America? Europe is our best customer and Europe has ceased to pile up trade balances in our favor. Our farmers are facing bankruptcy in consequence, and not all the protective tariffs that congress will pass can save our manufacturers in the end. Great Britain is grimly holding tight in the English way in a period of desperate business distress. Denmark, Norway and Sweden are suffering in trade relationships. And the same thing is true of Holland and Belgium. Switzerland has not known such stagnation since the Napoleonic wars. Spain is upheaved, Italy ventures to dare destiny with war, the Balkan states have chips on their various little shoulders, and forty thousand officers of the old German army are licking seven hundred thousand Russians into war efficiency—for what end God alone knows!

The Way Out. And the way out cannot lie in the war that is brewing in the witches' cauldron of fate. There is no way out except in the peace of the Prince of Peace. His peace message is two thousand years old and it is still an iridescent dream. If it must always be so,

then civilizations must continue to rise, flourish, and fall into death, one after another until the end of time.

Which reminds me that somebody once asked Henry Ward Beecher whether or not Christianity wasn't a failure. "I cannot say," said he, "the world has never yet tried it."

I am appalled by the signs of war I see in Europe in September, 1923. I am writing them down very much in the humor if not with the skill of Arthur Young who noted the things that fell under his eye in France in 1788.

I make no apologies for thrusting this chapter into the series on Denmark. The Danish story will continue until I have exhausted the materials I have assembled, but the rest must be written in France and America.

And I am writing about the signs of approaching disaster in Europe with a Scotchman's grim optimism—which means that I take my pleasures sadly without being hopelessly depressed or unduly exhilarated. But also by strain of blood I am a Quaker and I hate war and everything that breeds war.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE DANISH FOLK HIGH SCHOOL

PARIS, Oct. 17, 1923.

The estate of a prosperous farm Proprietor, I said as I turned out of the dusty highway into an avenue of elms leading into a circle of brilliant flower-beds; not the folk high school pointed out to me back yonder in the edge of the town, but a beauty spot that I'll explore if nobody arrests my steps. I had been a guest in various Littlelander and Middle-Class farmer homes and here, I thought, was a chance to study the more elaborate establishment of a Proprietor. I did not hestitate, because the homes of the Danish farmers have welcoming, wide-open doors.

As I move up the avenue I glimpse plum, apple and cherry trees, flower-lined walks, rustic seats and a summer pavilion on one side, and on the other thickset currant bushes richly red and purple with ripening fruit, and a little further along clumps of heavily loaded gooseberry bushes. The dwelling that faces the flower-beds in front of me is a vine-covered three-story structure of stuccoed brick. Wing buildings give it the form of the letter E, and the high-pitched roof is broken by dormer windows all the way around. Instead of ringing the doorbell and handing in my card, I move around the house and stray into a tennis court area alongside what appears to be a recreation hall; then into the square of barn buildings in the rear, and on into the poultry house and runs, the vegetable gardens, orchards, grain, forage and root-crop fields. I circle back among the flower-beds

and hedges, and near the house I chance upon a long shed filled with bicycles, a hundred or more in racks lining each wall.

As I stand in doubt, a young girl comes hurrying in. What is the other building yonder across the flower-beds? I ask. It is the community building, she said. where the farmers and their wives will be meeting for ten days of lectures and enjoyable living together when the harvest season is over.

And then it dawned on me that what I had been exploring was not the handsome estate of a farm Proprietor but a school, a Danish Folk High School, a farm-life school on a well-developed farm, housed in a farm building, expanded and arranged for school uses, to be sure, but nevertheless a farmstead in every detail of appearance—a school that looked less like a school than anything I ever saw in America.

An Illuminating Experience. The young lady ushered me into the office of the headmaster who led me through the lecture rooms, the gymnasium, the library, the living quarters of a hundred students, the family residence in one wing of the building, and finally seated me with the faculty and the student body for a simple mid-day meal. He is the house-father and sits at the head of one of the long tables. His wife is the house-mother and sits by his side at the head of another long table. I am graciously welcomed into a big school-family circle; into the intimate family life of a school home, a home-school in fact as well as in seeming. The meal hour is a conversation period, an announcement period, a mail distributing occasion, enlivened by the gentle

raillery of the principal. It is an illuminating experience for the half-dozen visitors spending the day in the school.

Waking Up Souls. "I thought I was straying into the farm estate of a Proprietor," I said. "It is a farm," he responded, "and I am the proprietor, the sole owner of it. I am a teacher of course, but also I am a farmer, a farmer-teacher or a teacher-farmer whichever way one chooses to say it. This farm—the whole farm—is a school and this home is a farm-school that does not teach farming at all, or not directly and formally. Our purpose is better than that, it is aimed at waking up the souls of these young Danes to the opportunities and possibilities of noble living and noble citizenship as farmers in a coöperative commonwealth. This is an adult school, these students are between eighteen and twenty-six years of age, they come almost entirely out of farm homes, they are in a folk high school for five or six months once or maybe twice in a life time, and we do not have a chance to teach them much but we do have a chance to stir the impulse to self-tuition in a thousand directions during all the rest of their lives. What they can be aroused to teach themselves out of school is ten thousand times more than we could ever hope to teach them in a folk school in a few months, and worth ten thousand times more, if only we can get them under a great headway of steam and set them going in the right direction. And the right direction is the best good of the largest number in community and commonwealth life, the high calling of the farmer, and the great estate of Denmark.

The final values of life and death and destiny for individuals and nations is what we are busy with here day by day or try to be as an ideal school aim."

How They Do It. I found the twelve-hour school day devoted to lectures on the history, biography, legends, literature and art of Denmark, on the history makers and the epoch-making events of other lands, on the heroes of science, discovery and invention, on national ideals and group struggles upward, every lecture beginning with a song out of a high-school volume of Danish poetry. The long school day is relieved by conversation, question, and free discussion periods, by gymnasium exercises and out-door folkplays, games and songs, by meals, rest intervals, reading-room and library hours.

On my round of high-school visits I heard lectures on Plymouth Rock and the Pilgrim Fathers, Lincoln and Emancipation in America, Frederick Sixth and Danish Emancipation, Shaftesbury and Child Labor in England, Plato's Republic and Rule by the Wisest, Alexander the Great and his Weakness, Denmark's Leadership in Co-operative Business and Life, the Land Tax in Denmark and New Zealand, the Siegfried Stories, Longfellow's Hiawatha and Evangeline. These lectures by various teachers in various schools were very quiet in manner and voice, but very competent, very direct, and very effective. In all my high-school visits I found only one lifeless lecturer punishing a class with a dull hour. He is a young teacher with a university diploma and he knows Danish literature thoroughly, but he is lifeless and tedious, does not know young people and cannot probe to the quick of youth. Manifestly he has never

been young himself—was born grown with his clothes on and his hands in his trousers' pockets, like Little Pip's ancestors in Great Expectations. He will disappear out of the folk-school faculties in a hurry, for dull teachers mean dead schools in Denmark. Which is a matter of critical importance, for these folk high schools are not public schools but private enterprises and their existence depends on their drawing power. Seventy of the schools established since 1844 have died. The eighty that remain have survived because they were fitly officered, fitly located, and fitly supported by community pride. Only the fit can survive. The number of folk high schools in Denmark will probably remain around eighty or one for every fifteen thousand farm inhabitants.

A Unique Growth. I have described one folk high school in detail, but what one of them is all of them are, in beauty of surroundings and interior life, academic ideals, atmosphere, aims and methods. They vary in minor matters and each has its own characteristic personality and flavor, but they are all small groups of young people living with the headmaster and his family on a country estate that is busy with life, country life and commonwealth life, with life in the large and its spiritual significance.

They are unique schools. They are original and racial. They sprang out of Danish life and conditions as naturally as daisies spring up in our meadows at home. Their purpose is effectively accomplished in a single summer term of five months for the young women and in five winter months for the young men. They

have no stereotyped course of study and they use very few text books, they assign no lessons and they forbid lecture note books, they have no roll calls and no absence committees, no examinations, no reports, no promotions, no graduations, and no commencement exercises.

What is it you are saying? is the question suddenly fired at me by two American school girls at the table in my Copenhagen boarding house. A school? Where is it? In Denmark, you say? well we thought it was in Heaven, it sounds like Heaven to us, is the irreverent comment.

Quality vs. Quantity. The simple fact is that the Danish Folk High Schools long ago abandoned education as a quantitative something measured by so many pages in so many books for so many years. They have preserved, and very well preserved, the notion of education as a qualitative something—a contact of spirit with quickening spirit, a flame kindled at a lamp of life, to paraphrase Carlyle's famous paragraph in Sartor Resartus. They have perpetuated the Mark Hopkins college on the end of a log in the woods. Their purpose is not information but the inward formation of character. Not what folks know but how they behave is the main matter, is the way one headmaster puts it.

What It Leads To. If these young Danes want technical instruction in farming, they go later on to the twenty-odd agricultural high schools of the state located here and there in Denmark, and to the State Agricultural College in Copenhagen. If they want liberal culture courses they join the six thousand students in the great University. Nearly exactly half of the ten thou-

sand folk high-school students from year to year go on into other institutions for scientific training, technical instruction and liberal learning. But whether they go or not, they seem never to get away from the high school that waked them up. From time to time they go back with their wives to the annual ten-day conferences in the fall and live over again their happy high-school life. They arrange the speaking dates of the high-school lecturers who reach every community of Denmark every year. They are the soul of the local organizations that offer the annual programs that we call chautauquas in America. And so on and on.

On a journey to one of these folk high schools, I fell in with a gray-haired Dane from Copenhagen, going to an early September conference at his beloved school. "I am a maltster by profession," said he, "and I was ten years in America. Mr. Volstead sent me back home." Later on I found him singing the high-school songs lustily and playing the old high-school games on the school lawn with all the joy of indestructible youth. He has had no education beyond the self-tuition inspired by the folk high school, but he is a director of the Scandinavian-American Scholarship Foundation that every year gives a thousand dollars to each of a half-dozen picked young Americans who want to study the life and institutions of Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

Worth While Study. I have in mind a young Tarheel teacher who ought to be here next year on one of these scholarships studying the folk high schools, their origin, their essential character, and the part they have played in the building of modern Denmark. His account

of their educational values would make better chapters than mine on this subject to the folks back home. He is a school technician, I am not. Nevertheless I shall be sending in several sketches, such as they are, of the rare schools I have been seeing in Denmark.

Meantime interested students in North Carolina ought to be thumbing Foght's "The Danish Folk High Schools," a bulletin of the Federal Education Bureau, and Alfred Poulsen's pamphlet on "The Folk High School of Denmark," which is the best account we have of them in English.

CHAPTER XXV

EDUCATION IN DENMARK

PARIS, Oct. 24, 1923.

The Danes believe in education, in education of every grade, type, and variety, in education without stint or limit in private effort or public expense. Salvation by education is the first article in the creed of Denmark. The Danes indulge in no oratory about it. They do not often speak about it at all, they act on it as a deep-seated conviction born out of the ignorance, illiteracy, and poverty that chained down their fathers and forefathers for six hundred years.

It was a country school teacher who quoted Shakespeare to me on this subject. "Ignorance," said he, "is the only sin and knowledge the wings wherewith we fly to heaven." Whatever else a Dane believes, he went on to say, he believes that first of all. No argument is needed to win him over to education as a means of getting on and up in the world or as an investment in community and commonwealth development and defense.

Short Shrift for Ignorance. It was a country pastor, a Lutheran priest, who harked back to Isaiah in discussing with me the Dane's childlike belief in education as an indispensable agency of social regeneration. When the Danish peasants had a chance at free public schools under compulsory attendance laws in the dark days of 1813, said he, they easily understood what Isaiah meant when he cried in anguish: Israel doth not know, my people do not consider, therefore are they gone away into captivity, for where no vision is the people perish.

When Frederick Sixth established his epoch-making Advisory Councils and gave the people a place and voice in the affairs of the nation, Bishop Grundtvig stirred the peasants from Gedser to Skagen. The King has called you into the councils of the Kingdom and you must not be as sheep, said he, you must stand erect like men who know what they need and what Denmark needs. The response to this prophet's pleading was instantaneous and universal and the results were fundamental and permanent.

Whatever the explanation, the Danes believe in education whole-heartedly. They have an ineffable scorn for ignorance and an ineffable pity for illiterates, for only the crippled-in-brain are illiterate in Denmark. As for able-bodied illiteracy they made short shrift of it long years ago.

A Dirt Farmer's Wisdom. What can you do for or with a man or a nation, they say, that does not know and cannot or will not think? Every time you don't know something you ought to know—I am now quoting a Danish farmer—you pay a penalty for it. You've got to know as much about important matters as anybody else knows, and you'll be wise if you know more. And if you think that what is best for your fellowman is not also the best thing for you in the long run, then you are a victim of the worst kind of ignorance, the ignorance of knowing something that isn't so. The farmers have got to know as much about legislation as the lawyers, as much about business as the bankers, and far more about public questions than the politicians. We've got to know about all these things from top to bottom, for the farm-

ers run this government and we cannot afford to run it into a hole. Our parliament sits for six months every year and it's pretty expensive, but it takes time and plenty of it to sift state problems thoroughly and weigh them wisely. We are convinced that a long session every year saves Denmark from the mistakes of haste. We save public money in the end by going slowly. The deliberations of an open session are more effective, we think, than the verdicts of legislative commissions. Open sessions give the farmers plenty of chance to know all about everything in state affairs. Parliament is the biggest and the best public school we have in political economy and political science.

The farmer I am quoting is what we call a real dirt farmer in America, a business man at the head of a large farm industry, a director of a farm coöperative central, a member of parliament, a man of affairs, and a public servant of consequence. I have translated his broken English without doing violence to his utterances in any detail.

The Danes' Creed. And it is the farmers of Denmark who most of all believe in education—in public schools, long terms, and compulsory attendance laws, in private schools, church schools, and Latin Schools, in scientific agriculture, book farming, farm schools and field instruction in farming, in trade schools, technical science schools, teacher training schools, college culture and university research, in books, bookshops, newspapers, magazines, and libraries, public and private, in art schools, music schools, popular gymnastics and physical education, in educational conferences, ten-day lecture courses

at the folk high schools and chautauqua programs in the home communities every year. The eagerness with which the Danes demand, establish, support and absorb all kinds of culture is unmistakable, and it is a convincing evidence of racial virility and vitality.

We believe in newspapers, books, and schools; the greater the variety, the wider the appeal and the greater the chance of stirring into life such genius and talent as we have in Denmark, for all flesh is not the same flesh and human spirits are infinitely variable; our young people like yours differ widely in aptitudes, tastes and capabilities, and they must have a fair chance to discover themselves and find their particular places in the scheme of things entire. So said a Danish preacher in a country vicarage, as he laid bare to me the soul of Denmark. And the meaning is that education in Denmark is a spiritual adventure and not a slavish surrender to educational machinery and mechanical grind. The Danes are not wholly free, said he, but they are unafraid of freedom and they are tolerant beyond all the people I know. We agreed that they very well illustrate both the dangers and the values of free self-determination and that the values far outweigh the dangers.

Their Daily Prayer. I say the farmers lead because no kind of education and not much of anything else could even begin to be in Denmark without their support. They believe with Thomas Jefferson that no ignorant people ever was or ever can be free. Their daily prayer uttered or unexpressed is, From petty passions and prejudices, from blue-sky artists in business and crafty politicians in parliament, Good Lord deliver us!

And they believe with Benjamin H. Hill that ignorance and poverty ever were and forever will be one and inseparable, and that education is the one thing for which no people ever yet paid too much.

How It Is Put in Practice. These ABC's of the farmers' creed explain the rapid development of Danish agriculture. They explain the ability of the Danes to solve the problems of farming as a business and as a satisfying way of life. Also they explain the place and power of the farmers in state affairs. They bother very little about courses of study and theories of teaching. They have little pedagogy and less methodology but they have schools in endless variety and they have them in the Danish way. That is to say, if a Dane has a notion about what a farm-life school ought to be he starts one upon his own initiative at his own expense and risk. Don't talk about it, the farmers say, don't call on the state treasury, and don't offer us a pig in a poke; go do it, and if it's worth while it will have plenty of support from the community and perhaps after awhile from the commonwealth; give us a chance to chew the bag and test the pudding. The folk high schools began in this way eighty years ago and they exist as private institutions till this good day. And so it is that Denmark is at last breaking away from Swedish gymnastics and sloyd. The young man whose high school athletes are just now catching the attention of America is a country school teacher at Borup, a little country town in Jutland. He has a theory of his own about physical education and forthwith he establishes a school of his own to try it out. He starts in the usual way in Den-

mark, that is to say, with almost no resources except his idea, his energy and his courage. His community says to him, We don't understand what you are talking about, show us. And he has the wit and will to do it. If it satisfies the Danes and suits Danish conditions his idea will be supported as the folk high schools are supported, and will have a similar lease of life in Denmark.

Investing in Education. The farm coöperative societies are now and have always been on the same basis of private initiative and support. It is the way of the Danish farmers. They love freedom and they hate official interference. Their coöperative business organizations receive nothing from the state but sanction and protection. Their folk high schools receive upon an average less than fifteen hundred dollars of state money per year, the largest one of them receives less than eight thousand dollars a year. But agricultural education and promotion are another matter. They consider these the concern of the people as a whole because everybody and every business shares in farm prosperity. And education in general is a state concern, they say, because the safety of the commonwealth is based on intelligent self-interest. There can be no concert of wills for the common good and no coöperative democracy without intelligent self-interest. Unintelligent self-interest is disruptive and destructive. Class consciousness, class ethics, and class collisions are the inevitable consequence of stupid self-interest. The world is full of it, they say, and we still have too much of it in Denmark, but we distinctly want less of it. Fundamentally our hope lies in education. We have little quarrel about the

forms of it, and the parliament votes state money in liberal amounts to public education and even to worthy private institutions—one and a half million dollars a year to the University, another million and a half to technical instruction in agriculture, mechanic arts, and normal schools, two and a half millions to public high schools and twelve millions to public elementary schools. Altogether some twenty-two million dollars a year is Denmark's investment in public education of one form or another.

A Hot Fight for North Carolina. So runs the story of Danish education, as told by two state officials. You think more of your university than we think of ours in North Carolina, I say to them, and more of your high schools, but we think more of elementary public schools than you do and spend nearly twice as much money on them.

They promptly counter. Then how do you account for so much native white illiteracy in North Carolina? they ask. It is country illiteracy, I reply, ninety-five percent of it is in our farm regions.

Are your country schools efficient? Do your farmers really believe in education? Do they believe in scientific agriculture? What are they doing to cure illiteracy? Are the country preachers attacking the problem? They fire a machine-gun fusillade of questions at me as I feel about for my hat.

Our farmers are making great headway in recent years. North Carolina is awake at last and the farmers most of all, I say. And much more to the same effect. In fact the shouting and tumult about North Carolina does not die until I close the door on the interview.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE DANISH FARM-LIFE SCHOOL

PARIS, Nov. 20, 1923.

Denmark has every kind of school and school system that any other country has, but the Folk High School is the school that is uppermost in the minds of the people who visit Denmark to study her institutions. Other Danish schools are more or less commonplace, but the Folk High School is unique. Her public elementary schools are not better than ours in America. The same observation may fairly be made of her schools of technical agriculture and teacher training. As for her public high schools, they are not so many nor so good as the public high schools of North Carolina. But they are effective and their effectiveness lies in the use the Danes make of them. The Danes believe in education and they use their schools to the limit, their schools of every grade and type—the farm population in particular.

Available Scholarships. The folk high school is a farm-life school so original in conception, so unique in character, and so significant in the part it plays in Danish country life that most people in other countries know very little about any other kind of Danish education. It is so effective in creating and sustaining a satisfying country civilization that I have been moved to send an earnest letter to a gifted young teacher in North Carolina urging him to apply at once for one of the thousand-dollar scholarships awarded annually by the Scandinavian-American Foundation, and to spend next year studying the folk high schools of Denmark, Norway,

Sweden, and Finland—not the schools alone but also the social-economic conditions out of which they sprang, the part they have played in Denmark, and the part that effective farm-life schools might play in North Carolina and other American states.

A thousand dollars isn't much in any of these prosperous countries of northern Europe, but it goes a long way because the state authorities in Scandinavia conspire to reduce to a minimum the expenses of student travel and research. Some of these countries arrange free transportation for scholarship students on the state railways. Or so it was in Finland for Mrs. John C. Campbell and her party. Also in Sweden, as I remember it.

Why We Need Them. I have made this suggestion to my richly endowed young friend because fit schools are a fundamental country-life defense, because country civilization in America is suffering for lack of such schools, and because the farm-life school is still an unsolved problem in the Western World. Every state in the Union has one or more, sometimes a score or more, schools called farm-life schools. Every state has country-life schools, county agricultural high schools, district agricultural high schools and the like. We even have what are called Danish folk high schools in Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, and California. The distinction of such schools in America lies mainly in the names they bear, and not as a rule in the particular service they render to farm civilization. In almost every state there is a rural school department in the University school of education. The Education

Bureau in Washington has a rural school section staffed with specialists. All the states are collaborating with the federal government and spending millions of co-partnership money every year upon vocational agriculture. Nevertheless the rural school is a mired wheel in American education and vocational agriculture limps along lamely in our country regions. Our farm-life schools are a diplomatic gesture more or less meaningless. In some states the agricultural high school is a football for the politicians, and in no state is the country school the soul of country life as the folk high school has been the soul of country life in Denmark. In almost every other country of the world, education fit for farm people has been a failure. A member of President Wilson's cabinet pronounced the country schools of the United States to be a nation-wide failure and a national disgrace. And nobody challenged the verdict. Nearly everybody is sure of it, many people are anxious about it and struggling with it bravely. And nowhere more capably than in North Carolina. No other state of the Union has had such educational leaders in recent years as Joyner, Brooks, Allen, Brown, Knight, and Newbold, and nobody knows better than they that the country school is an unsolved problem in North Carolina and the Nation.

Our Hard Problem. There are many reasons for the sad estate of rural education in America, but among all the reasons the farmer himself looms up as the largest. How to reach and arouse the country people about the fundamental things in country civilization and the essential things in country education for country life, is the hard problem in North Carolina and every other state and country in America.

The Realization of a Dream. It was Bishop Grundtvig's problem in Denmark in the dark days that followed Waterloo. He was fifty-three years of age when he dreamed his dream of the folk high school—a folksy school, of the folk, by the folk, for the folk, their very own school in origin, ownership, and support, and therefore a vigorous instrument of country consciousness, country pride, and country expression. He gave his dream to Denmark in a brief pamphlet in 1836. Eight years later the first folk high school was established at Rödding, where the Schleswig Danes were struggling with the Germans for survival. There were thirty-nine such schools in existence when Grundtvig died in 1872, and there are eighty-odd today.

Denmark is the lengthened shadow of Grundtvig. He reached and stirred the souls of the Danish peasants and he did it with a country-school dream—a vision so vital and so vivid that the men to realize it sprang up by scores, men like Christian Flor, Ludvig Schröder, Christian Kold, Ernst Trier, Jens Norregaard, and Poul la Cour in the earlier years, to be followed later by Bredsdorff, Begtrup, Appel, Poulsen, Hostrup, Lange and a host of other kindred spirits, a rare group of school builders and commonwealth builders who would be called great in any land or country.

The Prophet of the North. It is a truly great man who can inspire greatness in other men in anything like the way of Grundtvig. The Danes call him The Prophet of the North and pay honor to him in memorials from one end of Denmark to the other. I find a bronze statue of him in the court of the Marble Church facing the

square of royal residences in Copenhagen. In the Studiestraede, the street the great University fronts, I find the Grundtvig House erected to his memory and fitly devoted to what we call Christian Association uses in America. Over the front door of the Fredericksborg High School near Hillerod is a bust of him chiseled in stone. In the public buildings and private homes of Denmark are numberless pictures of him. No other man in the long history of Scandinavia has ever been so honored. All because or mainly because he dreamed a dream of a country-life school fit for country people.

A Story to Be Written. But I am far more interested in the Tar Heel folk high school than I am in the Danish folk high school. The one is an old story, the other is a story yet to be written. And the genius who writes it will have more monuments erected to his memory in North Carolina than Grundtvig has in Denmark. It cannnot be a Danish folk high school but it must be identical with it in one essential particular—it must spring directly out of country consciousness and satisfy the cravings of country youth in North Carolina. It cannot be a Christmas-tree gift from the capitol, it must be created by the local country communities under homebred leadership that they trust implicitly and support without stint.

Our own folk high schools may be crude efforts in the beginning as Christian Kold's school was in Denmark, but like the Danish folk high schools they must give impetus to country community life and lead country communities into coöperative enterprises that are properly related to the commonwealth. The genius who

creates a school of this type anywhere in North Carolina must have "sunshine in his eye and a world in his heart." Lacking such leadership and such schools our Community Coöperation law of 1917 is a dead letter.

A Task for Carolina. The folk high schools of Denmark are worth studying. They would be suggestive and stimulating to a Carolina school man of the creative type—tonic and quickening to the last degree, in my opinion.

So far no other country of the world has been able to transplant the folk high school as it exists in Denmark, not even Norway and Sweden her next-door neighbors and racial kinsmen, but these and a half-dozen other countries have been inspired by them to evolve folk high schools of their own. And nowhere with perfect success or not yet. Which means that no other country has yet given birth to an original genius like Grundtvig or an Old Testament prophet like Christian Kold. Men of this sort might be born of the spirit of North Carolina. She has given many men of rare talent to other states, and it is time she were developing a genius of her own to save her country civilization. It is threatened by extinction and who saves our country life saves the commonwealth. The agency of country salvation will be a fit country-life school that develops the spirit and the virtues of living and working together for the common good. The Danes call these Christianity and less than these is not Christianity no matter what notions of religion prevail, say the Danes. The coöperative farm enterprises of Denmark have grown out of the coöperative spirit and the coöperative virtues. Danish

coöperation and Danish folk schools are complementary aspects of one and the same movement. Together they produced the coöperative democracy of Denmark.

Who Will Lead? The country civilization of America, like the country civilization of Denmark, must develop effective farm-life schools. The call in every state is for a great country-life leader inspired by a distinct purpose that he is willing to give his life to. Who will answer the call in North Carolina?

CHAPTER XXVII

HOW THE DANISH FARMERS GET RICH

PARIS, Nov. 27, 1923.

The Danish farmers are rich. Man for man they are the richest farmers in the world. And they have risen into this preëminence in the short space of seventy-five years. I say seventy-five years because they began to combine their resources in credit unions as long ago as 1850. During the sixty years immediately preceding this date they were struggling with landlessness, illiteracy, and poverty.

But in 1923 the Danish farmers exported farm surpluses amounting to more than one and one-third billion kroner. Reckoned in the present exchange value of the krone their farm exports were worth 233 million dollars. That is to say the average of exported surpluses amounted to nearly exactly $1,000 per farm. When small-scale farmers can produce at home enough of food and feed to support the farm family and the farm animals and at the same time produce exportable surpluses of some $1,000 apiece, it is easy to see that they have a chance to accumulate wealth.

Where Coöperation Succeeds. But this chance would be worth little or nothing if they had not meantime developed the ability to take charge of the distribution of the farm wealth they produce. The distributing game in Denmark is the farmers' own preserve. The outside middlemen are not warned off the lot but as a matter of fact they keep off the farmers' business territory because the farmers beat them at their own game and

do it hands down. There are better farmers than the Danes, but there are no better business men than the Danish farmers are, in any land or country on the globe.

They keep their hands on their own farm wealth every inch of the way from the farmers' fields to the consumers' tables. They even own and operate the Danish food shops in London and Manchester. They not only produce farm wealth in raw forms, but they put this raw wealth into fit forms for final consumption. That is to say, they have set up their own manufacturing industries and they operate these themselves. Or they employ expert managers from the outside—men trained by experience in the intricate arts of manufacture and salesmanship. Their manufacturing farm industries are mainly butter factories, cheese factories, and packing plants or coöperative bacon factories as they call them.

The coöperative producing associations cover the fields of horse, cow, pig, sheep and goat breeding, poultry raising, potato-flour factories, sugar beet factories, marl mines, the high breeding of potatoes, grasses, sugar beets, chicory, and small grains in general. Under this head would also come the society for the reclamation of heath lands, sand wastes, and peat bogs. Also the forest culture societies.

Their buying associations are bent upon purchasing wholesale quantities in ship or car load lots for cash at the lowest market price—feeding stuffs, artificial manures, coal, cement, seeds and the like.

Not only this, but their insurance associations are also coöperative. Which means that the coöperating farm

groups carry their own insurance on their lives, buildings and equipments, livestock and crops. Insurance against sickness and death, damage by hail, floods, high winds and other providential dispensations, accidents and the like, is carried by the farmers themselves in coöperative groups.

But even more, the farmers coöperate to generate their own electric currents, to build and operate their own water works, flour mills, bakeries, and saw mills. They are also grouped into fruit culture and fruit sales societies, bee-keepers associations, farm lecture societies and so on and on.

But the inventory is not yet concluded. The Danish farmers started in 1850 to assemble their own resources, create their own credit machines, and market farm credit among themselves. It took them fifty years to realize the necessity for local credit unions to supply short-term credit for productive purposes, but today there are 168 farm credit unions in Denmark and they abundantly supply on the basis of character the productive capital needed by the small-scale and middle-class farmers. And in 1924 the coöperative groups of manufacturing farmers organized their own central bank in Copenhagen to supply the credit they needed to warehouse their products until prices offered them fair profits, and to buy in bulk at low rates the seed cakes, hay and forage, wheat and flour, fertilizing ingredients, and food oils that Denmark is unable to produce at home in the quantities needed year by year. This bank in ten years has established ninety-nine local agencies in the twenty-six counties of Denmark.

Few Independent Farmers. I asked in the innocency of a greenhorn from the States whether or not it was against the law in Denmark for a farmer to act alone and to do things for himself by himself. The answer was, Not at all, but the Danish farmer who hasn't sense enough to see the direct advantage of coöperative business is so rare that he is almost unknown. Whether the farmer coöperates or not, if he sells his pigs he must sell them to the coöperative slaughter houses and packing plants; if he sells his milk he must sell it to the coöperative cream and butter factories. He can't farm at all without employing these coöperative farm agencies. The independent farmer has a chance to market his eggs through independent buyers, and to sell his livestock to German purchasers, but these two businesses are of relatively small importance at all times in Denmark and especially since the markets in England and Germany have been closed by the feeble buying power of these two countries.

Farmers' Business Machines. There are 247,000 farmers in little Denmark but they are organized into 9,947 coöperative societies, and these societies have 1,350,000 members in round numbers. Which means that upon an average a Danish farmer belongs to five societies. Farm coöperatives are commodity associations and a farmer joins just as many different coöperatives as he has commodities to market or farm purposes to accomplish in his particular type of agriculture. So because the business end of farming puts the farmer in competition with all the rest of the wide world. What he has to sell must look as good and taste as good as any other food

stuffs on the market and his profit lies in offering to the market food stuffs that look better and taste better than similar products in the world markets.

These are technical business details and call for experts in a million particulars—in grading, packaging, standardization, trade marks and brands. They demand intimate acquaintance with trade opportunities in foreign lands, with domestic conditions in other countries, foreign exchange rates, transportation by rail and water, selling agencies in distant cities, and so on and on. It means a complicated business machinery and expert business management in manufacturing and marketing each particular commodity. The Danish farmer like most other farmers is wholly occupied with production, but the Danish farmer unlike most other farmers in the rest of the world has devised a plan that enables him to give all of his time and attention to the production of farm wealth in the largest possible quantities of the highest possible qualities. That done he dismisses from his mind the money-end of farming. His farm coöperatives do the rest. They grade, manufacture and package his products, stamp them when they justify it with the established Danish trade marks, transport and sell his wares, and every two weeks or thirty days he gets his check from the treasurers of the coöperatives of which he is a member. You could safely tell the Danish farmers to go home and slop their pigs, as the private business organizations told the Dakota farmers. That is exactly what the Danish farmers do and they do it with the quiet assurance that their farm organization will press the button and do the rest. And

there is no doubt of the fact that they know how to press the button and do the rest to the queen's taste. The result is that the Danish farmers and not the middlemen get the bulk of the consumers' dollar wherever Danish food stuffs are marketed anywhere in the world.

Everybody Has a Chance. Here in brief is an explanation of why the Danish farmers are the richest farmers on earth. They are rich because they produce, manufacture, finance, and market their own products. They produce directly but they finance, manufacture, and market by proxy through their own coöperative organizations.

And there is no other way out for the farmers in any land or country. The Danish farmers do not believe in salvation by legislation, economic or social, say the Danes. What they do believe in is salvation by organization, and their organizations are self-help enterprises. In which respect they differ radically from the state-supported coöperatives of the Mediterranean peoples—France and Italy for instance. The Danish farmers expect to do business upon an equal footing with all other businesses, and they get exactly what they expect. If they got anything less, Denmark would blow up, for the farmers are very nearly the whole show in this little agricultural state.

I pursued one further inquiry with great interest. I kept wondering whether in an organized agricultural commonwealth there was any chance whatsoever left for manufacture, trade, and banking outside the field of farming. But my curiosity was quickly satisfied. Just

as the farmers are themselves manifestly prosperous so are the business men and bankers in Denmark, and so beyond all possible question.

Industrial plants on a corporation basis are everywhere. Ship-building and brewing are large businesses, the rest are small enterprises turning out specialties in wood, clays, and metals—willow wares, furniture, art porcelains, plate, jewelry, and the like. The field of secondary manufacture is almost completely covered and the concerns are evidently making money in Denmark. Indeed they are thriving on the substantial prosperity of a farm civilization.

The stores are busy with the business of selling, and as a rule selling for cash to a prosperous people an endless variety of comfort and culture articles—very largely imported articles of comfort and luxury, dainty fabrics, food dainties, automobiles, typewriters, adding machines, bicycles and motorcycles, household furnishings, bric-a-brac, books and stationery, and so on almost without limit. The stranger may expect to find in a Copenhagen store what he has been accustomed to at home, and he may shop with more certainty in this particular than in any other trade center of Europe. For instance, until I got to Copenhagen, I could not buy an auto-safety razor in six months of travel in Europe.

The corporation bankers flourish. They know that sooner or later all the business of Denmark is grist for their money mills and that first or last the credit securities of the farmers and farm organizations are sure to pass through their hands for toll-taking. Also that prosperous farmers and prosperous farm years mean assured

dividends for traders and bankers. The trade currents are changed, to be sure, the last three years but their domestic trade volumes are undiminished. I did not find a single business man or banker in all Denmark who questioned the wisdom of farm coöperation or the success of the coöperatives, and not a single man jack of them all did I find to be an opponent of coöperative farm production, manufacture, sale, or purchase, except among the private business agencies that are opposed to the farmer's importing his own fertilizer ingredients in wholesale quantities at wholesale prices.

The Danes are doing for themselves many things that we are slow to believe in America can be done in a state of two or three million people. For instance, outside insurance companies find little business in Denmark, and the business of the insurance corporations of Denmark among the farmers is a mere bagatelle. They carry their own insurance in coöperative groups, and they have learned to turn the trick as deftly as a juggler.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CO-OPERATION SUCCEEDS IN DENMARK

PARIS, Dec. 4, 1923.

Success in coöperative farm enterprise is a fact beyond doubt or debate in Denmark for a half-century or more. At least none of the coöperative enterprises are in question except the newest enterprise, namely the Central Coöperative Landmans bank. That bank is just ten years old and it was formed to extend credit not to individual farmers but to farm coöperative groups in financing their various enterprises of manufacture, sales, imports and the like. I found it in hard lines in 1923 due to the immense business expansion of the prosperous war and after-war periods. The largest and oldest corporation bank in Copenhagen failed, but the coöperative landmans bank was still operating upon a basis of assured success although the dividends had dwindled to little or nothing. The slump in Denmark as in most other countries of the world came in 1922 and all the Danish banks have been in more or less trouble the last three years, but the big bank of the coöperative groups is probably in less danger than any corporation bank.

The Reasons Why. A careful analysis forced upon me the conclusion that farm coöperations succeed in Denmark because of the following facts: (1) poverty and comradeship in poverty at the start, (2) the universal diffusion of intelligence and the sponging out of illiteracy, (3) density of population and country community life, (4) a geographical location offering 100 million consumers within a twenty-four hour run by

rail and boat, (5) well-nigh universal farm ownership, (6) organization from the bottom up, (7) small beginnings in small groups with small capital, (8) the fundamental principle of self-help. Which is to say, the farmers ask absolutely nothing of the state that they can do by themselves and for themselves in coöperative effort. Which is further to say that state-aid of any sort is in the form of opportunities and services and least of all in money out of the state treasury. And (9) state-aid in transportation and terminal facilities.

A Long, Hard Pull. Success in coöperation was not achieved at a single bound in Denmark. During a half-century or more, the Danes have been succeeding and failing, and trying over again and failing again and again, but nevertheless gripping their lips firmly and setting themselves to bear as many failures as were necessary to develop the coöperative virtues and to teach them the conditions of success. The Dane is not a brilliant chap but he has rare common sense as a racial characteristic. Furthermore he has unbeatable bull-dog courage. The Danes won their fight in a good deal less than a half-century. They were willing to pay the price of success no matter what the cost because the end in view was worth the struggle. They had sagacity enough to see that the mere producer of raw wealth in any land or country is inevitably the man who gets the smallest part of the wealth he produces. They did not need to be told that the ignorant pearl diver wears little more than a breach-clout, that the gold the miner turns up with his pick ornaments the lords and ladies of the round world, that whatever wealth an ignorant farmer pro-

duces is consumed at the banquet tables of intelligence, that all the world is organized against the solitary farmer, and that the farmer standing alone is the easy prey of organized big-business.

Every item in the foregoing list of causes is worth examination. In course of which, the obstacles to successful farm coöperation in the South will emerge. They are obstacles that must be conquered one by one if success is ever to be won.

Driven by Poverty. 1. The Danes have an idea that their impulse to coöperate originated in dire poverty and distress. No farm population in America at any time has ever experienced the poverty that the Danish endured with no chance to cure during 600 long years of serfdom. And when the vote of citizenship was given to them mid-way the nineteenth century, living in the farm regions was reduced to its very lowest terms. They had little or no land, no money with which to buy farms, and still less cash with which to operate them. They were keen enough to see that their first need was investment capital and operating cash. And they were as prompt to organize coöperative credit unions as the German farmers. But the German farmers stopped with credit unions while the Danes moved on into coöperative manufacture, marketing and buying. All of which were the inventions of pinching necessity. They very well illustrate Andy Johnson's famous saying, that success nearly always begins in poverty and pluck.

Exactly as partridges huddle together in a snow storm so the Danish peasant farmers huddled together to work out their common problems, and out of the comradeship

of poverty grew the coöperating spirit and the coöperative virtues—tireless industry and pinching self-denial, sagacity or keen prudential foresight, faith in one's fellow man, willing subordination to self-chosen authority, unimpeachable integrity, and unbreakable courage. A Dane disloyal to his coöperatives is almost unknown, or so I was repeatedly told in Denmark. He swears to his own hurt and changes not, he puts his hands to the plow and looks not back. Loyalty is a Biblical virtue. Indeed all the coöperative virtues can be definitely phrased in terms of The Book. Short of the coöperating spirit and the coöperative virtues there is no chance to succeed in farm coöperative enterprises.

Led by Intelligence. 2. Moreover the Danes long ago realized the necessity for sponging out illiteracy and ignorance. More than a hundred years ago they passed under a compulsory education law. It is a law that enforces itself. Truancy officers are unknown in Denmark, except in the larger cities. The law has always been self-enforcing in country communities. The Danish family that willfully neglects the schooling of the children is haled into court by the community itself. Moreover the eagerness of the Danes for learning and their firm belief that knowledge is power soon put Denmark in the lead in Europe in local school enterprise. The University of Copenhagen has 6,000 students and a working income nearly twice that of the University of North Carolina. The scholarship students are a large section of the student body. They come up from every section of Denmark, some 600 in number. They win their scholarships in the schools below, in state-wide

competition, they are lodged free in Copenhagen dormitories of their own, and better lodged than the richest student at our own University. The same eagerness for education and liberal culture supports book stores, libraries, and art shops in larger numbers than I found anywhere else in Europe outside of Paris.

Sparsity of Population. 3. In the third place density of population and life in community groups must be taken into account. Farmers dwelling in solitary farmsteads a few to the square mile are almost unknown in this as in most other countries of Europe. This condition is common in North Carolina but it is rare in Europe outside of Norway, Sweden, and Finland. The Danish farmers live in communities, not quite as compact as in Middle and South Germany, but they live together, play together, and work together. The consequence is that their look on life is social and coöperative instead of individual and competitive, as in the sparsely settled regions of America. Mere density of population is a great factor in successful coöperation. And so is compact country community life. Coöperating farmers must know one another well enough to know who among them have the coöperative virtues—not one of them but all of them, for nothing less than all of them avails in coöperative business.

A Favorable Situation. 4. And then Denmark enjoys a unique geographical position. One hundred million consumers of food and feed stuffs surround it. And these consumers can be reached in twenty-four hours in every direction by rail and boat services. Moreover Copenhagen the capital is a city with close to a million

inhabitants. It is a great local market near at hand for the producers of food supplies. Many farm groups in Denmark depend upon purchasers in Copenhagen alone. We often speak of producing cotton and tobacco in North Carolina on a bread-and-meat basis. A fundamental obstacle lies in the fact that our cities are too few and too small to make food crops and animal products a money-yielding business for the farmers. Our attention is easily centered on the main money-yielding crops. This is to say, on cotton and tobacco. And the farmers like the rest of us are not easily capable of what President Wilson called split-attention. They are not often able to give their attention to two or more different types of farming at one and at the same time. In Denmark the farmers are devoted to food production alone and the main problem is to put it on a profit producing basis. Furthermore the food consumers in Denmark outnumber the food producers two to one. In North Carolina it is exactly the other way around. We have too many producers and too few local consumers of food products that our farmers might easily offer to the home markets. And our farmers are not yet ready to organize to reach the larger distant markets—not even our truck growers. Our fruit growers are only just beginning to organize in the Sand Hill country. Our apple growers in the northwest counties have hardly even considered a marketing organization as an indispensable means of getting money out of apple-growing in the finest apple-producing region in the United States. Our potato and peanut growers in the Albemarle country will organize and fail many times before they suc-

ceed, just as a child falls down many times before it learns to walk. So it was in Denmark and so it is likely to be in North Carolina.

Tenancy a Monster Obstacle. 5. Just as there is no illiteracy or none to speak of in Denmark so there are no landless farmers or barely more than 10,000 all told against 110,000 in North Carolina. Farm tenants in North Carolina are more than forty-five in the hundred farmers, against ten in the hundred in Denmark, and almost half of these are life or long-term leaseholders. The rise of landless peasants into land ownership is the story of one hundred and thirty-five years. It cannot be given here in a brief statement of the causes of successful farm coöperation. The point is that the coöperating farmers of Denmark are land owners almost without exception. A fundamental obstacle to coöperation in this and other Southern states is excessive farm tenancy. In the South at large a little more than one-half of our farmers are tenants, the overwhelming majority of them being croppers or share-tenants of one type or another. The estimate is that they produce more than one-half of all the cotton and nearly two-thirds of all the tobacco. The cotton and tobacco growers' associations have already learned that it is not easy to control the crops grown by their tenants. And no way has yet been found to conquer this fundamental difficulty. Here is one of the perils of coöperative enterprise in the cash-crop regions of the South. It defeats orderly marketing.

6. A principle of coöperative enterprise in Denmark worth close attention and serious consideration is the principle of organization from the bottom up. Which

means active local groups, nearly 10,000 all told, busy with the small-scale problems of coöperative production, manufacture, and sale of farm products, by farmers that know one another intimately. Every farmer has a property interest in his products. He never surrenders this property interest at any stage of the game from first to last. Such a thing does not seem to be necessary in Denmark for the reason that they know one another and trust one another in ways that are almost beyond belief. At the top are the centrals, one central for each of the commodities produced or farm purposes to be accomplished. A coöperative central is in instant communication with its coöperating farm groups, directing the sales in home or foreign markets so as to produce the largest possible profit; or acting as a wholesale purchaser of whatever its group of coöperatives needs; or instructing its groups in arranging for operative farm credit; and in general looking after the wholesale concerns and necessities of its own particular group. As a rule the central executives are farmers or farmers' sons who have been bred from the ground up in the business details of agriculture. The central borrows no money, it is not a proprietor, it has no credit collateral to offer. It instructs, advises, and guides, it is a clearing house, an intelligence center—this and nothing more.

Nobody knows better than the Danish farmers the difference between a coöperation and a corporation. And a corporation could not be ambushed under the title of a coöperation. Here is a distinction with a real difference, and the Danes cannot be fooled about it. I have many a time analyzed farm coöperations in America

only to discover at last that really they are corporations. Or frequently so. Now a corporation is not essentially bad or wrong. The point is that farmers ought not to get into a corporation when they think they are getting into a coöperation. It is a chance that they do not have in Denmark. But it is a chance that they risk every-day in America.

In quite recent years, we are experimenting with a new form of farm organization in the United States. It is not a coöperation, it is a corporation. And furthermore it is a corporation with a super-corporation right —the right of self-contained ownership. The farmer who joins it contributes his cash-crops to the business and in so doing surrenders his property rights in these cash-crops. Not so when he contributes capital to a bank or a mill or any other corporation of the prevailing type. He still owns what he contributes to such corporations and his ownership right is represented by shares of stock. The new form of corporation in which the farmers are participating in large numbers in every state of the Union must needs run the gauntlet of the courts as the old type of corporation has itself been doing for some two hundred years and is still doing at every sitting of the legislatures and the courts. It may be an effective form of business organization for the farmers, but it will be under fire for many years to come. The farmers must be prepared for this fact, remembering the while that what matters most is not the form or name of a thing but the substance of it. Nevertheless no form of farm business can hope to succeed without the coöperative virtues of active local groups.

Small Beginnings. 7. Like the Toad Lane weavers in Rochdale who began with 21 shillings put into a coöperative store, so the Danes began their various coöperative manufacturing, marketing, buying, and credit businesses. And just as the coöperative stores of England are now the biggest single business in the British Isles so the farm coöperatives of Denmark are conducting the biggest single business in Denmark. The way they began reminds me of the advice I used to get every Friday afternoon when I stood up to speak my little piece in school: "Begin low and go slow, rise higher and take fire." It is a fine art and the real orator is not slow to learn it. But it is also a fine art in the business of farm coöperation. The Danes began exactly that way. They began in little groups with combined capital in small amounts, with risks reduced to a minimum. They put their eggs into a little basket. It was all they had and they watched their basket with exceeding care. Personal attention and eternal vigilance was the price they paid for success, but meantime they were learning little by little the infinite business details of reaching final consumers with farm products put into fit forms for final consumption. They were small-scale businesses finally combined into businesses large enough to guarantee profits to practically every farmer in Denmark. I very much doubt whether the Danes could have been induced to organize a mammoth business at the start and to risk every dime of their cash income in any new and untried form of business organization. Organization from the top down is not the way of the Danes.

Self-Help Coöperation. 8. Coöperation in Denmark is essentially self-help coöperation. The coöperative

farmers want as little help and as little interference as possible by state authorities. For instance, the Danes ask no funds from the state for their credit unions or their big coöperative bank, and they will not have state officials managing or dispensing credit to the farmers. They form their own organizations, elect their own officers, and audit their own accounts. But among the Mediterranean peoples the coöperatives are financed by large grants from the state, and the credit organizations are largely managed by state officials. The same thing is largely true of producing, buying, and selling coöperatives. The result is what might easily have been foreseen at the start. The coöperators are a large voting bloc, and they make increasing demands on the state treasuries year by year—a voting bloc so large in Italy that they threatened bankruptcy to the state until Mussolini called a halt. France at this very minute is facing the same serious problem. Soft-soaping the farmers is the prime business of a Minister of Agriculture in one of the countries I visited last year. I discovered in my interview with him that everything done in his department was done with the purpose of controlling the farm vote in the approaching elections. As it happened, it was only the reduced purchasing value of the peasants' money that turned the farmer vote against him, and that finally turned him out of the ministry as a casualty of war.

The fundamental thing in Danish coöperation and in Danish social life as well is private initiative, personal and associational self-help, local community pride and coöperative enterprise with a minimum of state help and state interference.

CHAPTER XXIX

DANISH STATE-OWNED RAILWAYS

PARIS, Jan. 3, 1924.

Denmark owns and operates its own railroads, or at least the main line system, some 2,000 miles of trackage all told. Seventy-five million dollars are invested in the road beds, rolling stock, terminal facilities and accessories of all sorts in the state system. The state also owns and operates the thoroughfare telephone and telegraph lines. Every first-class post office is a telephone and telegraph station. The state also owns and operates the steam ferries that bridge the water gaps in trunk line travel and traffic, so that swift freights can go from one end of the state to the other without trans-shipment. Express trains move without any considerable delay from Copenhagen across two straits to Esbjerg for the English markets, or south across twenty-six miles of sea into Germany. A sleeping-car passenger goes to bed in Copenhagen and wakes up in Hamburg or Berlin. The steam ferries, or moving railroads as the Danes call them, have solved all the difficulties of *de luxe* travel in Denmark. The Danes have around one hundred million dollars invested in these state-owned and state-operated transportation and communication facilities. It is a tremendous enterprise for a little state one-third the size of North Carolina and with only 600,000 more inhabitants.

For thirty years this brave little kingdom has been operating its own railway, telegraph, and telephone lines for two distinct purposes: (1) to reduce passenger rates, freight charges, and communication costs to the lowest

possible figure, in the interest of farmers, manufacturers, merchants, and consumers alike; and to render these services as a fundamental contribution to common prosperity in Denmark, and (2) to develop the remote and less prosperous territories of the state. The developmental purpose is as pronounced and emphatic as the commercial purpose. Left to private enterprise the remote regions of north and west Jutland, for instance, would have been dreary, sparsely inhabited wastes for long years to come. The state penetrated these regions with railroads long before there was any profit-producing business in passengers and freights. For lack of such rail facilities our Lost Colonies have languished in both life and business, and the Albemarle counties have become tributary trade areas for Norfolk.

While the state does not own the lines that branch out into the marginal territories of Denmark, it does own as a rule from one-half to one-fourth of their capital stock, and these subordinate lines are operated as a part of the state system in schedules, freight charges, and passenger rates. The trains are slower on these secondary lines, the equipment is not so good as on the main lines and the rates are higher, because the volume of traffic and travel is less. But the dwellers in these remote regions are satisfied because they realize that without railroad facilities life and enterprise in these lonely places would be impossible. The Danes long ago realized the fundamental contribution that railways make to private enterprise on the one hand and to commonwealth development on the other.

A State Service Agency. Almost the only cheap thing in Denmark is freight and passenger service. The charges for both were from one-third to one-half of the charges on the German railways in 1913, and they are still distinctly less than they are today in Germany. It goes without saying that short-haul rates are less than they are in America. The *de luxe* trains of Denmark, what we call through Pullman-car service, are quite as good as ours, and the charges are not a great deal less. The express freight trains are another story. And so are the charges for short-haul freights in general on any sort of train. The bulk of freight business in little Denmark is short-haul business and the rates on such business are distinctly less than in America. On the other hand the freight receipts per ton mile in America are distinctly less than in Denmark, 1.116 cents in 1923 against 4.420 cents in 1922,* the average in the United States being lowered by the enormous distances and the volume of long-haul cargoes.

Another matter of interest is the fact that the conductors on the *de luxe* trains are the whole show. They inspect your tickets, make down your beds, answer the call bells and generally serve as porters as well as conductors. They do not consider it beneath their dignity to serve in these multifarious capacities. The same thing is true on the sleeping cars of Germany and France.

Another thing of significance is the fact that the Danish railways were never planned to be money-making enterprises; they are and have always been service enter-

* The figures quoted are reported by the Director of the Bureau of Railway Statistics, Transportation Building, Washington, D. C., July 10, 1924.

prises on the part of the state regardless of dividends. However these dividends have commonly ranged from one percent to two percent annually. Danish railway dividends have twice dwindled to nothing or less in the last twenty years. But all rates have been raised of late to cover losses and insure reserves for extension, repairs, equipments, and replacements. I frequently see the statement in American papers that the Danish railways are a failure, that the cars and road-beds are ill-conditioned and the waste enormous. True the local trains and the combination freight and passenger trains are slow especially on the private lines, but the same is true on our cross-country lines at home. Otherwise I did not discover the charges against the Danish railways to be true. Somebody has been misinformed or is indulging in propaganda against the state ownership of railways.

Business, Not Politics. The railroad employees of Denmark wear uniforms, they are public officials, and they are on the civil pension list. Their jobs are secure so long as they are efficient and courteous to travelers and shippers. They are in positions of honor, and manifestly the men respect themselves and the public they serve. The railway employees neither expect nor accept tips, and an attempt to bribe a Danish customs officer would promptly land the greenhorn in jail. The same thing is true in France. It is another story in Germany of late years.

Just as in the state promotion of home and farm ownership, the railway business of Denmark is business. It has nothing to do with partisan politics, because the

Danes are firmly convinced that politicians and politics play the very deuce with any business enterprise of the state.

I may add that at present the directorate of the Danish railway system shares moderately in the annual dividends of the railroads, in New Year bonuses ranging all the way from five to fifty percent of the profits according to the rate of dividends declared. The directors receive no bonus checks if the system declares dividends of two percent or less.

Where Business Is Politics. I am not arguing the state ownership and operation of railways. I am not saying that what is possible in Denmark and Germany succeeds in France or Italy. As a matter of fact the state ownership and operation of railways does not succeed in either of these countries. Both countries have tried it and they know that it does not succeed. A portion of the French system is operated directly by the state. The state railway service is fairly good in northwest France under government operation but it is distinctly less efficient and less profitable than in the other French railway systems that are operated by leasing companies.

The state operation of railroads in America is not a hopeful proposition in my opinion, and it never can succeed in a great country like ours unless (1) our railroad business can be taken out of politics and immeasurably removed from the influence of party politicians, and (2) unless railway employees from the director general down to the track gangs can feel themselves to be trusted business men conducting in a businesslike way a business

enterprise of the government—unless railway employees can esteem themselves as business men honored and rewarded in life-long jobs that depend solely on their efficiency, their faithfulness, and their courtesy.

All these things are true of the public servants involved in the Danish system of transportation and communication. If they cannot become true in America we shall be wise to leave these service agencies to private capital and its employees, no matter what it costs the public in the recurring damages of repeated wars between railway managers and railway employees.

Stifling Agriculture. Meanwhile no matter how rapidly American farmers multiply their volume of farm wealth year by year, by coöperative effort or otherwise, they are likely to be ground to powder between the upper and nether millstones of railway dividends on the one hand and unionized labor on the other. Farm coöperation succeeds in Denmark because the state owns and operates the railway, telegraph and telephone lines, and extends these services to business in general at the lowest possible rates. Coöperative enterprise and private business alike would have had a dog's chance in little Denmark under any other conditions.

An Illuminating Experience. One morning in a motor car ride in North Jutland we came within sight of a mine, the first mine I had seen in Denmark. What is it? I asked. It is a marl mine, was the answer. As we walked across the field toward it my host told me the story—the usual story of farm enterprise in Denmark. The farmer found in his fields an extensive deposit of very rich marl. Instead of operating it him-

self for private profit, he took his neighbors into a good thing and the combined capital of the coöperating group was sufficient to erect the buildings to house the miners, and to buy the necessary plows, teams and carts, drags, picks, shovels and wheel barrows. With their enterprise properly organized and equipped, they petitioned the prison authorities of the state for fifty able-bodied convicts, the necessary guards, and a domestic force for the prison house-keeping at the mine. Then they petitioned the state railway authorities for a spur track a mile or so in length, a shift engine, dump cars and railway employees sufficient to serve an active mine. The state authorities lost no time in complying with the requests of the farmer group. I found the convicts wearing no stripes, balls, or chains. And I have never seen men work harder and more cheerfully. Their mine quarters were clean, their food abundant and excellent, and the prison guards, as I remember it, were only four in number.

My comment was, This is the first time I ever saw farmers bunch up and beat the lumber and coal mine companies in this sort of game. And by the way, the guards were state prison officials of a manifestly superior type. No company of any sort is permitted in Denmark to have its own cheap guards and to stand between the law and its penalties, as in more than one state of the American Union. The aim of these farmers, said the Danes who accompanied me, is first of all to get a rich quality of lime for their own fields at the lowest possible cost, and then with the help of the railroads to sell it over a wide area at a minimum price to outside pur-

chasers. The liming of fields is a universal practice in Denmark. Our marl deposits in Eastern North Carolina although quite as rich as those of Denmark have practically no commercial value.

It is an extremely rare thing in Denmark for a farmer to surround an advantage and to squeeze his neighbors to the limit.

CHAPTER XXX

DENMARK, A HOME-OWNING CIVILIZATION

PARIS, Jan. 9, 1924.

The civilization of Denmark is based on home and farm ownership, and the ownership of homes and farms is practically universal. But it has taken more than a century to lay down these foundations of an enduring coöperative commonwealth. For Denmark is what no other country in Europe is, indeed what no other state in the world is, namely a coöperative commonwealth in every phase of statehood, economic, social, and civic.

The Danes believe that home and farm ownership tethers a man to law and order better than all the laws on the statute books, that it promotes industry, thrift, sobriety and integrity, that it makes a man a stable, responsible citizen, that it breeds in him a sense of proprietary interest in churches, schools and roads, that it moves him to safeguard his home and home community against social contaminations, that it makes him a better husband, a better father, a better neighbor, and a better citizen. And they are everlastingly right about it. Any community, state, or country is in peril so long as its mud-sills are laid down in landlessness, homelessness, and roving, irresponsible citizenship. The Danes are so strongly established in this belief that they have literally moved Heaven and earth in the last quarter-century to reduce town and country tenancy to zero, or as nearly so as humanly possible.

America has moved steadily in the opposite direction. More than one-half of all the people in the United States

live in dwellings that they do not own, more than one-half of all the Southern farmers are renters and croppers, a third of all our white farmers and two-thirds of our negro farmers in North Carolina are tenants, while in our larger cities from two-thirds to three-fourths of the people spend their days and nights, like poor Dante, going up and down somebody else's stairs.

But in Denmark the farmers believe in having their legs under their own tables. There are a few more farmers in North Carolina than in Denmark but the Danish tenants and renters are barely 5,000 or less than two percent of all the farmers. That is to say, tenants and renters in the American sense of these words. The Danish peasants like the peasants of Germany and France have a passion for land ownership. The lust for land that was the ruling passion of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers in the long-ago days died out in western civilization, but it lives in Denmark. Said a Jutland Dane to me, "A farmer hasn't got any standing unless he owns some land if it isn't more than a hectare. Hardly anybody respects him in Denmark unless he is a landowner big or little." It brought to my mind the sayings of the early Saxons: "The land's the man, No land, no man, Who owns the land owns the man, Who owns the land rules the realm." A self-respecting farmer in Denmark owns a farm of some size if it isn't larger than a pocket handkerchief, and the passion for home ownership is nearly as strong in the cities.

If communism moves westward out of Russia as it may do in some distant day, it will assuredly leave Denmark untouched. Communism gathers volume wherever there

are groups of landless, homeless people. It showed its head in the cities and industrial areas of Germany and France in the last elections, and it is in a position in both these countries to demand a hearing in legislative halls. And not only this, it is in a position to demand a place in the ministries of both countries. Its strength is entirely in the towns, cities and other industrial centers where homeless wage and salary earners are multiplying as rapidly as in America. But the bulwark of defense against communism in Denmark is universal or nearly universal home and farm ownership. Property owners tend to be conservative in their ways of thinking about life, business and politics, for the very simple reason that they have something to conserve. The radicals are radical everywhere because they own barely more than the clothes on their bodies, the strength of their backs, and the skill of their fingers. They are radical because they have little or no property at risk.

Property and Wage-Earners. Outside of Copenhagen the Dane without land, goods, and chattels is rare, so rare that he is almost unknown. Even the farm laborer is usually a house-holder settled on a little lot of his own and he thinks of himself as belonging to the little-lander class of home-owning farmers. The property-owning passion of the small wage and salary earning classes of Copenhagen leads them to build and furnish little shacks of their own on small garden spots on the vacant lots and open fields fringing the city. They look like colonies of doll houses. Some of them are artistic, many are mere shanties—a mere trifle, a poor thing but their own, they say. On Sundays the proprietors

swarm into these colonies with their wives and children, fly their *Danebrogs* gaily, smoke, gossip, eat, and work their little garden spaces, and revel in the open-air enjoyment of life. Copenhagen and every other Danish city are rimmed around with holiday scenes of this sort. They are as spectacular as the traveling fairs of Germany or the street carnivals of France and America, but they are essentially different, because their origin lies in the lust for property ownership. I may say that these tiny garden lots are sometimes owned by the occupants, who actually live in the midget dwellings until they can move up into larger land ownership, but usually they are merely renters or leaseholders. Frequently the owners of these vacant lots are merchants or manufacturers who grant rent-free privileges of this sort to their employees. The vacant-lot gardening of the United States is one thing, but in Denmark it is quite another thing. It is more or less a fad in the United States, it is a racial passion in Denmark—a passion for growing things and for something they can call their own.

Promoting Home Ownership. The cities of Denmark are busy getting wage and salary earners into homes of their own. There are signs of it everywhere you turn. The outskirts of Copenhagen in a dozen points of the compass show colonies of people living in modest homes built with money borrowed straight out of the state and municipal treasuries, or built by the municipalities and sold to citizens of good character at cost upon long-term payments at low rates of interest. Frederickshavn, for instance, bought a tract of land, erected some seventy brick or brick-veneer buildings, each one different from

all the rest, and the city is now offering these dwellings to picked people among its wage and salary earners at their exact cost, including to be sure the expenses of street building, water, sewer, and light installations. Any reputable citizen of small income can buy the dwelling of his choice and have from sixty-five to ninety-eight years in which to pay for it in regular monthly payments upon principal and interest. What he pays is always less than the rent he would otherwise surrender to grasping landlords. I found the same purpose embodied in a different plan in Elsinore. Taking the city dwellers of Denmark as a whole, nearly three-fourths of them own the houses they live in. In North Carolina nearly three-fourths of the city dwellers in towns of 10,000 or more inhabitants are renters, and rent in every one of these cities has now come to be a nightmare.

State Aid to Farm Ownership. Any reputable farmer over twenty-five and under fifty years of age can own a farm in Denmark. The state for twenty-five years has been deliberately helping men to rise out of tenancy into farm-ownership. State aid to farmers began in 1899 and up to date ninety-five million kroner has been appropriated by the Danish Parliament for this purpose. Reckoned in the normal exchange value of the krone the total is right around thirty million dollars. Forty percent of this amount was taken out of the ordinary revenues of the state and the rest or most of it was furnished by the fourteen land credit societies. These credit societies are regional societies. They are private corporations composed of members who have investment

capital at their disposal, that is to say trust moneys that they are willing to let in this way at low rates of interest because of the safety of the security. They lend to a farmer 80 percent of the value of the farm and farm equipments on very much the plan of our building and loan associations in America. They hand out tax-free debenture bonds to the borrowers and they are bonds underwritten by both the state authorities and the credit societies. The farmers cash these bonds at the banks or sell them to private buyers. The borrowers make stated monthly payments that in 98 years dismiss the debt. These payments are calculated at four percent, three and one-half percent being interest and one-half of one percent being payments on the principal. In twenty-five years the losses of the fourteen credit societies have been less than one-third of one percent. The foreclosing of mortgages is rare in Denmark. If anybody loses finally the loss falls upon the state that guarantees these land mortgage bonds, but the state is willing to bear the loss if any in order to build a stable and enduring commonwealth upon the substantial basis of home ownership and the citizenship that ownership breeds. The rule is for a farmer of experience to evidence his character by offering one-tenth of the purchase money as a first payment. If he does not have sufficient power of hardy self-denial to have saved at least that much, the conclusion is that he is not a good credit risk. The would-be farm owner, upon satisfactory evidence of character, can borrow as much as $4,000 on first and second mortgages, the first mortgage maturing in 65 years and the second in 98 years. The

interest rate is 4 percent, which includes regular payments on the principal. The short-term loans he needs for productive uses or emergency purposes he gets from his coöperative credit union, where again his collateral is his character, reënforced by the combined character of his coöperative credit group. There is no better collateral at the bank counters of the country.

An Extreme State Policy. But five years ago Denmark went a step further. The state seized upon the glebe lands of the Lutheran churches and in this way secured 100 thousand acres to be sold to small-scale farmers. It was already state property, of course, and what the state did was to make it available for settlement by little farmers and farm laborers. But also parliament broke down the ancient laws of entail and seized one-fourth of the land of the large estates and one-fifth of their accrued capital wealth. In this way it secured 125,000 acres more and opened them up to settlement by the littlelanders of character upon the usual terms of interest and payment. The details of which need not be given here. Indeed this whole story of state aid to farm ownership in Denmark will be found in brief in Howe's "Denmark, A Coöperative Commonwealth," Mead's "Helping Men Own Farms," and Faber's "Coöperation in Danish Agriculture."

But the pertinent point I make is this, namely, that for twenty-five years Denmark has had a settled plan of getting farmers and city dwellers settled down safely under their own roof-trees, and that it is a business plan figured upon the basis of solvency. The business of promoting farm ownership in Denmark is a going

concern far removed from bankruptcy. It is in no sense a charity but in every sense an opportunity that the state gives to worthy people to acquire farms and homes of their very own. The details of management are business details and men charged with these business details are trained business men. So far the state has suffered no losses, and the losses of the credit societies have been so small as to make scarcely a dent in the twenty-million-dollar reserve fund of these corporations.

All this, to make 18,000 farm owners out of so many farm tenants and farm laborers! The number looks small when set against twenty-five years of intricate, tedious work, but these 18,000 owners of new homes and farms swell the volume of national wealth, increase the tax resources of the state, multiply business profits and bank dividends, reënforce the army of stable, responsible citizens devoted to Denmark because they have a stake in the land. The Danes are firmly convinced that their home ownership policies are worth vastly more than the risk, the trouble, and the loan capital of ninety-five million kroner.

Loaded Down With Debt. Manifestly the farmers of Denmark are loaded down with debt—around two hundred millions of state debt, another hundred millions of municipal debt, and four hundred millions more of land mortgage debt. Their children and their children's children will be burdened with debt for generations to come. But it is debt willingly assumed in order to transform renters of trifling significance into owners and citizens of value and consequence. The Danes are not afraid of mortgage debt or bonded debt. To be in

big business of any sort, private, municipal or state, is to be in debt—inescapably so. But they are sturdy in body and brain, and they look forward into a hopeful future. They are moving upward inch by inch, day by day, into untrammeled ownership, ownership of themselves, their homes, their farms, their businesses, and their commonwealth. All told, the most cheerful and the most alert farm civilization that I have ever looked upon is the civilization of the debt-laden people of Denmark.

CHAPTER XXXI

CO-OPERATION VS. COMMUNISM IN DENMARK

PARIS, Jan. 12, 1924.

On an August evening in 1923 I had a chance to study at close range the humor and attitudes of the Copenhageners. I stood with a great crowd in the city-hall square, a ten-acre space in the heart of the city, and listened to the speeches of welcome to the Soviet International Trade Delegation from Moscow. By my side stood an English-speaking Dane who passed on to me the pith of the addresses and responses. Communism apparently gets a hearty welcome in Denmark, I said as I listened to the eulogies of Trotsky and Lenin by the Russian communists. Meanwhile we were moving into café seats on the sidewalk of the Palace hotel fronting the square.

A Dane Discourses on Denmark. Oh well, said he, Denmark is an open forum for every variety of opinion. Any speaker may say anywhere in Denmark anything he pleases as freely as the soap-box orator on Tower Hill or around the Marble Arch in London. The Danes like the English, he went on to say, are assertive, argumentative chaps, but they expect to settle issues with ballots and not with bullets. They do not believe in revolution, they believe in orderly progress—in evolution, if you please to use that term. Of course, the Soviet orators can get a hearing in Copenhagen or almost anywhere else in Denmark. They may orate and organize all they please without let or hindrance. There is a communist element in Copenhagen, a communist party, and com-

munist newspapers, but they probably signify less in Denmark than anywhere else in Europe. And don't forget as you look at this crowd that the Copenhageners are newsmongers drawn together by curiosity like the Athenians of old to hear and consider any new thing whatsoever. This crowd isn't communist, it is mainly curious. In the very nature of things the communists are a small party in Copenhagen and communism is an even smaller matter in Denmark.

Our discussion of Danish racial traits, institutions, and agencies went far into the small hours of the morning.

I came over on an English boat in a ship's company of Americans, said I. What on earth are you going to Little Denmark for? was a question frequently speired at me. I am going, was my response, for the sole purpose of studying a coöperative commonwealth at the closest possible range. Whereupon the usual inquiry was, But coöperation is socialism, isn't it? or communism or some other ism that we ought to hate and fight and suppress if possible in America? At least that is the way we feel about it in big-business circles at home. Upon this provocation my Danish friend squared himself for the first monologue of the evening.

An Antidote for Communism. Coöperation in Denmark is not socialism, said he, nor communism nor anything else of the sort. Coöperation is precisely the opposite of communism—not only the opposite but the antidote. Danish coöperators hold fast to the sacred rights of private property ownership. They would fight to the last ditch for the right to do what they please

with themselves and their own, but the Danish farmers have sense enough to know with your Ben Franklin that if they do not all hang together they will all hang separate. No argument is needed to convince a Dane that a bundle of twigs is stronger than any single twig, or that a rope is many times stronger than any single fiber of it. They believe in massing their little sums of private capital, in pooling their chances, in taking charge of their own enterprises, in learning to the last syllable the devices of business and the intricate details of trade. They have learned to choose the best man in the group for the business-end of their enterprises and they watch him, trust him, and back him to the limit. But every farm coöperation no matter what its nature is firmly based upon home and farm ownership, on the private ownership of property in general, on private initiative and private enterprise. Our coöperative groups demand and receive legal sanctions and legal protection on the basis of equal rights for all businesses and special privileges for none. Corporations and coöperations enjoy equal rights to live and thrive in Denmark. These two forms of business organization have learned to work in collusion, and they are rarely ever betrayed into collision. The Danish farmers are as fundamentally individual as the Americans, but their individualism has been tempered and disciplined by the life-and-death necessity for coöperation. You must remember that it was in the dark days of our country that the individualistic Danes began to develop the temper, the virtues, and the practices of group effort.

In contrast, the Russian communist does not believe in the rights of private property ownership or in private merchandizing, mining, manufacturing, transportation, or banking. Natural resources, capital wealth, and producing enterprises are the property of the state alone, or so the Soviets say. They believe in the nationalization of land, in leasehold rights and not in fee-simple deeds to homes and farms. The Danes are firmly convinced that leasehold rights will not forever satisfy the peasants, and that the next revolution in Russia will be fought for the freehold possession of the homes and farms they now occupy but do not own. Farm coöperation, as you doubtless know, had made spectacular progress in Russia before the revolution. The Russian coöperators still preserve their organizations but they are everywhere taxed, robbed and harassed beyond endurance, and not even the Russian peasants will forever suffer persecution without revolt. It may be long delayed but in the end it is as certain as death. The doom of communism lies in the passion of human nature for home and farm ownership and in the right of property owners to use their own in freedom.

State Socialism in Denmark. The Danes believe in the pooling of private capital, and in the private management of producing businesses, corporate or coöperative as the groups may choose. They emphatically do not believe any more than you believe in America in the state ownership and operation of business enterprises. Denmark is, however, a little country and we are undoubtedly moving faster than America into state ownership and operation of businesses that fundamentally

concern the common weal—that affect the public interest, as the phrase goes on your side of the Atlantic. We believe with Edmund Burke that the state can and ought to do whatever it can do better than local groups or private organizations. For instance, your federal government operates the postal service and even the parcels post. So do the Danes. The American states believe in taking over almost the entire burden of public education. So do the Danes. But we do not go as far in this matter as the people of any state in America. For instance, you have state high-school systems practically everywhere, but we have no state high-school system in Denmark. We have high schools, probably as many as you have and probably they are just as good, but our high-school education of every type is left to community pride and local tax-willingness—to the free self-determination of local communities. They pay the high-school bills and they may have Latin schools, farm schools, folk high schools, trade schools, what not, just as they choose.

Coöperative Democracy. State-operated postal service and state-supported public schools are forms of state socialism but they frighten us as little as they frighten the people of America. The state of Denmark takes over and operates its own railroads, telephone and telegraph lines, but it leaves public highways to local pride, local effort, and local support. The Danes believe in supporting civic and social enterprises, as far as it is humanly possible, by volunteer contributions, by friendly societies or fraternal orders as you call them, by dinner-plate clubs, and by local tax rates. We believe

in laying the smallest possible burden upon the state treasury. Nursing personal pride, community pride, community activity, and community purse-willingness to the last possible degree is a state-wide feature of Danish life. We deliberately adopt a state attitude and policy of this sort, and every municipality relieves its own treasury in exactly the same way. For instance, any man or woman who has honorably reached the age of seventy years receives an annual old-age pension of seventy dollars from the state treasury; but the old-age homes are a local matter. These homes are all over Denmark and there are no better institutions of their sort anywhere in the world. But the state pensions are small, therefore the municipalities increase it a little out of their own treasuries. Before the old-age alumni of any community are settled down for the rest of their lives in lovely comfortable surroundings the private social organizations of the various communities have voluntarily taxed themselves more heavily than the state and municipalities have done. In England old-age pensions are entirely a state expense; they are on a contributory basis in Denmark. And the same thing is true of the various forms of social insurance. Part of the fund comes out of the state treasury, part out of the profits of employers, and part out of the weekly wages of the workers.

On the other hand the state of Denmark establishes and supports all sorts of institutions for liberal learning, technical training, and research. The state trains executives and leaders for every type of economic and social organization, but the salaries and expenses of these

public servants are paid in the main out of local public treasuries reënforced by the private contributions of generous individuals and groups devoted to this or that particular social purpose. It recognizes the efficiency of this or that private agency and makes it a semi-official body in the state system, but whatever it does, it lays the least possible burden on the state treasury. The burden of support and activity falls upon the generosity of individuals, local agencies and local tax treasuries.

We understand perfectly well that when a state undertakes to be something more than a big policeman busy with the problems of law and order and begins to move over into the field of civic services, the supporting funds must be enormously increased. We believe that these burdens of support ought to fall least of all on the state treasury and most of all upon local treasuries, local organizations, and private beneficence. Denmark has gone far in social-civic services to its people—in the state ownership and operation of transportation and communication facilities, in public education and public health, in old-age pensions, workingmen's compensation, mothers' aid, maternity pensions, social insurance and the like. But wherever it is possible, these enterprises are based on coöperation between the state and local governments, on coöperation between local governments and private organizations—churches, fraternal societies, and social-work organizations; and on coöperation between private organizations and their individual members. And more, every member is encouraged to give himself with his gift to the particular purpose of his organization. In other words, Denmark is a com-

monwealth based on coöperation, economic, social, and civic, with the result that greater attention is given to the social ills of Denmark and given in greater detail than in any other country of the world. So because the sense of local responsibility and private initiative is preserved and developed to the limit. Each community believes that its social problems are first of all its own problems and that each community is charged most of all with solving these problems without calling upon the state treasury for anything the community can do for itself.

Bureaucracy and Bankruptcy. If you do not adopt some such principle as this in America you will at last find two perplexities confronting you: (1) bankruptcy in your public treasuries, and (2) the immense multiplication of state and federal officials doing in home communities what the home communities could very much better do for themselves. I understand, said he, that already one of every twelve people gainfully employed in the United States is a federal, state, county, or city official of some sort. Denmark isn't rich enough to pay such a bill, and not even your own rich country will be able to pay it in a few years. The excessive number of public officials—what the French call *fonctionnaires*—is a tremendous problem in France today. It is government by bureaucrats, and bureaucracy in France, Spain, and Italy haunts these countries like a ghost day and night. In Denmark we are trying to side-step these two menacing ills of modern civilization. And we believe we are doing so without neglecting any of the essential social problems of a wholesome civilization.

We think we are developing a civilization based on private property ownership, on self-regulated individualism, on the comradeships of coöperation, on personal and community responsibility, and on local community pride. We do not believe in a centralization of authority. We believe in the universal diffusion of social responsibilities, opportunities, and rewards.

I am faithfully reporting what perhaps was the longest speech this diffident Dane ever delivered and I am reporting it in some detail because it throws light on Denmark as a coöperative commonwealth. These sanely balanced Danes are safely threading a maze in which almost every other country of the world is bewildered or lost. They are not falling into heartless individualism on the one hand or into destructive socialism on the other.

As we bade each other good night I felt sure that Denmark would side-step communism and most of the other isms that perplex and affright the world today, and that the fundamental good sense of the Danes would preserve their civilization long after other countries in Europe have disappeared in political conflagrations.

Thinking Back to Carolina. I moved along to my *pensionnat* under the eaves of the State University wondering if we would ever solve our public welfare problems in North Carolina without county welfare boards and community councils busy in their own bailiwicks helping the state officials in the myriad details of social service. And also, whether a cotton or a tobacco growers' central in Raleigh could weather the inevitable storms of farm business without local groups bent on

learning the principles and intricate details of coöperative effort, busy teaching coöperation to their neighbors, and good-humoredly but grimly screwing their courage to the sticking place. Work of this sort is not communism, it is coöperation, and the two are as far apart as the poles.

In all my wanderings about Denmark, I never once chanced upon a Dane whose mind was overly busy with church dogmas and religious theories. Apparently the chapter of The Book that has most impressed the Danes is Matthew twenty-five. At all events he would be a careless observer who missed the fact that the Danes are bent on making this dirty little spot in space that men call earth a cleaner place for children to be born into, a safer place for boys and girls to grow up in, a happier place for men and women to work in, and a happier place for departing saints to look back upon.

Religion in Denmark is coöperation, and coöperation is religion. It is not a periodic phrenzy but a placid work-a-day faith and practice. The Danes believe—really believe—with Saint Paul that they are members one of another and all members of one body. Basedow's doctrine All for each and each for all meant little in Holland but it means everything in Denmark. Such are the fruits of coöperation in business effort, social life, and civic service.

Coöperation as the Danes have realized it is the farthest possible remove from sovietism, for the soviet is the last word in occupational organization for class advantage. We have no end of occupational organizations in America for class advantage alone, and such organiza-

tions, no matter what we call them, are soviets. The Russians have merely given us a new name for a very old fact in American history. We shudder at the name but we tolerate the fact.

To make democracy safe in a harassed world means to give to every citizen freedom to do his best for the common welfare and the will to use that freedom with energy, says Charles W. Eliot. The Danes are doing this very thing, and we need to get busier at this task in my own state and country.

CHAPTER XXXII

DRINK IN DENMARK

PARIS, Jan. 17, 1924.

It is fair to say at the start that water is a common drink in Denmark. It is really a beverage among the Danes. It is universally served in the cafés and restaurants, in the hotel dining rooms, and in private homes. It is delicious water, soft and pure and palatable as one might expect from the springs and wells of a sand-clay-pebble area.

Not so in Germany and not so in France, for both are limestone countries in the main, and in general the water has the odor and pronounced taste of surface seepage through decayed limestone foundations. Besides, all Europe has been a graveyard for long centuries, and any drinking-water is cemetery seepage. Outside the limited areas of granite formation it is not safe to drink water in either France or Germany. It is even difficult to use it for shaving, bathing, or washing clothes. Nobody expects you to drink water. The natives do not drink it as a rule. They consider it good for cooking and scrubbing but not for drinking—good for dumb animals but deadly for humans. More than once we upset the whole establishment calling for drinking-water in German and French cafés. Drinking-water is ready at hand for everybody in American hotel lobbies and usually it is ice water, but in Europe if you want water to drink you ring for it and pay for it with a tip. One can buy anything to drink from the little hand carts that run alongside the trains in the French railway sta-

tions—anything but water. When one chances upon it, it is bottled Vichy or St. Evian from the granite regions of central France, but in Germany you do not often have a chance of this sort. We traveled across the Atlantic on a French boat. Wine was served free of charge and in unlimited abundance on the dining-room tables at the luncheon and dinner hours, but you paid three francs a bottle for all the water you got to drink. Nowhere on the railway trains of the continent is there any water to drink. The most acute suffering we experienced was nine hours of thirst on a delayed train from Paris to Basle. When at last the dining car was attached to our train we swarmed into it and our bill for water alone was two good American dollars.

But water is a fairly common beverage in Denmark. Water bottles are common on the tables of hotel dining rooms, restaurants, and cafés everywhere and the water is distinctly good for all the uses of water at home. But also every other kind of drink is common except the fantastic mixed drinks of the old days in the United States and the deadly drinks of the Volstead-law era. However, one may find American bars and American drinks in the large cities of every European country—not only American drinks but also the American fashion of standing at a bar and gulping drinks down with a single swallow after the manner of the film picture heroes. The Europeans criticize it as primitive and vulgar but nevertheless they are rapidly developing the habit.

Unlimited Drinking. The drinks of Denmark are unlimited in variety and quantity, indeed they cover

Denmark like the dew—beer, porter, stout, wines, liquors, appetizers, everything in fact except absinthe. And everybody drinks one thing or another or all of these, men, women, and children alike. There are not now and never were any barrooms in Denmark in the American sense of the term, but drinks are served to order in every café, restaurant, inn and hotel and equally freely served in private homes. Every grocery store sells bottled malt drinks, wines, brandies, and grain, potato, and sugar-beet alcohols. The beers and porters are made in Denmark and brewing is perhaps the largest manufacturing business of the Danes. The wines are usually imported and the Spanish-Portuguese wines are inexpensive. Imported beer is high because of a protective tariff, and so also are the imported fruit and grain alcohols. A considerable revenue is derived by the state from the tax on imported brandies and whiskies. The Danes like all the rest of the Scandinavian peoples crave strong drinks. Commonly the Dane wants a small glass of *aquavit* or fiery grain alcohol with his glass of beer, and the habit of mixing these drinks is almost as common among the women.

The nearest approach to the American barroom is the country saloon where the peasants congregate on Sundays and other holidays to drink and talk without interruption by their women folks. The wine shop of the farm village in France is a similar meeting place for the small farmers. The French village wine shop has its counterpart in the German *must* or hard-cider halls. And I may add that alcoholic saturation is certainly as com-

mon in the wine shops of rural France and the hard-cider halls of rural Germany as in the whisky shops of rural Denmark.

Family Drinking. But outside the country regions of Denmark, France, and Germany, it is the whole family that seats itself around a restaurant or café table to spend the evening or the holiday eating, drinking, and having a social good time in general. They rarely ever drink without eating, but they eat and drink unbelievable quantities before the evening is over. It goes without saying that roystering parties, drunken and rowdy, frequently make the night hideous in the small hours of the morning in beer-drinking Germany, in wine-drinking France, and in whisky-drinking Denmark. And he would certainly be a stupid observer who could not see that light wines and beers as thoroughly alcoholize a people as the prevalent strong drinks of the British Isles and the Scandinavian countries. My deliberate conclusion is that light drinks settle none of the problems of alcoholism. Norway for instance is a country of free or nearly free beers and wines, with prohibition laws against brandies and whiskies beyond a stated small amount monthly. In other words, the Norwegians have, or had while we were in Denmark, exactly what some people advocate in this country, namely, light beers and wines. Nevertheless the bootlegging of strong drinks into Norway threatened to throw the whole kingdom into civil war in the fall of 1923. My conclusion is that lawlessness in Norway is very like the lawlessness of the United States, and that light wines and beers solve none of the drink problems of a country.

Inhibition in Denmark. What Denmark has in her liquor laws and practices is certainly better than the lawlessness of Norway. Upon an average there is one country saloon for every 350 Danes the country over, but neither in the large cities nor in the country regions of Denmark did I discover as many signs of drink and drunkenness as anybody can see around the railway stations and hotels of any state in America, Utah alone excepted. As a matter of fact Denmark does not believe in prohibition. It does believe in inhibition. That is to say, in the will power of the individual to drink in moderation and to stop short of drunkenness. The drunkard pays a swift penalty for his weakness in Denmark. And there are weak people in Denmark as in every other land and country. But what the drunkard and his family face are penalties that stagger the excessive drinker—not the penalties of law so much as the inevitable penalties of social custom. For instance, he faces the city workhouse or *ladegaard* as the Danes call this institution. The workhouse inmates are called *ladegaard-lemmers*. The drunkard gets into the workhouse where he receives shelter, food and medical attention, and the daily job of the *ladegaard-lemmer* is to sweep the gutters of the streets. Moreover he sacrifices his old-age pension, for no man or woman who receives public charity or appears on the court records of conviction may expect an old-age pension.

But another penalty stares him in the face, namely, the loss of credit. A man who drinks to excess cannot be a member of a local coöperative credit union or short-loan society as the Danes call them. There are 168 of

these societies and membership is a badge of public honor. If he is expelled from his credit society his name is worth nothing at any bank. The loan cashier asks the would-be borrower what his post office is, and turning swiftly to the directory of credit-society members asks if he is a member. If the borrower says No, the cashier turns down his application without further parley no matter what property collateral may be offered. If the borrower has been dismissed from one of these credit societies and obtains a short loan under false pretense of membership he is liable to indictment in the courts. If he stands convicted of this or any other offense against the law he forfeits his old-age pension as well as his credit. It is a serious matter because in Denmark business is based on credit as in every other country of the world. But life and business are probably more intimately related to credit in Denmark than anywhere else in the known world.

Weakness of will in the matter of drink penalizes a man in Denmark. I fell upon a sad instance in illustration of this fact in Copenhagen. The son of one of the parliamentary leaders, a young man approaching thirty years of age, was working for his doctorate degree in the University. He was digging out his doctorate dissertation in the offices of a Coöperative Central in Copenhagen. He was a Jutlander and he could not withstand the temptations of gay life in the capital city of Denmark. He was promptly shut out of the Coöperative Central and because of that fact was just as promptly sponged off the University roll.

The Danish Ideal. The ideal of the Danes is inhibition not prohibition—the inward denial of oneself instead of the outward denials of law. And inhibition with the Danes does not mean teetotalism. It means moderation, say the Danes, and they stoutly contend that temperance in the Bible is properly translated moderation. It was the Lutheran pastor of a country church in Denmark who drew down his Greek dictionary and argued out this interpretation of the word in the Epistles of St. Paul.

The temperance movement in Denmark is an increasingly strong movement. The members of the temperance societies have already reached a total of some 200,000, and I was told that the number was rapidly increasing. But I found the temperance or mission hotels in Denmark serving light wines and beers just as any other Danish hotel. They are not the cold-water temperance hotels of England and Scotland. Temperance does not mean total abstinence in Denmark. It means temperance or moderation in the use of alcoholic drinks.

And there is a prohibition movement in Denmark. The prohibition convention met in Copenhagen during my stay in the city. The delegates met in the fervor of the "two or three gathered together in an upper chamber"; but my guess is that prohibition will never command more than a handful of followers in Denmark. The Danes consider prohibition in Norway a fearful example and the United States a still more fearful example. They stoutly maintain that moderate drinking is all told a far less evil than the widespread lawlessness of prohibition countries.

I am not arguing the matter. I am simply giving the situation in Denmark as faithfully as I can, with glances at the great problems of alcohol in other European countries.

CHAPTER XXXIII

TAX BURDENS IN DENMARK

PARIS, Jan. 23, 1924.

Denmark is first of all a farm state. The largest section of its population consists of farmers and their families. Their wealth is mainly farm wealth—farm lands and buildings, farm animals, farm machinery, tools and equipments. It is the most prosperous farm area in the known world and at the same time it is the most heavily taxed by the state authorities and the mortgage owners. The recent reform in the taxation of land values was a farmer reform. It was a change from taxes rated on the producing power of land to taxes based on market values. The theory of taxing farm values that is now being advocated in North Carolina is the theory that the Danish farmers tried out for a hundred years or more and deliberately abandoned. And when hard-headed Danish farmers try a thing out for a hundred years and then abandon it, it is safe to say that it is abandoned for all time, at least in Denmark. The old theory of low assessments and low rates on farm lands enabled the big estate owners to hold many thousands of acres out of productive use for speculative rises in value. Meanwhile the Danish farmers were feverishly anxious to settle down on farms of their own or to increase the size of their small holdings. They accomplished their purpose by taxing all lands at their market value reckoned in terms of market prices in the ordinary manner of sale. Landlordism and farm tenancy thrived, they said, under the old tax policy, but farm ownership thrives under the

new tax policy. The Danes hold that a stable satisfying agriculture must be based on ownership of the land the farmers cultivate. As a result tenancy farming in Denmark is as nearly reduced to zero as it is ever likely to be anywhere on the globe.

Stiff Taxes on Land. But does not taxing land at its market price increase the market price of such land in the end, and therefore make it increasingly difficult for tenants and leasehold farmers to rise into ownership? was the question that I put to many Danes. Maybe it does at last in a densely populated country, but its first effect is to make inactive owners turn it loose and give producing farmers a chance at it, was the uniform reply. But the sky-high price of farm land does not seem to matter in an area of prosperous agriculture. The Dane as a rule has sense enough to know whether or not he can make money on high-priced farm land. He knows how to set against the cost of such land and the taxes and interest he must pay, the salable products it will produce. He is a wizard at figuring, and he reckons in percents like a Jew. The foreclosure of farms for debt is almost unknown in Denmark, even during the business stagnation of the last two years. Fewer tenants are buying farms and fewer farmers are enlarging their business, is about the whole of the story. Meantime they are living and living well on their little home estates. They are buying fewer luxuries but the fat of the land is all their own.

Denmark is not only the most prosperous farm area in the world but it is probably the most heavily taxed agriculture on earth. Of course when you tax farm

land on its market value you tremendously increase the tax burden on agriculture, but at the same time you even more greatly increase the tax burden on city lots and industrial sites no matter where they may be located. And the Danish farmers know perfectly well that the bulk of the land taxes fall on city dwellers and factory owners. It is a way they have of shifting the heft of the burden upon the owners of city lots and manufacturing properties.

Heavy State Taxes. And the Danes have many tax burdens that we know little about in North Carolina. For instance, Denmark spends around fifteen million dollars a year on her army and navy alone; which is just about what the state of North Carolina spends on her civil establishment, on public education, public health and public welfare, on her institutions of benevolence, liberal and technical training, on old Confederate pensions and for all other state purposes, state highway building and maintenance alone excepted. The army and navy of Denmark are a tremendous expense that she cannot avoid in the present perplexities of Europe. Now add to the cost of national defense the upkeep of her state properties, which in this little country are valued at ten times the present worth of such properties in North Carolina. The parliament house of Denmark, the departmental buildings, royal palaces, royal library, and the like, are so extensive and so handsome that when a Tar Heel looks them over he wonders how on earth they can be owned and maintained by a population of only three and one-third million people. These and other state purposes lay a staggering burden

of taxes on general property, incomes, and inheritances in Denmark. More than a hundred million dollars a year is what it costs to run the state government of Denmark against twenty-five million dollars a year in North Carolina for all purposes whatsoever, including outlays with operating expenses, in 1922.

Tax Talk in Denmark. And the Danes do not like to pay taxes any better than any other people. Their word for taxes is *skrats* and *skrats* make a topic of conversation that one never gets away from in Denmark. Almost the most informing single look I got into Danish national character I got from the general discussion of taxes that I heard all the time everywhere in Denmark. For one thing, the Danes make a common distinction between taxes on the one hand and public investments on the other. What they pay to support public schools of all grades, state or local, they think of as investments to promote general intelligence and common prosperity. Not once did I hear a word of complaint about taxes for education, about bond issues for school buildings, or against taxes for school-bond sinking funds and annual interest charges. The state has a bonded debt of something like one hundred million dollars on her railway, telephone, and telegraph properties, and these properties like our state highway system in North Carolina are producing properties without which neither farm business nor any other business could flourish. Such bonds represent state investments, self-financing investments in common prosperity and common well-being. Nobody in Denmark looks at the enormous lump sum of bonded

debt for investment of this kind as public debt. They sponge it out of consciousness in all discussion of state indebtedness and state taxes.

Mortgage Debt in Denmark. And perhaps there is no country in the world, not even the farm state of Iowa, that is burdened with such mortgage debt as the farmers of Denmark carry. Most people in North Carolina think of mortgage debt of any sort as they think of death and taxes. The Danish farmers do not worry about farm mortgage debt so long as they are making clear profits on the borrowed money. Said one Dane to me, The whole business of banking is based on debt. What the banks loan is not their money but my money—money they owe me and other depositors, and if the banks can make money on the basis of debts then the farmers can do the same thing, for we are dead sure that we have got as much business sense as the bankers. The land mortgage bonds of the thirteen agricultural credit societies total something like four hundred million dollars. Your farmers speak of shingling a house with mortgages and I am told that they think a mortgage a disgrace; our houses in Denmark are shingled with nothing but mortgages but our farm squares are business concerns and they are producing businesses like any other business. We have learned that no business can turn out big-scale profits without operating on borrowed capital. Iowa is your best developed farm civilization, it is the richest farm state in America, but at the same time it is the most heavily mortgaged farm state in the American Union. If these mortgages represent money borrowed for producing purposes in successful farming, that is one

thing, but if they represent deficits or luxuries or bad judgments, it is altogether another thing. Such mortgages are everywhere a disgrace in Denmark as well as in America. Of course like any other business men the Danish farmers worry about mortgage debt, but as long as we come out year by year ahead of the game we do not bother overly much. Why worry? we say; we are heavily in debt but we are making profits hand over fist on borrowed money; at least we were making money until the slump of 1922 and we are still breaking even, with more than enough stuff around us to live on and with incomes still large enough to pay our taxes and the annual charges on our debts.

Making Poor Land Pay. Another thing we are accomplishing that you can well afford to consider in North Carolina, namely, the rapid conversion of inferior lands into permanent pastures and plantations. That is to say, into cultivated grass lands and forest areas. A planter in Denmark, said he, is a farmer who is devoting some portion of his land to cultivated forest trees of rapid growth. Nearly every planter has a little tree nursery. He knows forest trees, knows how to manage his little forest nursery, how to cut out his larger trees and replant at once with young shoots, how to plant, fertilize, and protect his young trees quite as well as the German foresters. He gets all necessary instructions practically free of charge from the Danish Heath Society, which is a private organization liberally subsidized by parliament to take over the state work of forest culture, reclamation, irrigation, drainage and heath land utilization in general. Aside from the privately owned plantations the

state has large forest areas, park properties and the like, but like the Danish railways the state plantations are expected to be self-sustaining. They turn into the state treasury a clear profit of some three hundred thousand dollars a year. Without these public and private plantations the small wood-working establishments of Denmark would be obliged to go out of existence. Plantation culture in Denmark represents a tremendous investment on part of the state and the private land owners. But the farmers of Denmark regard such enterprises as producing enterprises. They are counted as assets and not as liabilities. They are investment enterprises and they are not discussed in the same breath with taxes.

Almost the last thing that the farmers and the people in general have stopped to consider in America is forest culture, forest protection, the conversion of poor lands into profit-producing investments in grass and growing timber. Denmark never considered this matter until she was stripped bare of forest growths and her soils impoverished by rains, floods, and blasting winds. North Carolina will be obliged to consider this question at some early day. At present we are content to say with Louis XV, After us the deluge. We are busy with other things now and the future will look after itself, for all we care, is the short-sighted notion of our people at home.

Bonded Debt. The people of North Carolina are piling up an enormous total of bonded debt—state debt, city debt, county debt, school and drainage district debt; our total of bonded debt is right around one hundred dollars per inhabitant counting men, women, and children, said I to a Danish farmer in North Jutland. What

do your debts represent? was the question he fired at me without an instant's pause. Well, said I, our bonded debt represents first of all public highways, public schools, street paving and curbing, sewer systems, street lights, city water works, college properties and the like. Right around 90 percent of our total bonded indebtedness represents productive investments of this sort.

But, said he, these are investments in common well-being and common prosperity. What the deuce could North Carolina hope for without good roads, good schools, and good health? You have to pay for these investments but if they turn in more money than they cost you are well ahead of the game. And as long as we are well ahead of the game in Denmark we don't bother ourselves unnecessarily about mortgage debt or bonded debt or any other kind of productive debt. True the cost of living in Denmark has more than doubled since 1900 but our farm incomes have more than doubled during the same period. Our export of pork products is fifty percent increased. Our root-crop totals are more than doubled and also our per acre yield of grains. Our butter exports have more than doubled in value, and our egg exports have nearly quadrupled in the last twenty-four years.

Arithmetic in Denmark. It is a question of arithmetic, said he. Have your farmers stopped to figure that when they double two numbers they also double the difference between these two numbers? Suppose you double two and three—and here his pencil began to work under my eye—don't you see that you double the difference at the same time? Can't your farmers figure? he asked.

Suppose the cost of living is doubled; if they have had sense enough to double their incomes they have had a chance to double their bank account savings. And have they ever stopped to figure that an increase of fifty percent in income exactly takes care of a one-hundred percent increase in the cost of living?

We are not making as much money now as we did during the war and in the three years that immediately followed, said he, but our farmers are in better condition than any other people in Denmark. We are still well ahead of the procession in spite of bad trade conditions of late, heavy mortgage debt, heavy bonded debt, and heavy taxes.

If you argue with a Dane, you will be wise to throw him down and take his pencil away from him—if you can.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE FARM WOMEN OF FRANCE

PARIS, Jan. 30, 1924.

A final measure of the farm civilization of a country is the lot and fate of the women and children in the farm homes. If they are overworked beasts of burden—just critters as the knee-farmers of Europe say—then the farm civilization of that land is poverty-stricken beyond redemption. Or what is even worse, it is cursed with the self-imposed poverty of pinching parsimony. Describe in detail the farm homes, the tasks that are turned over to the women and children indoors and afield, the presence or absence of home conveniences, comforts, and luxuries—books, magazines and newspapers, musical instruments and music, electric lights, telephones, running water, waste-disposal systems and the like—the look of hopefulness or apathy in the faces of the women and the children, the sickness rates of the family and the death rates of infants and children, and you have a graphic, photographic picture of the farm civilization of a country.

Signs of Knee-Farming. Whatever lifts the level of the farm home life lifts the nation; whatever depresses the farm home dooms the social order it supports. It is a matter worth considering, because under modern conditions our own small-scale farmers are moving little by little toward the low estate of the knee-farming peasants of the Old World countries where the farm burdens rests in the main upon the backs of the women and children. Signs of it appear in our tobacco patches, in

our cotton fields in the chopping and picking seasons, in our truck and fruit areas everywhere, in the cranberry bogs of New Jersey and Wisconsin, and the sugar-beet farms of the West. And the native farm women of America will not bear it without revolt.

The cityward drift of country populations in more than half the states of the Union is largely the result of impossible living conditions in our farm homes. The small-scale farmers of Denmark found a way of escape (1) in ownership farming, (2) in self-feeding farm systems, (3) in the abundant use of small labor-saving machines, (4) in business machines created by coöperative effort, and (5) in community-culture organizations and enterprises. The result is farm homes on the highest possible levels of happiness and hopefulness for the women and children. And I see no other way of escape for the small-scale farmers of our southern cotton-to-bacco belt.

If the women and the children of the farm homes live happy, hopeful lives then the persistence and the progress of the country life of the nation is assured. But not so otherwise. Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" was a farm village, you know—a farm village in a land where factory systems, trade, transportation, and banking developed big cities and destroyed agriculture, a land where wealth accumulates and men decay. Said a yeoman farmer to me at the Royal Cattle Show at Islington in 1909, "England's a paradise for pigs and a hell for humans, town and country."

The French Farm Women. With these things said, let me remind my readers of the contrast I exhibited a

little while ago between the farm women of Denmark and the peasant women of Germany. I have never seen farm homes better equipped with conveniences, comforts, and luxuries than the farm homes of Denmark. There is perhaps no happier life for country women and children anywhere else on earth. But the lot of the women and children on the peasant farms of France, like the lot of the peasant women of Germany, offers a sad contrast to the life of the farm homes of Denmark. The women and children on French farms work just as hard as the peasant women and children of Germany. Like the German peasant woman the French farm woman is a wife and mother, a housewife and cattle-keeper, a field worker, draft animal and beast of burden. And in every farm region of France they work as I never saw women work even in central and south Germany. For instance, instead of picketing their dairy animals like the Danes and leaving them to graze alone, an old woman or a young girl in France will have charge of two or three cows and follow them about in the pastures and along the roads all day long in any and every kind of weather. I saw literally thousands of women and children stalking the cows, sheep, geese, and goats in a steady downpour of rain that lasted all day long all the way from Strasburg to Paris. No umbrellas, no rain coats, no gum shoes in sight anywhere. Only weather-soaked shawls protected their heads and shoulders. Only wooden shoes or sabots saved their feet from the mud and puddles of water. It made me shiver to look at these drenched figures in their lonely vigils.

Ambushed Homes. It is not easy to get into either the peasant or bourgeois homes of France. The German peasants live in villages with their farm animals under the same roof, but their homes open wide on the streets. The French peasants also live in farm villages but their farm buildings form squares set close together behind the high walls that line the roadways. An occasional window opens outward and frequenly only a slit in the high outer wall serves to indicate the homes behind the barricades of stone. The peasant life of Germany is open to the eye. The little children play together in the streets, and the housewives gossip between whiles in folksy fashion around the front doors. Not so in France. A walk down the street of a French village is like moving along between the stark walls of a little Rocky Mountain canyon, and the silence is almost as funereal. The family life of the French peasant is as concealed from neighbors and strangers as old King Tut ever was in his tomb. The Danish peasant homes are open to all the world, with the latch strings hanging on the outside, and a rare warmth of welcome awaits neighbors and strangers alike. If you get into a French farm home—peasant home, middle-class home, or chateau—you must be certificated by the ambassador of your country, vised by the minister of agriculture or some other minister of state, and then vised by the prefect, the sub-prefect, and the sous-prefect, clear down the line from some almightiness at the top to some little tin god at the bottom. For France is a complicated hierarchy of *fonctionnaires,* reaching from the ministers of state through countless grades to local midgets in the public service.

Richelieu made it so four hundred years ago, and so it is today with no essential change anywhere. And France is *fonctionnaire* France. You are not allowed to forget that fact for a single minute. Without fingering a long line of red tape, you would get into a French farm home at the risk of your feelings or your life.

Neighborhoods in France. But with all the diplomatic manoeuvers and flourishes properly attended to, the French home opens to you and the lord of the house is proud to receive you and show you everything he has in the farm square; that is to say the barns, the farm tools and utensils, the supplies of food and feed stuffs, the wonderful variety of farm animals, the rabbit warrens and the dovecotes, and last of all the sitting room where a meagre fire burns in the winter season in a small grate or glows in a charcoal brazier. The living room is usually the only room you get to see. It is the only room open to strangers or even neighbors. I say neighbors—the word has almost no significance in France in peasant or bourgeois circles. Neighborliness is almost unknown no matter how long the next-door family or the other dwellers in the farm village may have lived in close proximity during one or a dozen generations. The living room is a catch-all space devoted to the things the family uses and handles constantly in the daily life of the farm. The kitchen and dining room, if there be such a separate room, adjoins it on one side, and if there be a parlor or what the Danes call a drawing-room it opens out of the living room on the other side. If you are taken into the parlor you have a chance to look at the medals and blue ribbons the farmer has won in

departmental or national contests. There may be other things in the parlor that remind you of its name but the peasant is wholly bent on showing you his parchments and diplomas, blue ribbons and medals. It is rare for anybody outside the family circle to get a look into the bed-room quarters of a French peasant home.

Why Home Life Is Hidden. And there are reasons for the hidden life of the French peasant family, reasons why the family life is shut in and safe-guarded from prying eyes, why the family life is removed from the gaze of fellow villagers as well as from strangers. And here we come to a characteristic distinction between the peasant life of Germany and the peasant life of France. The peasants of both Germany and France are small-scale farmers. In both countries they work their wives and children to the limit in the business of farming, both are thrifty to the core, instinctively so, but here the likeness ends. The German peasant saves but what he saves is not money mainly. His savings are at once converted into producing properties—a little more land, another farm animal, a new wagon, a new farm tool of some sort. And during the war and after their savings went into building brand new farm houses, putting new roofs on old farm houses, and paying off of debts in cheap money. The German peasant's dream is to get comfortably fixed for bigger business as a farmer. His pride is to have more farm animals and a larger manure pile in front of his house.

The French peasant is not thriftier than the German peasant but he saves for altogether another purpose, and he will slave and save and starve both himself and his

family in order to accomplish that purpose. That is to say, what he saves is money. What he hoards is money. He hoards it like a miser. He fingers his savings like Silar Marner. His joy is in counting over his francs or his securities. If he turns his money aloose at all he wants a state bond for it or a municipal bond or an industrial stock or a lottery ticket. He counts his wealth in land to be sure, but above all he counts it in francs, stocks and bonds, and least of all in home comforts. Pinching parsimony and sordid miserliness are ingrained peasant traits. Hoarding money is occasional among Danish farmers, it is well-nigh universal among the peasants and the bourgeois farmers and villagers of France. With this difference, the home comforts and luxuries of the middle-class farmers and town-dwellers in France will usually be ample or even ostentatious, but never so unless the family is on the safe side of solvency. No matter what happens, whether he have much or little or nothing to eat or wear, or whether the wife and children live on scraps and go in rags, the French peasant must always be at least "one brave sou" ahead of the game. It makes the peasant nature of France hard and cruel as death itself. The women and children suffer unspeakably both in their home life and in their field work, but they have been bred to dire deprivations during countless generations, and even the Hindoo devotee finds his bed of tacks tolerable at last.

Home Ownership the Rule. The peasants of France have been home-owning farmers from the earliest days of feudalism until the Tennis Court oath of the Commons at Versailles. Upon the terms of feudal tenure,

to be sure. They were taxed, harassed, degraded, and goaded into savagery by their feudal over-lords and the state, but when the pent-up wrath of centuries exploded in the French Revolution they owned right around one-fourth of the arable land of the realm. Today they are something like one-half of the entire population and they own about four-fifths of the improved farm lands of France. Farm tenants, or *métayers* as the French say, are few—less than twenty percent of all the farmers the state over, against forty-five percent in North Carolina. The ratios run highest in the grain and livestock areas. The farm laborers are still fewer and their lot in the villages of the middle-class farmers is lower than that of our country negroes at home—so much lower in food, dress, manners, and morals that an American rubs his eyes in amazement. Or so I found it on the nine-hundred-acre farm of the best or reputedly the best farmer in northern France. And by the way, this *hobereau* or country squire owns one of the estates that once belonged to the Count Girardin who sheltered Rousseau at the Hermitage in the Montmorency Forest just before the French Revolution.

The change from feudal tenures to fee simple deeds in land ownership is a fundamental fact in the social structure of France. It is the one lasting result of the French Revolution. The varying forms of government since Napoleon's day, the stubborn resistance to priestly domination in politics and the rapid rise and fall of ministries are all episodes in later French history directly related to the majority vote of home-owning farmers who hoard money, who are frightened out of

their wits by the dwindling worth of their securities, and the diminishing exchange value of their dividends, and who dread increasing taxes even more than they fear death itself. When their francs fell from twenty cents to four cents in purchasing power, and they faced Poincaré's twenty-percent increase of taxes, then whoever knew the soul of France knew that another volcanic upheaval was at hand. Clemenceau knew it. Said he, "The French love *La Patrie,* but increase their taxes by a single sou and you have a revolution on your hands." What the French peasants crave is security and peace in the possession of their small properties. If they crave anything else I did not discover it in a five-months' sojourn among them. These assured, they will tolerate with careless unconcern any form of government whatsoever. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are words of sentimental sound and fury signifying little or nothing in France, and nobody knew this fact any better than Napoleon.

A Despised Occupation. Agriculture is the most despised occupation in France. I heard this statement on every hand, and it is easy to see that it is a fact. The farmers are despised, dreaded, and cajoled by the politicians who are themselves held in light esteem. The farmers are despised by the wealthy classes whose interest in country life is mainly in game preserves, shooting boxes and the gay parades of the hunting season; or in preserving, restoring, and maintaining the ancient chateaux as priceless treasures of art and beauty. But the French nobles who live on their country estates the year around and farm from sheer love of agriculture are as

few today as they were in Arthur Young's time. He found ten in the seventeen eighties, in four trips that took him into every province, and I found eleven in 1923—among them the Marquis de Vogüé and his son the Count François who head the French Society of Agriculture with its one and a half million members. Such men as these are few and rare but they are worth more to France than all the Ministers of Agriculture in the last hundred years.

And the French farmers despise themselves. They suffer from what Freud the Austrian psychologist calls an inferiority complex. The evidence lies in their sullen mien and sensitive, fierce assertion of equality—an attitude and humor that demands and receives punctilious courtesy in the market places and the army service alike. What they lack is what the Danish peasants have, namely a worthy personal pride in themselves, their families, and their homes. The privacy of a farm home in France must be respected. It cannot be invaded without risk. Behind its walls the family lives as it pleases, without let or hindrance. It is their sacred right. How they live is nobody else's business. And not always but commonly the French peasant family pleases to live like pigs in a litter—all for the sake of hoarding money and owning interest-bearing securities. They live in thousands in caves like the troglodytes of twilight times. There are today miles of cave dwellers along the Cher river near Loches in Touraine and elsewhere in France as in Arthur Young's day, and in these holes in the limestone bluffs the peasants ripen their

cheeses and rear their children in foul damp atmospheres today exactly as they did a thousand years ago, regardless of appalling death rates.

A Dwindling Population. But the rights of privacy are no more stoutly maintained among the cave dwellers than in the peasant and bourgeois homes of the better sort in France. As a result birth rates are low and death rates are high. By nineteen fifty the excess of births over deaths will be zero, and recruits for the army and navy will have disappeared. The French are aware of it and mightily disturbed about it, but nothing can be done in rural health promotion and disease prevention because the farm homes are sealed and steeled against invasion. Feeble beginnings in public health work in country areas are evident in only three of the ninety departments or counties of France. I mean health work of the sort that is common in American states. Free clinics and dispensaries are common for the sick in many or most country towns in France, but home sanitation and hygiene are almost unknown. So because of the sacred rights of the French family to live in such concealment and privacy as it pleases. This same sealed privacy in French family circles defeats such work as an army of home demonstration agents does in America. The work of such public servants is unthinkable in France. It would be regarded as unnecessary and unspeakably impertinent. There is no need of it; we have nothing to learn more than we already know, said a French official sent to investigate this movement in the United States.

Speaking of the low birth rates of France, I may add that my conclusion singles out one of many contributing causes as being primarily responsible for it. Namely, the marriage of convenience, the canny purpose of which is to lift the contracting families in the social scale, to strengthen their business connections, and to increase their political influence. All of which turns upon the ability of the family to make the daughter tempting with the largest possible dot and the son tempting with the largest possible marriage portion. The fewer the children the greater the chance to advance the family in marriage contracts. For two children the French father and mother must accumulate two fortunes. If there be three children, a third fortune must be made. The willful limiting of births is therefore the rule, especially in the middle class and aristocratic circles, but less so among the peasants because children are distinctly an asset in small-scale farming. Thrift is therefore the rule in France among all classes, and among the peasants it easily becomes pinching penury and sordid self-imposed poverty.

The reader may have intimate glimpses of French peasant homes in Balzac's "The Peasants," Zola's "The Soil," Roupnel's "Nono," Guillaumin's "The Life of a Simple Man," and George Sand's "Pastoral Tales"—all of them in English and all in the seminar library of Rural Social Economics at the University of North Carolina.

The most hopeful farm civilization in Europe is that of the Danes. The country homes are convincing evidences of it. The farmers of America are poor in many

areas, sometimes mortally poor, oftentimes poor because they are trifling and thriftless; but if the country civilization of any county of North Carolina were as sordid as it is in France, as steeped in the self-imposed poverty of pinching parsimony, I should feel like sitting down in sack-cloth and ashes.

CHAPTER XXXV

FEEDING GAY PAREE

PARIS, Feb. 7, 1924.

Between ten at night and five in the morning the right of way in street travel and traffic in Paris is surrendered to the farm carts that swarm in thousands into the city from every direction, for all the world like swallows circling into a colony roost on an autumn evening. Every night in all seasons and weathers, in rain, snow, sleet or hail, these swarms of farm carts may be seen heading into the great Central Market northeast of the Louvre and only a few short blocks away from it. No matter how crowded the streets may be in the rush of theatre hours, everything halts to let the farm carts pass—electric trams, taxicabs, autobuses, trucks and private motor cars, whatnot—and no traffic cops are needed. It is the custom of centuries. Apparently it grew out of the fact that nine times in ten the drivers are asleep.

These farm carts, by the way, are lumbering vehicles with high wheels and high square bodies with sloping sides filled with carrots, parsley roots, salsify, cauliflower, celery roots, cress, lettuce heads, and other crops of the season. The roots are scrubbed and shining, but whatever the vegetables the cart is full and not only full but piled high above the top in appetizing array. Evidently the carts are loaded with care to catch the eye of buyers in the market place and to tempt alert jobbers at once upon arrival; in which case there is no bother about unloading and stacking the vegetables in artistic piles in the street spaces around the market

pavilions. A narrow board is on the front of each cart, and at one end of this seat the driver rigs up a windshield of coarse cloth. Then he stretches himself out comfortably right up against the haunches of his horse and goes to sleep. His horse knows the route through the winding streets of Paris and probably could find his way along to the market place blindfold. He pulls his heavy load with his head down to his knees and marches through the street traffic in the crowded crossings with all the dignity of a supreme court judge. He looks neither to the right nor left and stops in deference to nobody nor anything. The driver's jolty nap is ended when the cart comes to a stop for he knows that his long journey is at an end. I may say that he is usually asleep on these night trips to the market place because he has been gathering his load all day and packing it into his cart in the evening and early night hours. He is literally too tired to stay awake on his trip into town. It is an unwritten law in Paris that the market carts must be respected, and to run into one of these vehicles means short shrift in the police courts.

The French Wife Rules Roost. I was so fascinated by this spectacle the first time I saw it on a cold November night in 1923 that I stood for an hour watching the streams of intermittent vegetable carts making their way across the Boulevard Haussmann and along the Champs Elysées and other thoroughfares near my *pension.* These streams of market carts pour into the street spaces surrounding the ten or more pavilions of the great Central Market, the *Halles* as the French say, the Belly of Paris, in Zola's rough phrase.

At once upon arrival the vegetables and fruits are unloaded and attractively stacked on the sidewalks and in the streets to a narrow driveway in the middle. The open street spaces around the great market buildings extend in every direction for three or four blocks, and from eleven at night until five next morning the drivers and their wives are busy arranging their wares for their own particular sales to direct customers. And the wives must not be left out of the story. They are always at hand when any money comes into the family purse, for in peasant and bourgeois homes in France the wife is a business partner, the cashier, the account-keeper, and commonly the business manager, whatever the business may happen to be. The first and earliest market period, from five to eight, is given to the farm venders each in his two or three square meters of space, for which he pays two or three cents of rent each morning. Whoever will may buy direct from the curb market in these early morning hours, but mainly the purchasers are the store-keepers in the fruit and vegetable pavilion, the whole-salers, the jobbers, and the food-shop people all over the city, the push-cart peddlers, the venders in the little open-air markets set up two or three times a week for the convenience of housekeepers in the various quarters of Paris. Meantime the stallkeepers in the pavilions are buying in and arranging their daily exhibit of food stuffs of all sorts. At eight o'clock each morning the curb market closes and the pavilion markets begin to do business, mainly with retail purchasers.

Displays of Art. The pavilions of the *Halles Centrales* are ten or more, I forget the exact number, and each

pavilion is devoted to a specific purpose, one to fruits and vegetables, one to meats, game and poultry, another to butter, eggs and cheese, another to fish and other sea foods, another to flowers and decorative leaves, another to horseflesh, and so on and on. If you want to get a notion of the instinctive artistic taste of Parisians at the foot of the social scale, you have only to walk through the pavilion devoted to meats, poultry, and game. The stalls of these *Little People,* as the French phrase goes, look like the display in a florist's window. Each stall-keeper vies with every other in tempting the eye and appetite of buyers. Everything gross and repellent disappears in these butcher-shop arrays. The shanks of mutton cutlets will be dressed in paper pantaloons with ruffles. The neck bones of the lamb carcasses will be hidden with paper rosettes. The cuts of boneless pork will be rolled and tied with colored strings. The whole effect of the shop is dainty and picturesque. But such is the artistic aspect of everything else that is offered for sale in the various pavilions of the great central market.

While looking through the butcher pavilion of the *Halles Centrales* I could not help recalling my visit to the meat market of the Butchers' Guild in Augsburg in Bavaria, Germany. It was one of the earliest meat markets built in Europe. I managed to edge into the center of it but I had to back out in a hurry with my eyes shut and my handkerchief clamped to my nose and mouth. The streams of blood everywhere, the filth on the floor, the odor of offal and the Beelzebub plague of flies were more than my senses could stand. The market

was crowded with purchasers, Germans of course, but nothing appeared to offend their noses and stomachs. Nothing like it or remotely suggesting it did I ever see in any meat market anywhere in France. The German food stores, the delicatessen shops, are another story. They are distinctly attractive and appetizing but they do not begin to equal the wizardries of art displayed in the food shops of Paris.

Not Quite Up-to-Date. The pavilions of the *Halles Centrales* cover, I should say, twenty or more acres. They are open steel construction on concrete foundations with concrete cellars underlying the entire market space. These cellars are apparently little used except by the rats. And the explanation lies in the fact that each day's business disposes of the day's inflow of food. There is very little left over for warehousing overnight after the daily sales, and the individual refrigerators in the cellars are mainly devoted to small lots of butter, cheese, eggs, and game. No municipal refrigeration on a large scale is in evidence in these cellars. And moreover there is no screening against flies and no protection against the dust of the streets for the foods in the market stalls. As for dust there is little of it at any time, and as for the grime of the streets and floors in the busy early hours of the market day, it is completely washed away by eleven o'clock by the streams of hydrant water that reach every inch of the pavilion floors and the surrounding streets. They are all shining clean by twelve o'clock of every day. After which hour there is little vending in the pavilions and none at all in the curb markets of the surrounding streets. The stall keepers

during the lull are tidying up their wares and installing the new purchases of the early hours of the next market day.

The first of my four visits to the *Halles Centrales* was made at five o'clock in the morning and lasted till ten. I was accompanied by a Sorbonne student, a French professor in one of our middle western colleges. We were piloted through this great establishment by a *mandataire* who for twenty-five years has been connected with it in one or another capacity. He knew all the farmers and all the dealers in every pavilion and could give me instant answers to every possible inquiry. He could but he didn't. Instead he exploded in a hysteria of speech, shrugs, and gestures at every inquiry. And the explanation is that a Frenchman unconsciously assumes that whatever is French is perfect. These two words are one in France, and any question about anything French suggests a criticism, whereupon you have not an answer but an oration. Even my French interpreter from Indiana threw up his hands in despair and let the *mandataire* reach his climaxes without interruption.

The Mandataire's Hard Job. The *mandataires* are state officials representing the Minister of Agriculture. They stand for fair play between sellers and consumers. It is their business to look after the inspection and rejection of food stuffs, to supervise the collection of stall rents in the pavilions and space rents in the adjacent streets, to make daily reports of prices and quantities, to hold down the cost of living in a fractious city without discouraging producers and shippers on the one

hand and on the other to raise the market prices whenever they are not enticing enough to keep the food supplies of Paris coming in steady daily streams. These *fonctionnaires* have a very important job, and without them the orderly filling of the Paris stomach would be impossible. For unlike most other great cities, New York say, the daily business of feeding Paris is centralized and completely systematized, so that it is easy to know in quite definite detail just what the daily market bill of the city is.

Gargantua's Daily Meal. For instance, we know that at present Paris eats 720,000 pounds of meat, poultry, and game, day by day on an average the year through, 420,000 pounds of sea foods, snails, and crayfish, 372,000 pounds of butter, eggs, and cheese, 563,000 pounds of vegetables and fruit. The business in the central market is right around $1,000,000 a day, which pays for about two and one half million pounds of food. Just as fruits, vegetables, and flowers are delivered daily in the farm carts of the regions around about Paris, so swift produce trains come into the market pavilions from the farthest reaches of France bringing the daily supply of fish, poultry, game, sea foods, snails, cheese, butter, eggs and the like.

Snails and Suchlike Dainties. Among other things it is the business of the *mandataires* to see that Paris gets 25,000 pounds of edible snails daily, 14,000 pounds of lobsters, shrimp, and crayfish, 20,000 pounds of oysters, and 40,000 pounds of mussels. These food dainties must not overstock the market, and scant supplies must not be offered at prohibitive prices. Paris wants its 25,000

pounds of snails every day, and there is an ominous growl if they are not on hand within reach of the purses of rich and poor alike. It is a small detail but a snail shortage and impossible prices claim as much space in the Paris newspapers as any other detail of the daily food supply. I summoned courage sufficient to order snails for dinner at Pocardi's—Burgundy snails, the choicest of snails, the snails that feed daintily upon the grape leaves of the Burgundy wine regions. I fancied that I could eat at least a half-dozen but when they were set before me their size was appalling. My first snail was delicious in flavor and taste, and I chestily crowed over the timid members of my family until I discovered that I was chewing India-rubber or something very like it. I finally got it down but I felt like Thackeray when he swallowed his first big American oyster. "I feel," said he, "as though I had just swallowed a baby." I wanted to try the fresh-water mussels and the crayfish. They looked appetizing but I could not summon the courage to attack them.

Coöperative Marketing. I asked my genial conductor through the *Halles Centrales* in my first early morning visit whether or not the farmers were selling their products coöperatively through their own agents or in their own stalls in the pavilion. His answer was No, that such marketing was at present forbidden by law. "If they sell in the pavilions of the *Halles Centrales*," said he, "they must sell through wholesalers and jobbers and pay commissions of from 10 to 25 percent of the sale prices. Commonly the farmers sell their fruits and vegetables on their farms to dealers who go out to buy

them in bulk in the fields, and these buyers in the main are the people who cart them to the market and display them for sale during the vegetable market hours each morning. Only a very few farmers cart their own produce to market. The thousands of sellers you see in the streets are not farmers, but mainly middlemen who buy from the farmers on their farms to sell in the open spaces around the *Halles Centrales.*"

Which means that the Danish farmers long ago learned what the fruit and vegetable farmers around Paris have not yet learned, namely to sell their own produce through their own coöperative agents. If they had coöperative marketing organizations they could not do business in Paris under the law of the land. However it is fair to say that the French farmers have been coöperating in one way or another since 1868, that the Great War gave distinct impetus to the movement, that one and a half million farmers are now learning coöperation in the French Society of Agriculture, and that the next half-century is likely to change the business-end of farming in France.

The French Farmers Are Rich. But since 1914 the French farmers have the whip-end of things. They have been in command of a sellers' market the last ten years. If market prices do not suit them then they do not sell and Paris goes hungry in little ways or large, whereupon an ugly growl which the Minister of Agriculture must hear. His *mandataires* must get busy and tip off the wholesalers and jobbers that prices must go up just enough to tempt the farmers to supply the daily needs of the Paris stomach.

The Minister of Agriculture is the official price-fixer of food stuffs, with full authority to raise or lower the charges for pantry supplies. And he is forever between the Devil and the deep sea, for on one hand he must keep the cost of living low enough to please Paris, and on the other he must keep prices high enough to satisfy the food producers of France. He must blow hot and cold in the same breath every minute of the time. If anybody on earth could have been equal to such a feat of legerdemain it was the last Minister of Agriculture. But he failed and so he walked the plank along with all the rest of Poincaré's cabinet in the elections of last May.

Like the German farmers the French farmers are richer today than they ever were before in all their lives. And they feel their oats. They get maximum prices and therefore they see no great need for the elaborate marketing machinery of the coöperating Danes. As a rule coöperation begins in dire poverty and success begins in pinching necessity. Experience is a dear school but the farmers of every land will learn in no other.

The report of the *mandataires* is that such a thing as a poor farmer is not known in all France.

CHAPTER XXXVI

SEEING FARM LIFE IN FRANCE

CHAPEL HILL, August 25, 1924.

My business in France during five months of my year abroad was the particular business of seeing the country-end of French civilization—not the chateaux, royal palaces, parks, gardens and forests of the olden days, not the picturesque aspects of countryside France nor the spectacular life of Paris, but the farm people, farm systems, and farm practices of a state four times the size of North Carolina. What I was trying to see was the marvelous diversities of a rich, self-sufficing agriculture, the farm villages, the life in the farm homes, the ways of marketing farm products, the informing ideals of farm home and farm village life, and the relation of all these to French civilization as a whole. And I was quickly aware that I was puzzling at a thing of little or no interest to the French, namely the farm people themselves and their ways of life.

Country life in France is not supposed to have any direct relation to French civilization. Rural sociology is not a course offered in any *lycée* or college or university, church or state, either now or at any time in the history of France. In America nearly five hundred colleges, teacher-training schools, agricultural institutions, and universities are busy training students to interpret the problems of country life and to serve in saving our farm civilization. But in France there are no country-life problems or none worth attention beyond those of producing crops and animal products. Farming is a

bread-and-meat matter in France and nothing more. There are formal courses in agricultural economics, but no institution is offering courses that concern human values in country areas. Nor is it likely that any French institution of learning will be giving itself for long years to come to the study of French country life and its essential relations to French civilization.

Few Books on Country Life. Indeed it was hard to get anybody to attach any meaning whatsoever to the phrase rural social-economics. I spent most of my time in Paris trying to get a bibliography of the country-end of French civilization. There are many books on the problems of producing, protecting, and preserving agricultural wealth in France. The French very well understand that farm products are a fundamental form of wealth and that farming is causally related to the business well-being of France; but as for French books on the social problems of farm areas, they number barely a half-dozen all told. The very first volume on the farm life of France was written by Arthur Young, the English traveler, more than a century ago, and the next most important volume is the report of the French Minister of Agriculture in 1795. It concerns the distribution of farm lands by the national assemblies during the French Revolution. But it was impossible to secure a copy of it, or even the reprint of some forty years ago. One volume stands out beyond all the rest in the rural economy of France, and that is a book by Lavergne, a copy of which was brought to me by one of our Tarheel doughboys when he returned from France in 1919. No French library has a section on the social problems of farm

areas. There are no bibliographies in this new field of learning. There are literally thousands of such bibliographies in America, but not one could I find in print in France. Nor could I find anybody who would undertake to compile such a book list for me. When I detailed to various librarians just what such a list ought to contain, without exception they threw up their hands in despair. It seemed impossible to get a Frenchman to understand exactly what I wanted. It kept me thinking of the statement repeatedly made to me that farming has always been the least considered and the most despised occupation in France. Nothing is lacking in French agriculture but country life itself—that is to say, life lived upon such high levels as one finds in the country homes of Denmark.

Yards of Red Tape. It was impossible in a few months to see French agriculture in detail, even if it had lain wide open to observation. And there's the rub. Nothing in France lies wide open to observation. Everything is ambushed, everything is withdrawn from prying, curious eyes whether they be student eyes or not, everything is hedged about by conventions, customs and ceremonies that create unbelievable difficulties for the investigator. In Germany my native-born couriers had no difficulty whatsoever in getting me into the farm villages and the farm homes of the peasants, the gentry, and the nobles alike. In Denmark I needed no native courier. I did not hesitate anywhere in that little farm state to go right into any farm establishment and pull the latch-string. The Danes are hospitable, and they are proud to show you everything they have in the farm

homes and on the farms, no matter what the size of the establishment or the rank of the farmer. But not so in France. I had dozens of letters of introduction, from Governor Morrison and President Chase, from two state commissions, and from two of our own ambassadors abroad. These were all mailed to the French Minister of Agriculture after a personal visit of proper kow-towing. The letter which carried these credentials carried also a request for a bibliography of French books on the social problems of rural France. I waited six weeks for a reply.

Punctilious Conventions. I finally approached my French courier for an explanation. He at once asked me whether or not my request had gone through our French ambassador, whether or not it was written upon the required size and quality of stationery, whether or not it was in my own personal handwriting, whether or not the margin on the left was an inch and a half wide, whether the space between the lines was a half-inch, whether the address and the salutation of the letter were in accordance with French conventions, and so on through a long list of ceremonial specifications. I looked at him in amazement. You will probably get no reply from the French Minister of Agriculture, said he, unless all these things down to the last detail are scrupulously correct in form. And I didn't. What I saw of the country life of France I had to see without any help whatsoever from the state authorities. Life is too short and my stay was too brief to hope to see the country-end of things if I followed the course of immemorial custom in France. My dinner-table friend was a Kentuckian in the nearby

consular offices, and he had been long enough in France to know, said he, that if I did not do things after the French fashion they could not be done at all in France. I then attempted to get into the great libraries to compile a list of the French volumes I wanted for our seminar library in rural social-economics at the University of North Carolina. The librarians of the American Library Union in Paris gave me a half-dozen addresses and letters of introduction. My first approach to the French librarians put me promptly upon notice that I should be obliged to finger a long line of red tape in order to handle any single volume on any shelf anywhere, that I must be introduced, identified, inspected, and rubber-stamped by numberless American and French officials. Being presented to a book in a French library is very like being presented to King George in Buckingham palace. I confess that it irritated me beyond words. Like most American democrats I am sadly deficient in respect for conventions. In order to save time I was finally obliged to go to an English bookselling firm in Paris and put into the hands of its bibliographers a statement of my needs. I finally succeeded in spending for French books on rural social-economics about one thousand of the five thousand francs allowed me for the French section of our seminar library at the University of North Carolina.

I should probably have seen very little of French farm systems, farm homes, and farm villages if it had not been for the help of a granddaughter-in-law of Ulysses S. Grant, Mme. Cécile Sartoris, the executive chief of the College for Strangers in the Rue Caumartin.

With her assistance I established a working relationship with the French Society of Agriculture, the director M. Henri Hétier, and the Count François de Vogüé. I promptly received an itinerary that directed me into the various farm regions of France, and letters of introduction that gave me entrance into particular farm homes, farm estates, farm establishments, and farm schools from one end of France to the other. But even with these it was necessary to write in advance to each name in my itinerary, inclosing my letters of local introduction and my home credentials. I was expected to arrive on some particular train, at some particular hour of some particular day; but also I was not supposed to start until I had received replies to my letters.

A Frenchman Talks on France. It was so easy to see everything in Denmark and so difficult to see anything of all the things I wanted to see in France that I could well understand the remarks of my courier, a native Frenchman. "Everything in France," said he, "is strictly private—French homes, French businesses, French institutions, and even French offices of state. I would not say that the soul of France is concealed, but I will say that we insist on living life as we please and establishing ways, manners, and customs of existence that suit ourselves without being exposed to inspection, foreign or domestic. We barricade our homes with high stone walls topped with broken glass set in concrete, we build our dwellings around squares or interior courts and we barricade the entrance doors, we live our lives within our own courts as remote from the outer world as though we lived in the heart of Sahara, we barricade

our business houses and when nightfall comes we lock down gates, doors, and windows with sheet iron shutters; even our public buildings are surrounded by stone walls topped with picket fences of iron javelins. It is impossible not to see that France from one end to the other is cocked and primed for defence against mobs and revolutions, and can get into instant readiness for any sort of siege."

And it is necessary. I was myself caught in two mobs, one around the Spanish Embassy and another around the Opera House.

"Moreover," said he, "French conventions, manners and customs are extremely ceremonious, for the simple reason that behind our ceremonies there is a proper with drawal into privacy. Our customs smoothe out the roughnesses of contact while our souls live such a life of aloofness as pleases us. Conventional correctness in manner and even in the turning of a phrase is everything in France. The friendships that I found so easily and quickly established in the Armies of Occupation would be almost unthinkable in France. The casual acquaintance that issues into a warm personal regard and brings an invitation into the homes of newly-made friends is one of the wonders of English and American life. We know almost nothing about such intimacies in France."

A French Banker Talks. It is fair to say that there are exceptions, and I chanced upon some of these exceptions during my stay in France. And lovely exceptions they were. They made possible the business of my visit in a far more liberal measure than I had come to believe

possible in the most highly artificial civilization I have ever known. But I should like to illustrate further the aloof, sequestered, I had almost said the ambushed soul of France. For instance, it was impossible for me not to be profoundly interested in the approaching political upheaval. Signs of it were unmistakable even to the casual stranger resident in France in the fall of last year. My purpose was to study country France, but the impending political crisis and its causes kept my mind busy for weeks. Finally I sought out the foreign credit chief of one of the great banks in Paris—a Frenchman by name and descent but charged with the French business of a great foreign bank. I told him my mission in France and he received me with stately courtesy. I should like to know, said I, the total national debt of France, bonded and current, the total issue of francs at present, how far out of balance the state budget has been year by year during the last ten years, the total revenue receipts and the new issues of francs needed to balance the budget during this period, the total sum expended in the devastated areas for all purposes whatsoever, the unsettled trade balance of France, the total loans to Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Latvia, and other allies rimming Germany on the east and south. My questions brought a look of consternation into his face. I am asking these questions, said I, because I have seen in the French papers such a variety of conflicting and confusing statements that I am completely bewildered. I should like to know the facts because they seem to me to be causally related to the disquieted soul of

your industrial classes on the one hand and the ugly humor of the farmers in the provinces on the other. What the facts are, is what I want to know.

After a moment's silence he said, We know the facts, of course. Every banker knows the facts. He could not safely do a banking business in France without knowing the facts. But there is not a banker, French or foreign, that would be allowed to do business in France fifteen minutes if he dared to give the facts to the public.

And then, I said, I am completely bewildered by the financial pages of the French newspapers.

I do not wonder, said he. Our financial pages are so different from such pages in your American papers that it would take hours to explain the difference. There is at least something official and authoritative in the financial figures of the English and American papers. These pages are carried as authoritative instructions to the investing public, and carried without charge as news. Nothing of the sort occurs in any French paper. Financial news is paid for in a French newspaper. It is business or political propaganda. It may be purely fabricated news. It may have no basis of business fact of any sort. It is advertising pure and simple. Let the buyer beware, he buys at his own risk, is an accepted doctrine of business in our stock and bond markets. It is perfectly well known in the sacred inner circles of big business exactly where France stands in public finance and in unsettled trade balances; but the French have no idea that it is anybody's business but their own.

His replies to my inquiries were conventionally correct, but they were not enlightening.

Herriot's Dilemma. I kept working at all these inquiries until I felt fairly sure at last that I had my fist fairly well around the facts. And these facts are facts of tremendous import. They are driving Herriot like a fiend at this very moment in the London conference. The gist of it all is that France is lost without at least seventeen billion gold dollars paid by the Germans into the French treasury. The French prime minister must not only cover this vast total of gold into the French treasury, but he must yield not a franc of the reparations total and not an inch of the ground France now holds without complete equivalents guaranteed by the Allies. But what the actual facts are that have so steeled the French soul these last five years nobody outside of France knows. Without German gold in her treasury France is bankrupt, hopelessly bankrupt, but nobody in France appears to know the exact facts but the prime minister and a little group of bankers, manufacturers, and merchants—the business clique that holds France in the hollow of its hand as always during the last half-century.

I came out of France wondering whether or not one of my former students at the University of North Carolina, now a student at the Sorbonne, was right in his statement that the French are the Japs of Europe, and as little to be understood by an Anglo-Saxon, so different are they in the essential things of civilization, in national traits and characteristics, in ethical standards, in moods, humors, tempers, in manners, ways, and customs.

I have made three visits to France, I have been a life-long student of French life, history, and literature, my sympathies are now and have always been with France, nevertheless the longer I rub noses with the French the less certain am I that I really know them.

To illustrate a single particular. All over France I heard these things said: "Why should we pay any war debts to any nation? The World War was really a war between England and Germany. France was an innocent bystander. The war was fought in the main on French soil and France suffered more than all the rest of the allies. What we borrowed from England was really spent in saving England. And why should we pay any war debt to the United States for loans or war materials left in France? Didn't your Ambassador Harvey say that America went into the war to save its own skin?"

Mr. Harvey, by the way, is quite famous in France, judging from the frequency with which he is quoted. My conclusion is that Germany is just as little minded to pay reparations as France is to pay war debts, and that neither has the sense of sacred obligation and business honor that makes England essentially great.

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